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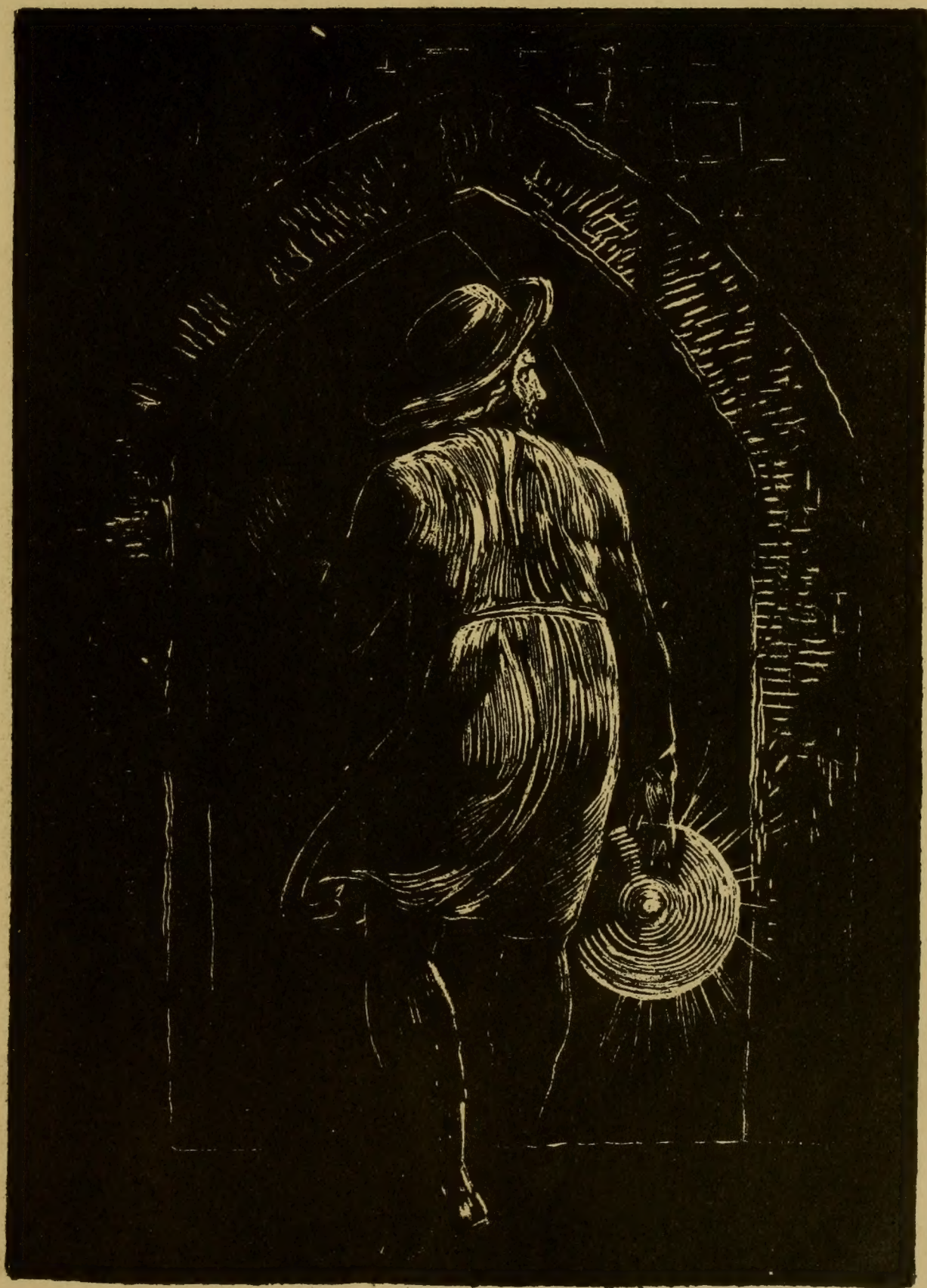




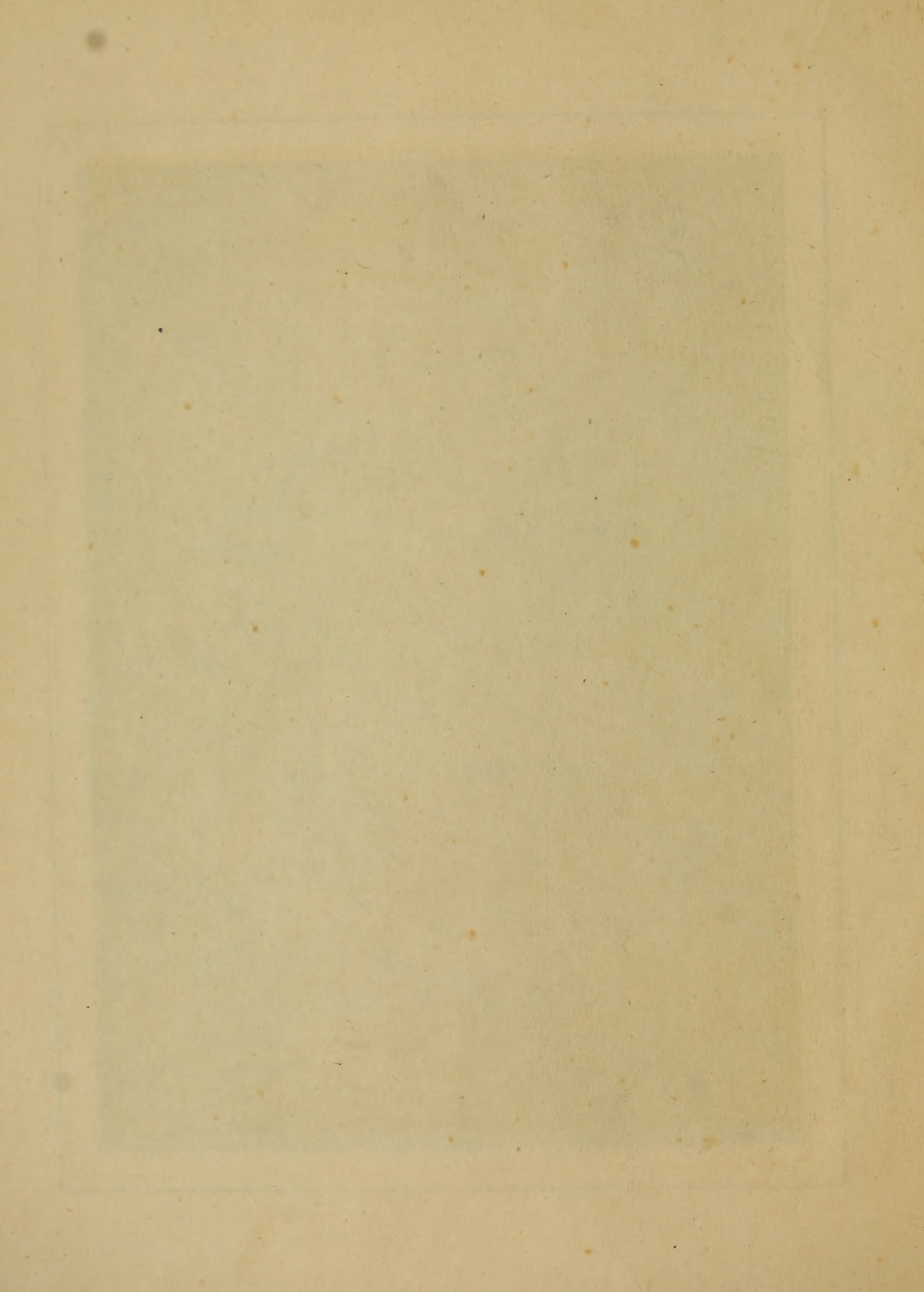




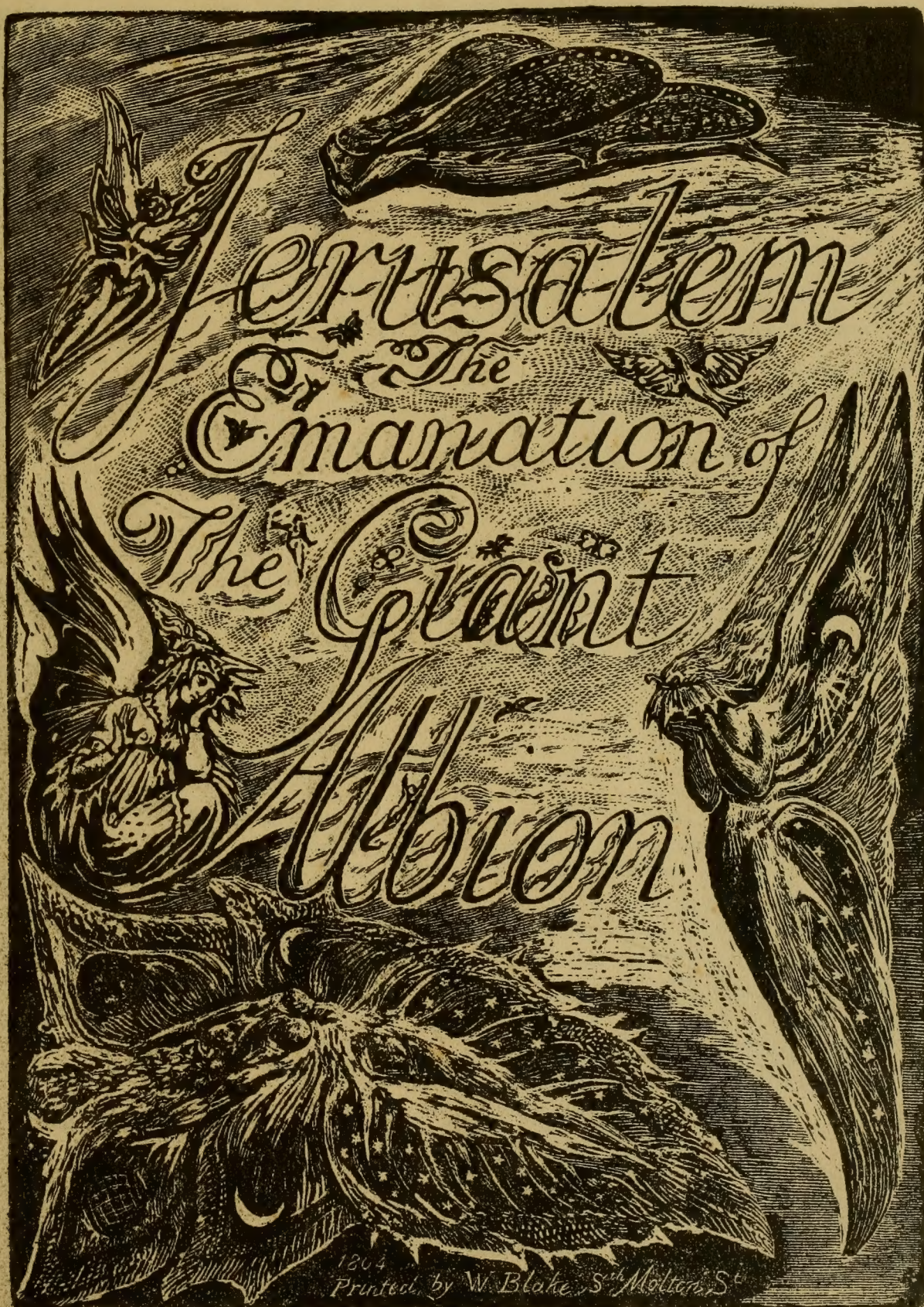


















SHEEP

## To the Public

After my three years slumber on the banks of the Ocean, I again display my Giant forms to the Public: My former Giants & Fairies having received the highest reward possible; the ... and ... of those with whom to be connected, is to be ... I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly received ... The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes

I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God and Lord to whom the Ancients look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement. The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviours kingdom, the Divine Body: will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men. I pretend not to holiness: yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, & the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore Reader, what you do not approve, & me for this energetic exertion of my talent,

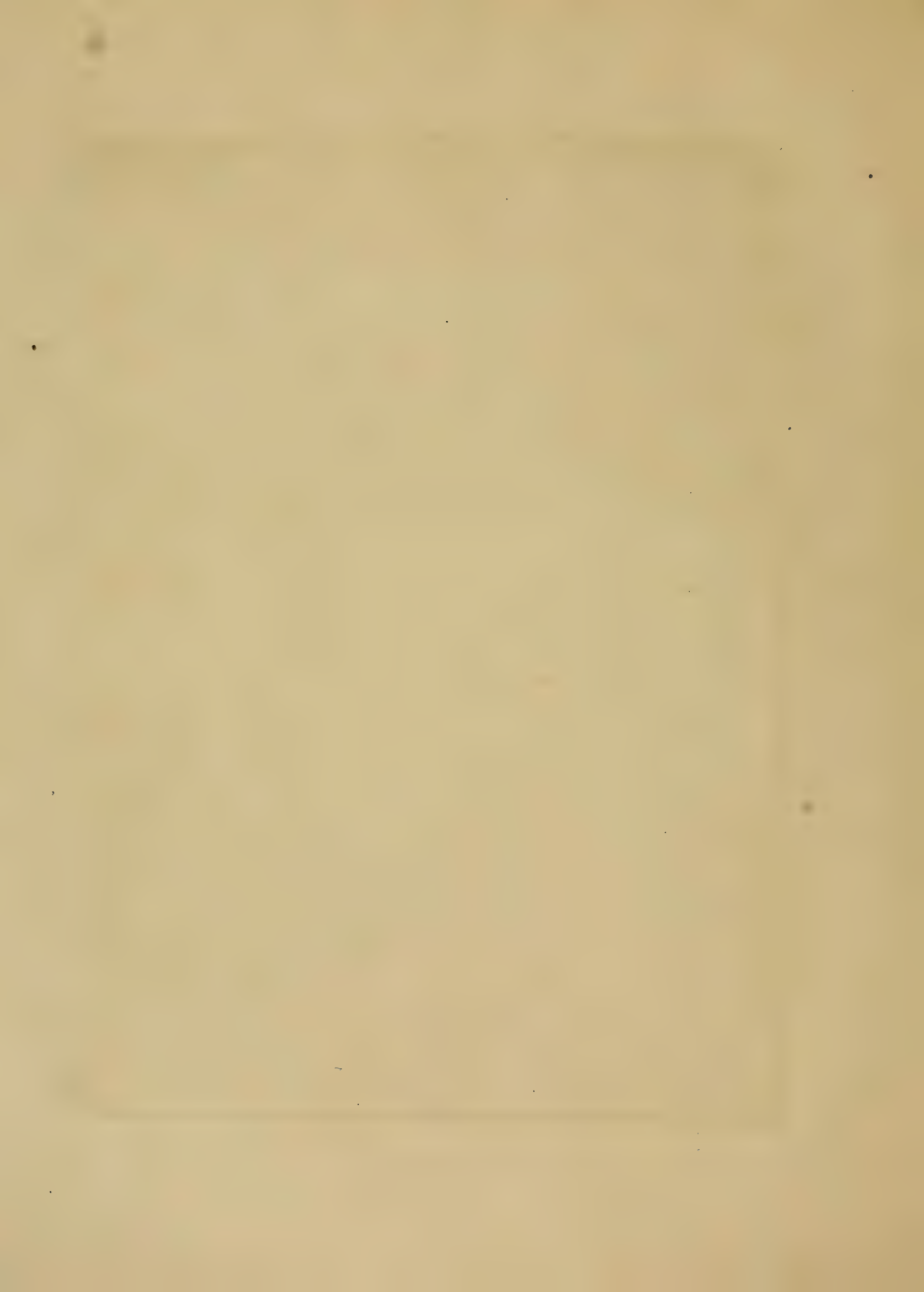
Reader: ... of books! ... of heaven.  
And of that God from whom  
Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave.  
To Man the wondrous art of writing gave.  
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!  
Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:  
Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear.  
Within the unfathom'd caverns of my Ear.  
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:  
Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony

Of the Measure, in which  
the following Poem is written

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep.

When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakespeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensable part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences, & number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic, for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd, Fetter's the Human Race. Nations are Destroy'd, or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry Painting and Music, are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man, was Wisdom, Art, and Science.









### Chap.: 1.

Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through  
Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life.

This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & every morn  
Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me  
Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song.

Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!  
I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine;  
Fibres of love from man to man thro Albion's pleasant land.  
In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey  
A black water accumulates, return Albion! return!  
Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers, and thy sons,  
Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters  
Weep at thy souls disease, and the Divine Vision is darkend;  
Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,  
Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom,  
Where hast thou hidden, thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem  
From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?  
I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;  
Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me;  
Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense;  
Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;

Phantom of the over heated brain; shadow of immortality!  
Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds  
Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships;  
Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite;  
By demonstration, man alone can live, and not by faith.  
My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself;  
The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon & Snowdon  
Are mine, here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue,  
Humanity shall be no more; but war & principedom & victory!

So spake Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation  
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah; dissembling  
His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold!





The banks of the Thames are clouded; the ancient porches of Albion are Darken'd: they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon the Void in incoherent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London, are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated. In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible Albion's mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection Of mountain & river & city, are small & wither'd & darken'd Can is a little stream! Ely is almost swallow'd up! Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan! Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north! Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entrathan-Benythion Jerusalem is scatter'd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity! Moab & Amman & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram. Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me, yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task! To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love: Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life! Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages, While I write of the building of Golgonooza, & of the terrors of Entrathan: Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwantak, Peachey, Brerean, Sloyd & Hutton: Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion, and their Generations.

Scotfield: Kox, Kotape and Bowen, revolve most mightily upon the Furnace of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury They war, to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza: And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger. They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven farth Northward, Divided into Male and Female forms time after time. From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom; I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul, In London's darkness; and my tears fall day and night, Upon the Emanations of Albion's Sons: the Daughters of Albion Names anciently remembred, but now contemnd as fictions: Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead. Cambel & Gwendolen & Canwenna & Cardella & Jenoge. And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates Gwinnerra & Gwinnfred, & Genarill & Sabrina beautiful. Estrild, Mehetabel & Raglan, lovely Daughters of Albion. They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion.

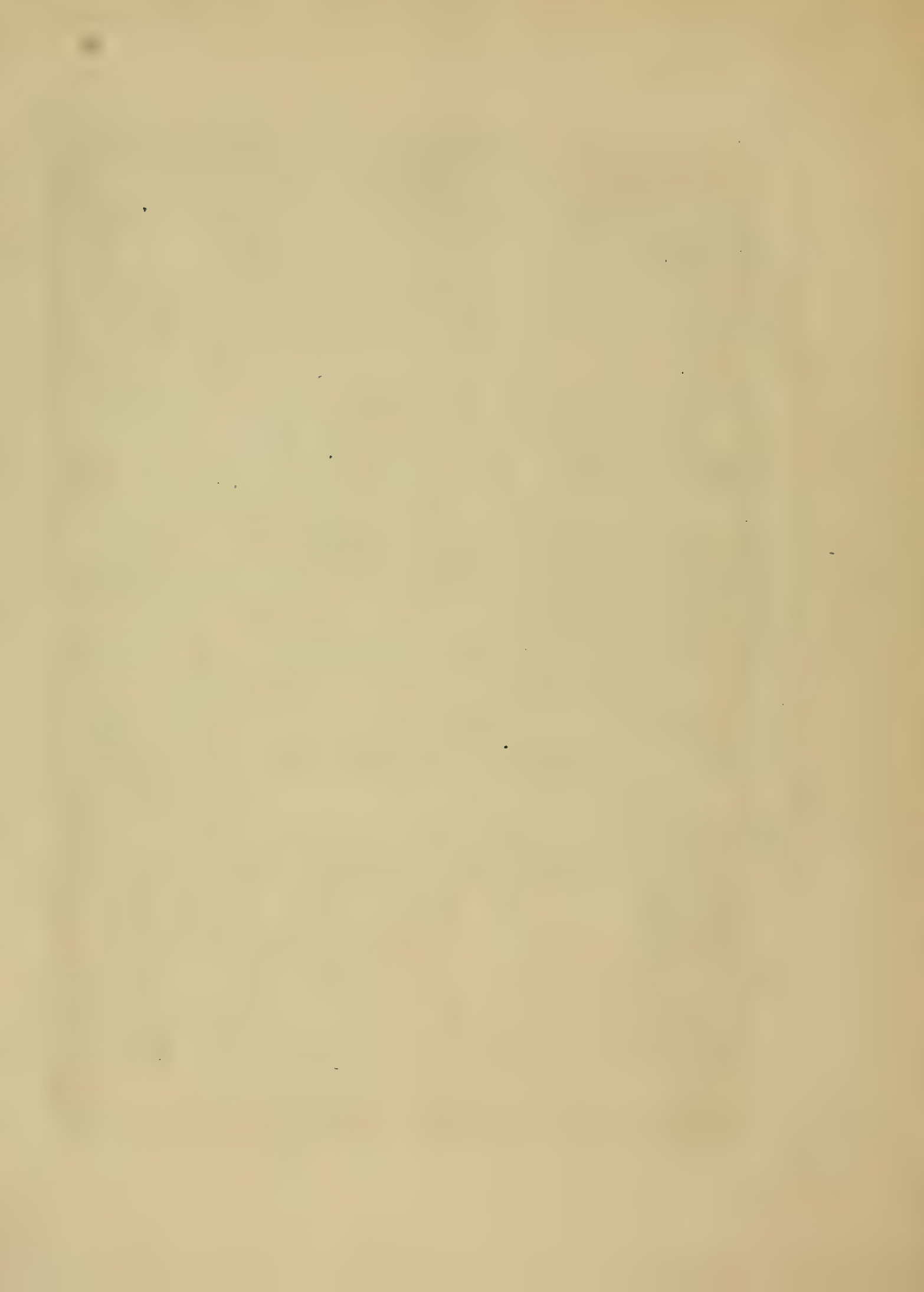
The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces: Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love, Eastward a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulah's Daughters, Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los. A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding Tell the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd, among the Starry Wheels Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulah's lovely Daughters They hold the Immortal Form in gentle hands & tender tears But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entrathan Benythion. A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end. Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever) And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains, Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke Immense, and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud, Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels: Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain, Eastward toward the Starry Wheels, But Westward a black Horror.

His



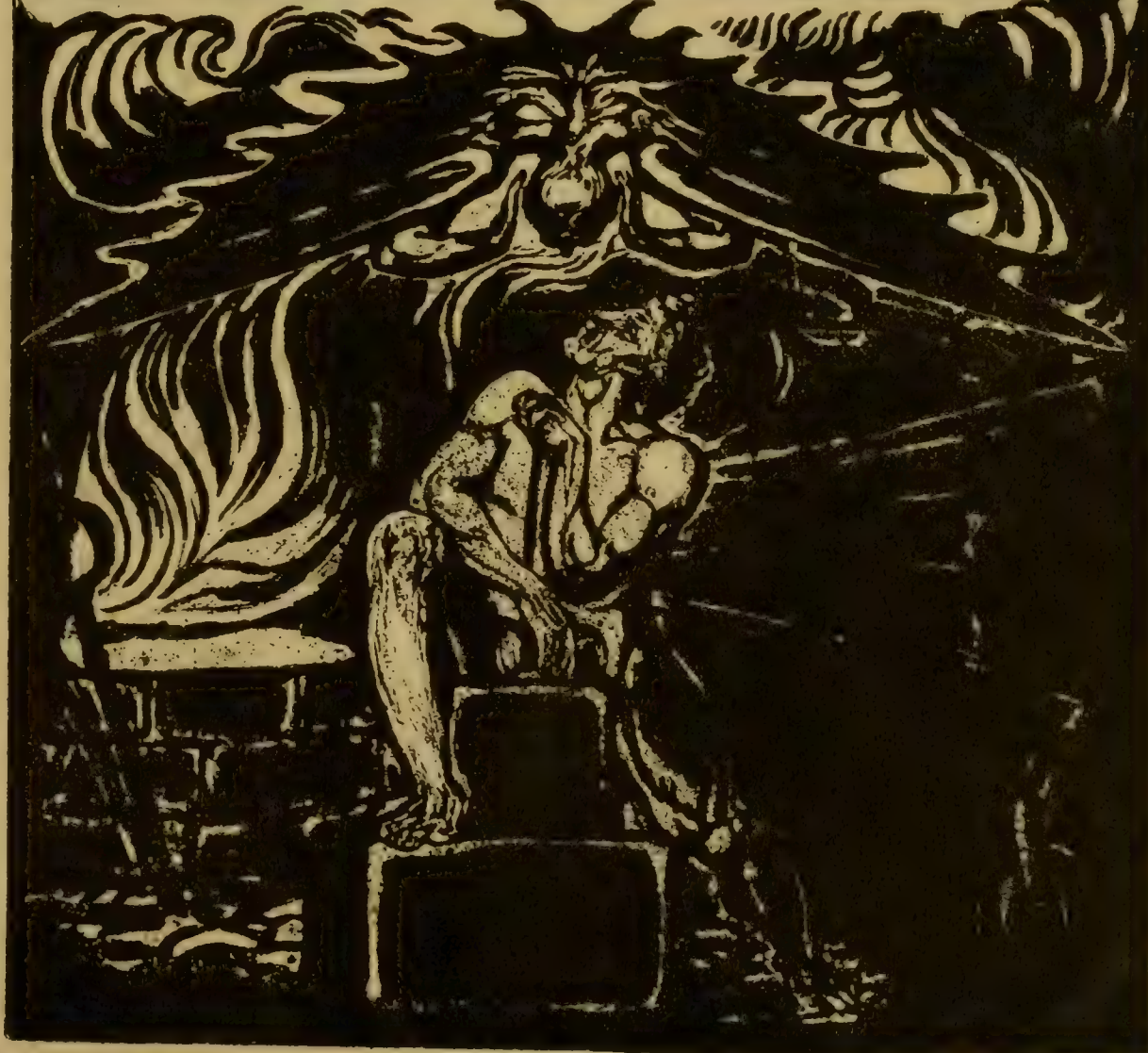


His Spectre drivn by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons, black and  
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns;

For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided  
In terror of those starry wheels; and the Spectre stood over Los  
Howling in pain: a blackning Shadow, blackning dark & opake  
Cursing the terrible Los; bitterly cursing him for his friendship  
To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!  
He stood and stamp'd the earth; then he threw down his hammer in rage &  
In fury; then he sat down and wept, terrified; Then arose  
And chaunced his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer;  
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increased;

In pain the Spectre divided; in pain, of hunger and thirst;  
To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los







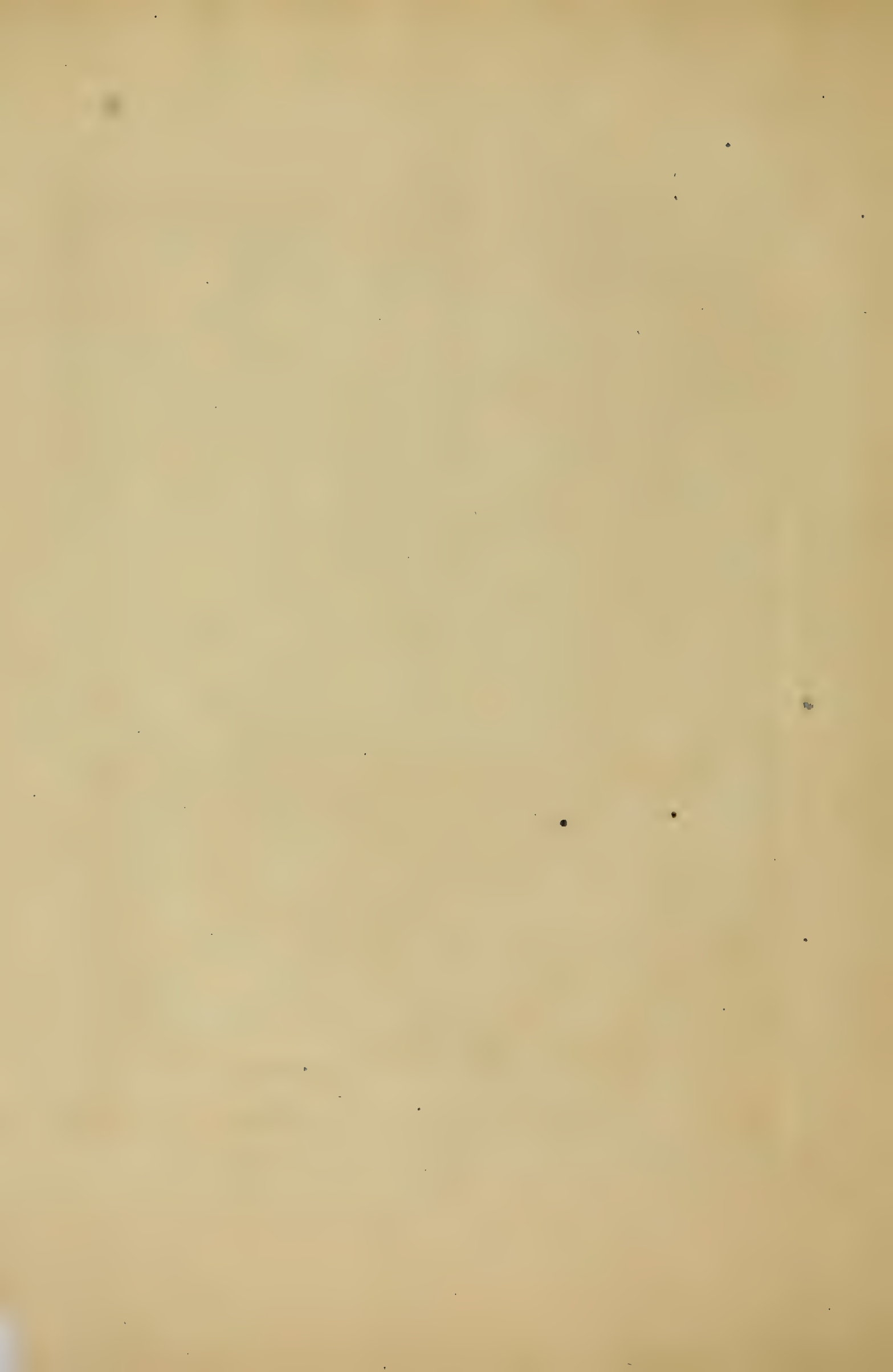


Was living: panting like a frightened wolf, and howling  
 He stood over the Immortal, in the solitude and darkness:  
 Upon the darkning Thames, across the whole Island westward.  
 A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces; beneath  
 The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means.  
 To lure Las: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:  
 Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:  
 While Las answer'd unterrified to the opaque blackening Fiend

And thus the Spectre spake: Wilt thou still go on to destruction?  
 Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?  
 He drinks thee up like water, like wine he pours thee  
 Into his cups: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage  
 He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plowd  
 And harrowd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation  
 Is his garden of pleasure: all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee  
 Look how they scorn, thy once admired palaces; now in ruins  
 Because of Albion: because of deceit and friendship! Far Lo!  
 Hand has peopled Babel & Ninveh; Hyle, Ashur & Aram;  
 Cobans son is Nimrod; his son Cush is adjoined to Aram.  
 By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war,  
 They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense  
 Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan  
 Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah  
 Of the Flood of Udan-Adan, Hadr is the Father of the Seven  
 From Engh to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New-  
 Created in Edam, I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!  
 This has divided thee in sunder; and wilt thou still forgive?  
 O! thou seest not what I see; what is done in the Furnaces.  
 Listen I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:  
 Luvah was cast, into the Furnaces of affliction, and sealed.  
 And Vala, fed in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire;  
 Stern Urizen beheld; urg'd by necessity to keep  
 The evil day afar, and perchance with iron power  
 He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw  
 Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was closd;  
 With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah,  
 With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth:  
 Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah  
 Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albions Spectres,  
 To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Las.  
 Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage;  
 To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Schofield; the Ninth  
 Of Albions sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadow  
 Generation, Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of  
 Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had  
 Involved Eight; their webs roll'd outwards into darkness  
 And Schofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight  
 And Kox, Kotopé, & Bowen, One in him, a fourfold Wonder  
 Involved the Eight: Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion.  
 To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

Los answer'd, Altho' I know not this; I know far worse than this:  
 I know, that Albion hath divided me, and that thou O my Spectre,  
 Hast just cause to be irritated; but look steadfastly upon me:  
 Comfort thyself in my strength, the time will arrive,  
 When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall  
 Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.  
 They have divided themselves by Vengeance, they must be united by  
 Pity; let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre.  
 O that I could abstain from wrath: O that the Lamb  
 Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.  
 In anguish of regeneration: in terrors of self annihilation:  
 Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder.  
 And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction  
 Of Jerusalem, became her covering, till the time of the End.  
 O holy Generation, Image of regeneration,  
 O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies;  
 Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible;  
 The Dead despise & scorn thee, & cast thee out as accursed:  
 Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces;  
 Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.  
 Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride:  
 Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath  
 His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north:







Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River  
 From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwells gardens & Chelsea  
 The place of wounded Soldiers, but when he saw my Mace  
 Whirl'd round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat; his cold  
 Poisons rose up; & his sweet deceits cover'd them all over  
 With a tender cloud. As thou act now; such was he O Spectre  
 I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist  
 I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen.  
 Be attentive! be obedient; Lo the Furnaces are ready to receive thee  
 I will break thee into shivers; & melt thee in the furnaces of death  
 I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou  
 Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command:  
 I am clos'd up from my children; my Emanation is dividing  
 And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark  
 I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat  
 These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Devils of bitter Death  
 I am inspired; I act not for myself; for Albions sake  
 I now am what I am; a horror and an astonishment  
 Shuddring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties  
 Are practis'd in Babel & Shinar, & have approach'd to Zions Hill.  
 While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddring before him  
 Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey  
 Los open'd the Furnaces in fear. The Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar  
 Across all Europe & Asia, he saw the tortures of the Victims.  
 He saw now from the outside what he before saw & felt from within  
 He saw that Los was the sole uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces  
 Groaning he kneeld before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone.  
 Hungring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.  
 While Los pursu'd his speech in threatnings loud & fierce.  
 Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness; I have found thee out;  
 Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power  
 Thy uncurtained pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder:  
 Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me  
 Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre  
 For I am one of the living; dare not to mock my inspired fury  
 If thou wast cast forth from my life; if I was dead upon the mountains  
 Thou mightest be pited & lov'd; but now I am living; unless  
 Thou abstain ravenging I will create an eternal Hell for thee.  
 Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows  
 Take thou these Tongs; strike thou alternate with me; labour obedient  
 Hurd & Hyle & Koban; Skafeld, Kox & Koppa, labour mightily  
 In the Wats of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were  
 Condens'd. Hand has absorb'd all his Brethren in his might  
 All the infant Loves & Graces were lost. for the mighty Hand

Con-



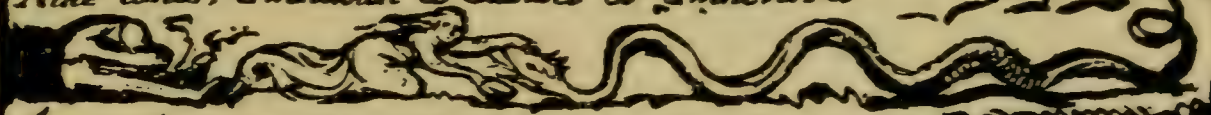




Condensd. his Emanations into hard, opaque substances;  
 And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, cliffs of death.  
 His hammer of gold he seizd; and his anvil of adamant.  
 He seizd the bars of condensd thoughts, to forge them:  
 Into the sword of war; into the bow and arrow;  
 Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun  
 I saw the limbs formd for exercise, contempt; & the beauty of  
 Eternity, lookd upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree:  
 I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb  
 Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion  
 By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:



Awkwardness armd in steel; folly in a helmet of gold;  
 Weakness with horns & talans; ignorance with a raving beak;  
 Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime;  
 And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion;  
 Inspiration denyd; Genius forbidden by laws of punishment;  
 I saw terrified; I took the sighs & tears & bitter groans;  
 I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword.  
 That lays open the hidden heart; I drew forth the pang  
 Of sorrow red hot; I worked it on my resolute anvil;  
 I heated it in the flames of Hard, & Hyle, & Cobalt  
 Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwendolena

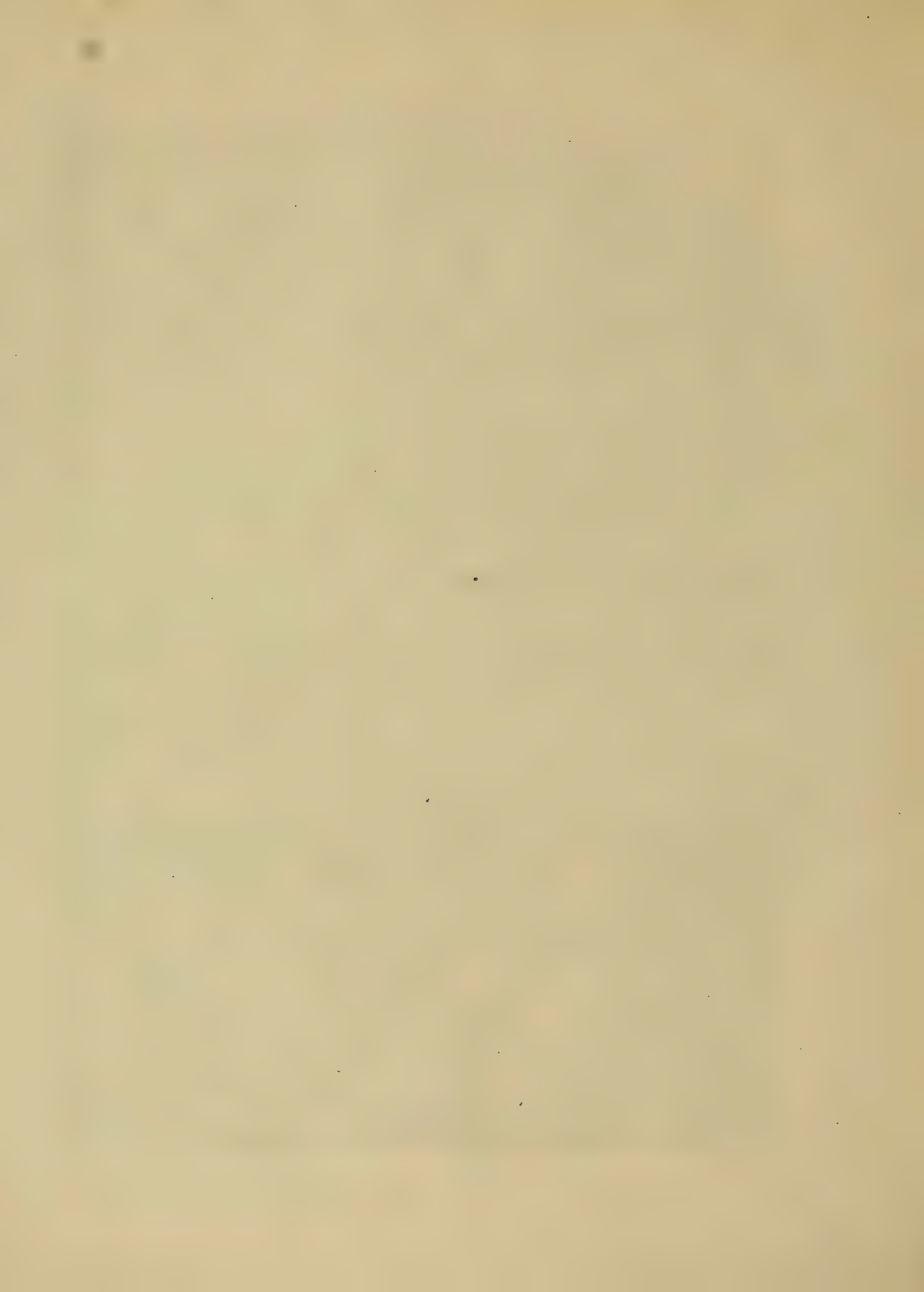


Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,  
 The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.  
 Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard;  
 I labour day and night, I behold the soft affections  
 Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty  
 But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down,  
 That he who will not defend Truth, may be compell'd to defend  
 A Lie; that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken  
 That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease; arise Spectre arise!

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans, & tears;  
 Groaning the Spectre heaved the bellows, obeying Los's frowns;  
 Till the Spaces of Etern were perfected in the furnaces  
 Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.







Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death is  
And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers  
Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be  
The Sons & Daughters of Los that he might protect them from  
Albions dread Spectres: storming, loud, thunderous & mighty  
The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength  
They take the Two Contraries which are call'd Qualities, with which  
Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil  
From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation  
Not only of the Substance from which it is derived  
A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer  
Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power  
An Abstract objecting power that Negatives every thing  
This is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power  
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation.

Therefore Los stands in London, building Golgothoza  
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear  
The Spectre weeps, but Los unmoved by tears or threats remains

I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Man  
I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create

So Los, in fury & strength; in indignation & burning wrath  
Shuddering the Spectre howls, his howlings terrify the night  
He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair  
He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon  
He curses Forest, Spring & River, Desert & sandy Waste  
Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws  
Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatening fears

Los cries Obey my voice & never deviate from my will

And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all  
To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children  
O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach  
Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair  
O Shame O strong & mighty Shame I break thy arzen fetters  
If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes  
To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

The Spectre answer'd, Art thou not ashamed of those thy Sins  
That thou callest thy Children! to the Law of God commands  
That they be offered upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment  
For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto.

Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence.

Now I will speak my mind: Where is my lovely Eupharmo?

O thou my enemy, where is my Great Son? She is also thine

I said: now is my grief at worst: incapable of being

Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more

It continues accumulating to eternity: the joys of God advance

For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion.

He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering.

Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in holiness & solitude

But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end

O that I could cease to be: Despair, I am Despair

Created to be the great example of horror & agony: also my

Prayer is vain, I called for compassion: compassion mock'd

Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead

And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my

Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary

To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing

And seeing life, yet living not; how can I then behold

And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhor'd

So, spake the Spectre shuddering, & dark tears ran down his

Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give or beam of hope

Yet ceased he not from labouring at the roarings of his forge

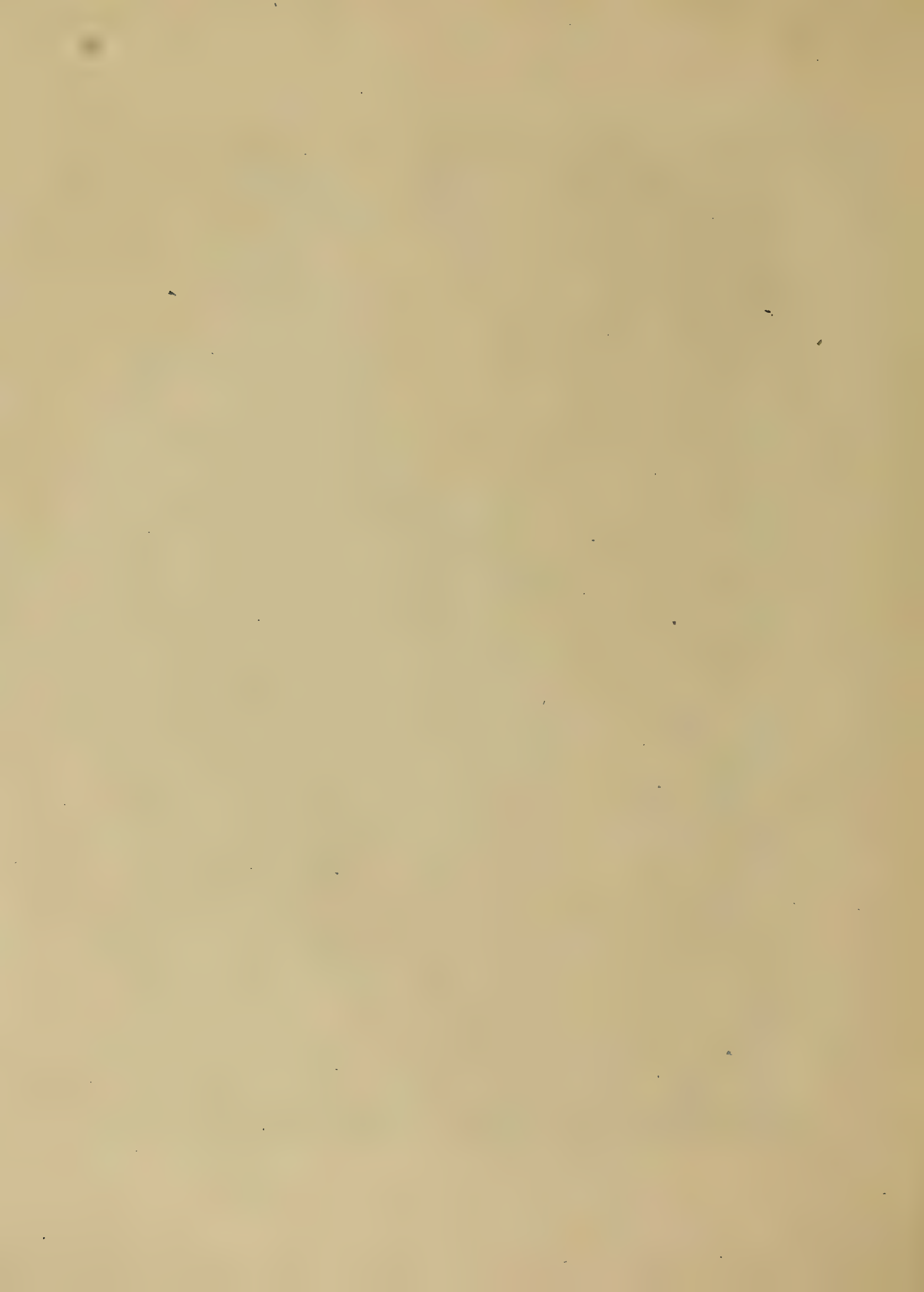
With iron & brass Building Golgothoza in great contentings

Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces

At the sublime Labours for Los compell'd the invisible Spectre

shadowy face







To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,  
In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah  
With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore  
He lotted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;  
Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems:  
That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,  
He might feel the pain as if a man gnaw'd his own tender nerves,

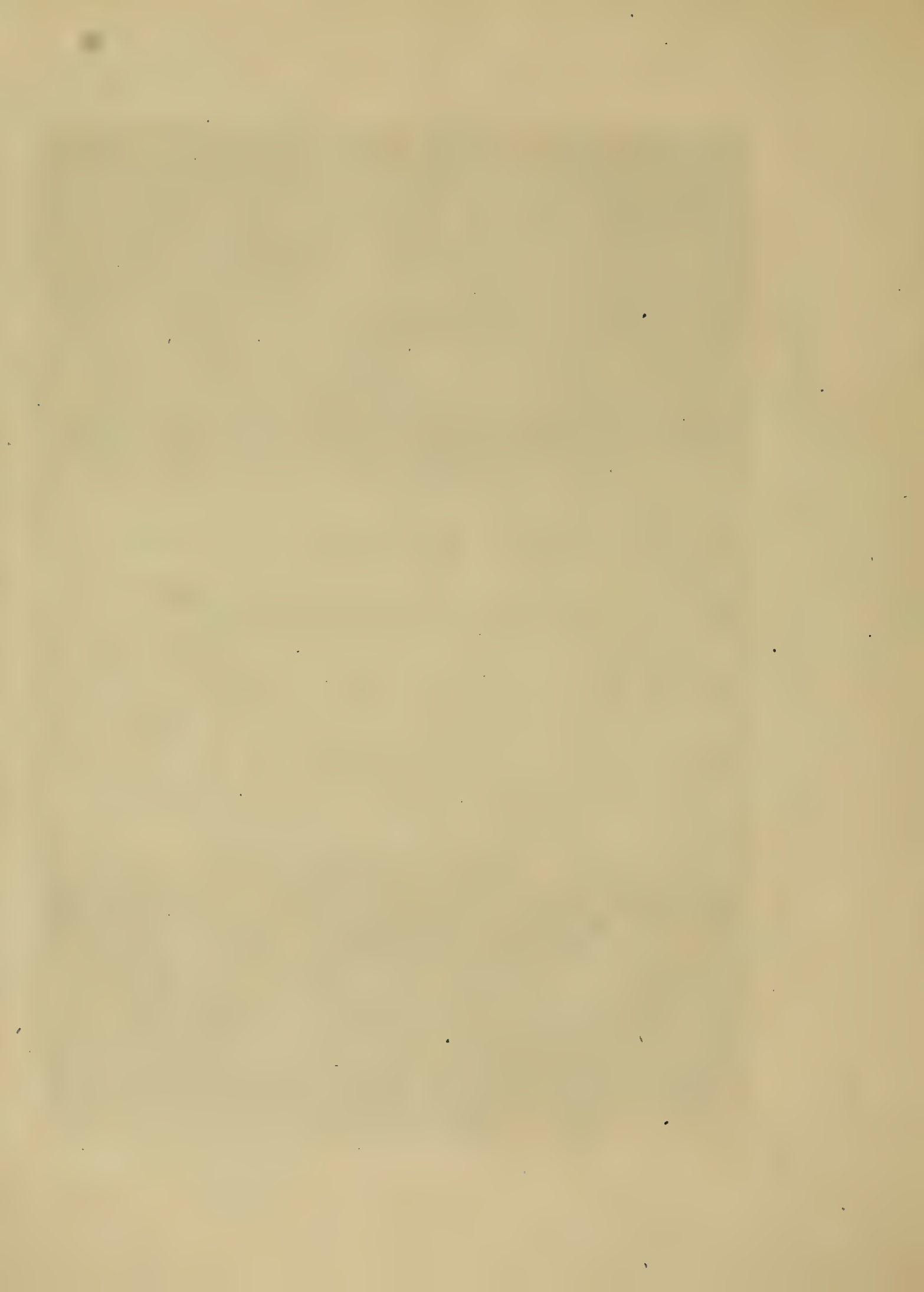
Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah  
Came from the Furnaces, by Las's mighty power for Jerusalem's  
Sake; walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin;  
And the Sons and Daughters of Las came forth in perfection lovely,  
And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry height, to the starry depth.

Las wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together:  
They fear'd they never more should see their Father, who  
Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace;  
Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?  
To protect the Emanations of Albion's mighty ones from cruelty?  
Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears  
Of light, and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold:  
Raglin is wholly cruel, Scofield is bound in iron armour!  
He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate:  
He shoots beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations;  
Vala is but thy Shadow, O thou loveliest among women:  
A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!







Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?  
 Her joy and love, a shade: a shade of sweet repose:  
 But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm:  
 What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

And Los said, I behold the finger of God in terrors!  
 Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!  
 But I am living: yet I feel my Emanation also dividing  
 Such things was never known: O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!  
 What shall I do: or how exist, divided from Eutharmon?  
 Yet why despair! I saw the finger of God go forth  
 Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albion's Sons;  
 Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power  
 Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever,  
 With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow:  
 God is within, & without: he is even in the depths of Hell!

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces:  
 And they appeared within & without incircling on both sides  
 The Starry Wheels of Albion's Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem:  
 And for Vula the shadow of Jerusalem: the ever mourning Shade:  
 On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously!

Terrified at the sublime Wander, Los stood before his Furnaces,  
 And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Etern's Spaces  
 For the Spaces, reach'd from the starry height, to the starry depth  
 And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

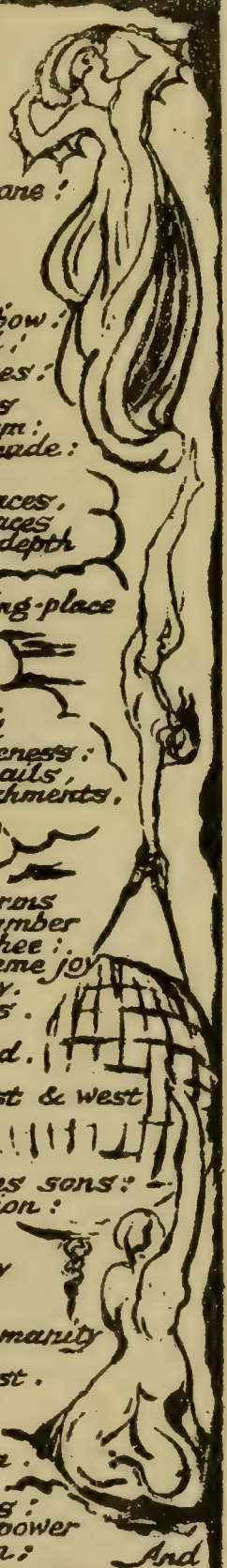
What are those golden builders doing: where was the burying-place  
 Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that  
 Mild Lions hills most ancient promontory: near mournful  
 Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?  
 Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!  
 The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections:  
 Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold  
 Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:  
 The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails,  
 And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments,  
 And well contrived wards, firm fixing, never forgotten,  
 Always commencing the remembrance: the floors, humility,  
 The ceilings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving:  
 Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy pitying looms:  
 The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms  
 For comfort, there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber  
 Is wrought: Lambeth, the Bride the Lambs Wife loveth thee:  
 Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy  
 Go on, builders in hope: tho Jerusalem wanders far away,  
 Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold,  
 The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north  
 And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west  
 Each within other toward the four points: that toward  
 Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,  
 And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro:  
 Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albion's sons:  
 But that toward Eden is walled up, all time of renovation:  
 Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.

And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity  
 West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North,  
 The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever  
 These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity  
 In every Man, Ezechiel saw them by Chebars flood.  
 And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East.  
 And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation:  
 Has four sculptur'd Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron.  
 And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro,  
 Clay bak'd & enameld, eternal glowing as four furnaces:  
 Turning upon the Wheels of Albion's Sons with enormous power  
 And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron:

And







And that toward Eden, four, formid. of gold, silver, brass, & iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living: & so

That toward Generation, four, of iron, carved wondrous:

That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship: & so

That toward Eden, four; immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold, is clos'd: having four Cherubim

Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task:

Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings

That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone:

That toward Ulro, clay; that toward Eden, metals:

But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their

The Eastern Gate, fourfold, terrible & deadly its ornaments:

Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albion's sons: as cog's

Are firm'd in a wheel, to fit the cog's of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds

Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone:

The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.

And that toward Ulro, forms of war: seven enormities:

And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold: & every inhabitant, fourfold.

And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses.

And every house, fourfold: but the third Gate in every one

Is clos'd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.

And Laban stands in middle of the City, a moat of fire,

Surrounds Laban, Lasis Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedral.

And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate:

And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate:

And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate:

And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate:

Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal: a Land

Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy:

In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, number'd from Adam to Luther:

From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe, opens like a flower from the Earth's center

In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell

And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without.

And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree; the Lake of Udan Adan:

The Forest, and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly:

The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains

Of burning sand: the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire:

The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice, Revenge:

And black Anxiety: and the Cities of the Salamandrine men:

But whatever is visible to the Generated Man.

Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.)

The land of darkness flamed but no light, & no repose:

The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant:

The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths:

The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:

The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters:

With their inhabitants: in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:

Self-righteousnesses conglom'rating against the Divine Vision:

A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasinal, Abyssal, Incoherent.

Forming the Mundane Shell: above, beneath: on all sides surrounding.

Golgonooza: Los walks round the walls, night and day.

He views the City of Golgonooza, & its smaller Cities:

The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak,

The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite: the Egyptian:

And all that has existed in the space, of six thousand years:

Permanent, & not lost nor vanish'd, & every little act.

Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still

In those Churches ever consuming & ever building, by the Spectres

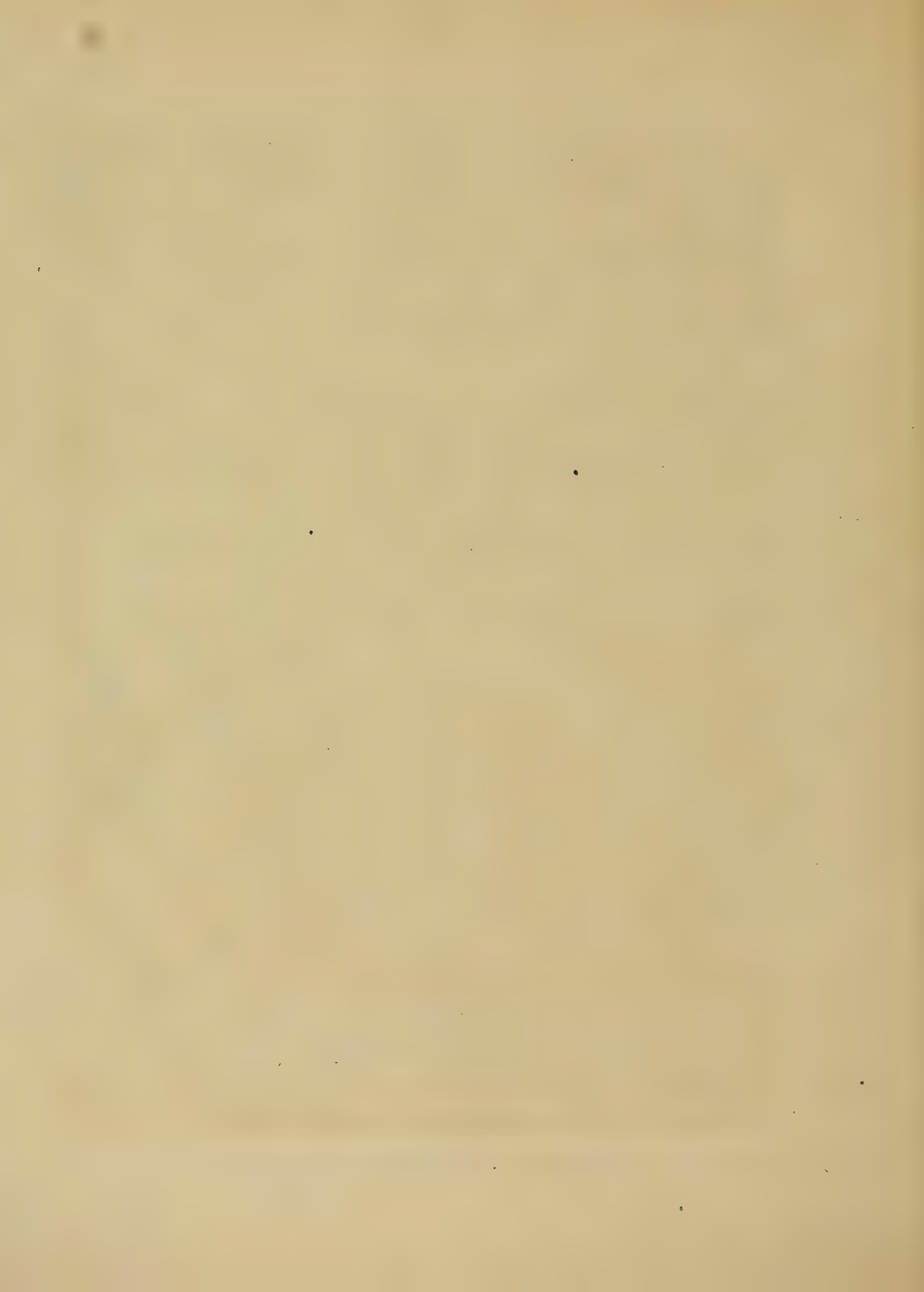
Of all the inhabitants of Earth waiting to be Created:

Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities:

But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances

For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear.

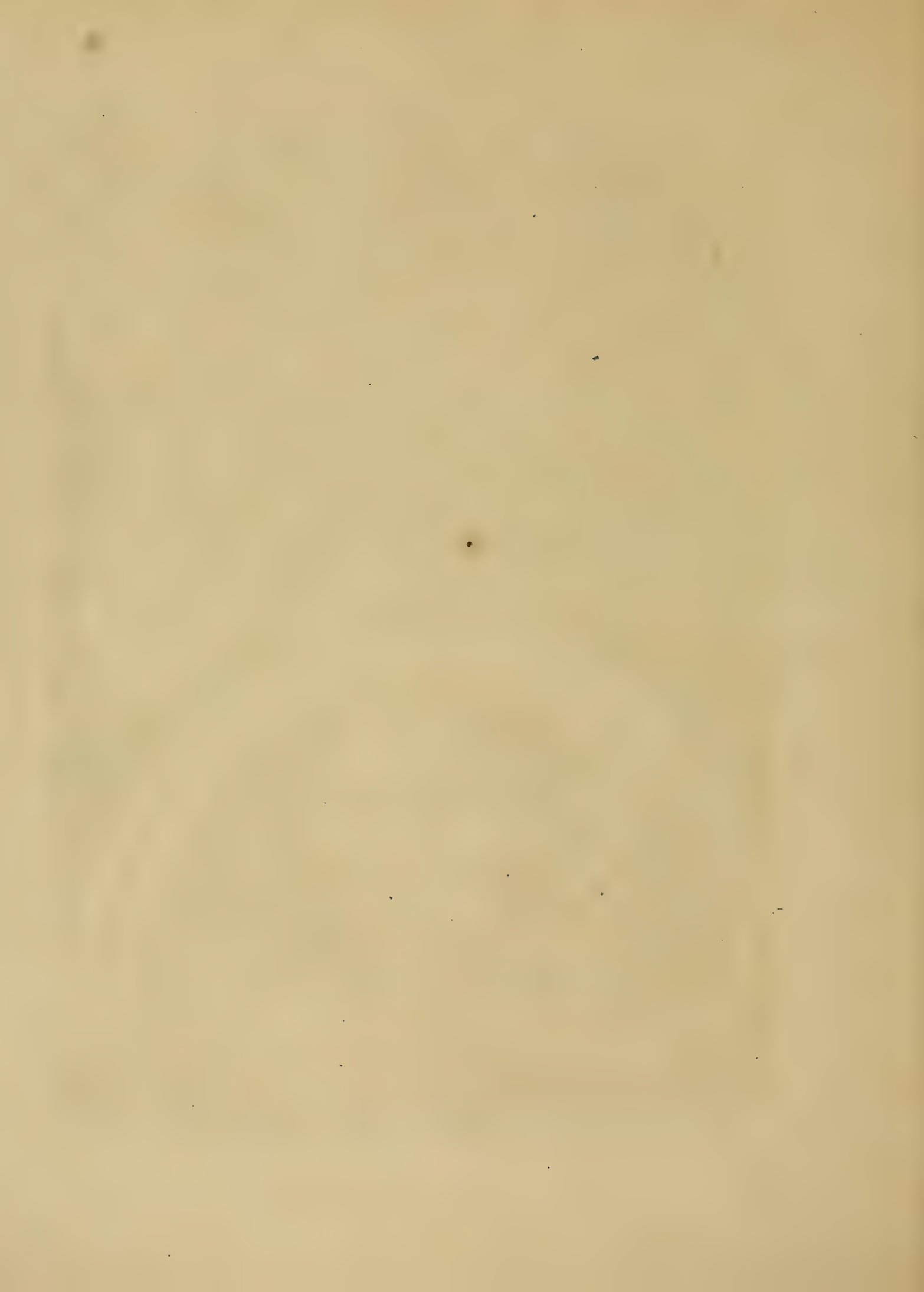




One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.  
 He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent,  
 Orc the first born coud in the south; the Dragon Urizen:  
 Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue:  
 A threefold region, a false brain; a false heart:  
 And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,  
 Beneath Beulah; as a watry flame revolving every way  
 And as dark roots and stems; a Forest of affliction; growing  
 In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females:  
 Ahania, and Enion, and Vala and Enitharmon lovely  
 And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion.  
 Ahania & Enion & Vala are three evanescent shades:  
 Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:  
 His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.  
 Such are the Buildings of Los: & such are the Woods of Enitharmon:  
 And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:  
 Every one a translucent Wonder; a Universe within.  
 Increasing inwards, into length and breadth, and height:  
 Starry & glorious; and they every one in their bright loins:  
 Have a beautiful golden gate, which opens into the vegetative world:  
 And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones  
 In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world:  
 And every one a gate of iron, dreadful and wonderful.  
 In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world  
 And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age.  
 But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is closed.  
 Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates  
 Eastward & Southward & Northward, are incircled with flaming fires.  
 And the North is Breadth, the South is Height & Depth:  
 The East is Inwards; & the West is Outwards every way.  
 And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending  
 Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish  
 Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulahs Daughters:  
 In Entuthon Benythons Deep Vales beneath Golganoza.







And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre  
Of strong revenge & Skafeld Vegetated by Reubens Gate  
In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sins of Albion  
Enrooted into every Nation; a mighty Polypus growing  
From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision

I see the Four-fold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep  
And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow  
I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once  
Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings;  
That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose  
For Bacon & Newton sheathed in dismal steel their terrors hang  
Like iron scourges over Albion, Reasonings like vast Serpents  
Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations

I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe  
And there behold the Loom of Locke whose Woof rages dire  
Washed by the Water-wheels of Newton, black the cloth  
In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works  
Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic  
Moving by compulsion each other, not as those in Eden: which  
Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil  
Of death, forging an Ax of gold; the Four Sins of Los  
Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albions hulls  
That Albions Sins may roll apart over the Nations  
While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite  
From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram in whose Loins  
Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge  
As Abraham flees from Chaldaea shaking his goary locks  
But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations

I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter  
And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam  
When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter  
And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death  
Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hin-  
-nam







Hampstead Highgate Finchley Morden Muswell hill: rage loud  
 Before Bromians iron Tongues & flowing Pikes reddening fierce  
 Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation: in the Forests  
 The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot  
 Among the Spiritual fires: loud the Corn fields thunder along  
 The Soldiers fire: the Harlots shriek: the Virgins dismal groan  
 The Parents fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse  
 Beneath the Storms of Theotrican & the thundering Bellows  
 Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in London's darkness  
 Before the Arvil, watches the bellowing flames: thundering  
 The Hammer loud rages in Raptahs strong grasp swinging wild  
 Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow  
 Dead on the Arvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain  
 He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge: London's River  
 Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the valleys  
 Humber & Trent roll areadful before the Seventh Furnace  
 And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albions sake  
 Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire  
 From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan  
 Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires  
 With Ladles huge & iron Pakers over the Island white.

Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces  
 Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms: England: nursing Mothers  
 Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem  
 From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation  
 Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliver'd  
 Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

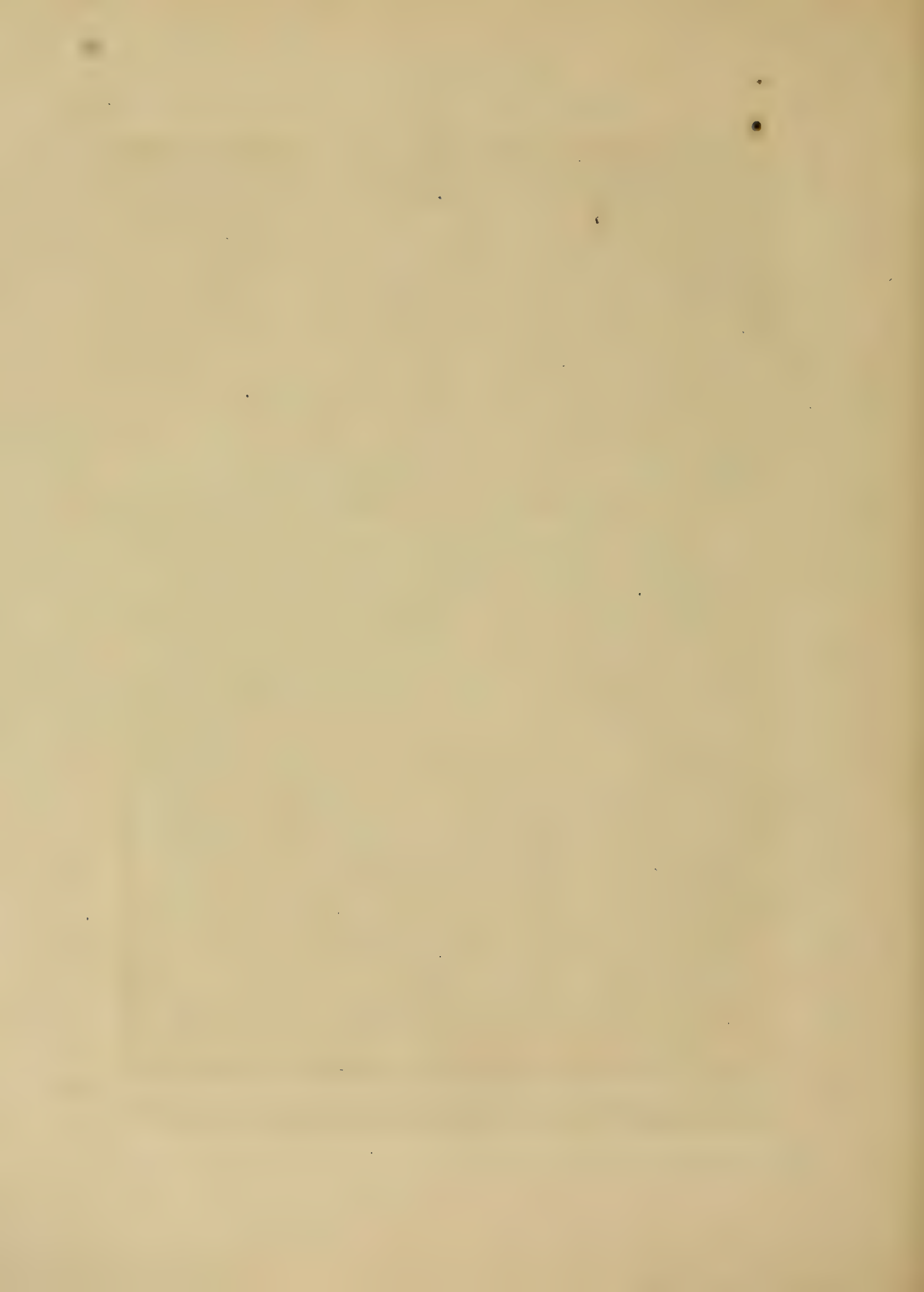
Here Los fix'd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales  
 The Thirty-six of Scotland, & the Thirty-four of Ireland  
 With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalem's Gates  
 Away from the Conflict of Luyah & Urizen, fixing the Gates  
 In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates taking every way  
 To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland  
 And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth  
 The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in  
 Cardiganshire: & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire  
 The Gate of Judah Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan Flintshire  
 The Gate of Naphtali Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire  
 The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire the Gate of Issachar Brecknockshire  
 The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor, so is Wales divided.  
 The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin Glamorganshire  
 For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons

And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates  
 Of Reuben Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Simeon, Lincoln, York, Lancashire,  
 Levi, Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Judah, Somerset, Gloucester, Wiltshire,  
 Dan, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Naphtali, Warwick, Leicester, Worcester,  
 Gad, Oxford, Bucks, Hartford, Asher, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire,  
 Issachar, Northampton, Rutland, Nottingham, Zebulun, Bedford, Hunting, Camo,  
 Joseph, Stafford, Shrops, Heref, Benjamin, Derby, Cheshire, Marmouth,  
 And Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland & Durham are  
 Divided in the the Gates of Reuben, Judah, Dan & Joseph.

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates  
 Of Reuben, Kincard, Madder, Forfar, Simeon, Ar, Argyll, Banff,  
 Levi, Caithness, Roxburgh, Ross, Judah, Aberdeen, Berwick, Dumfries,  
 Dan, Bute, Caithness, Cankmarian, Naphtali, Nairn, Inverness, Lunichgo,  
 Gad, Peebles, Perth, Rerdu, Asher, Sutherland, Sterling, Wigton,  
 Issachar, Selkirk, Dumhart, Glasgo, Zebulun, Orkney, Shetland, Skye,  
 Joseph, Elgin, Lanerk, Kinras, Benjamin, Kramaty, Mura, Kirkubrit  
 Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances  
 In Eucharist's Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children.

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of  
 Los's Halls & every Age renews its powers from these Works  
 With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or  
 Wayward Love & every sorrow & distress is carv'd here  
 Every Affinity of Parents Marriages & Friendships are here  
 In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art  
 All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years  
 Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai:  
 And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary.





His Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide:  
 To labour in the fire. in the water. in the earth. in the air.  
 To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent  
 Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own:  
 To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces  
 But Los himself against Albions Sons his fury bends. for he  
 Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed  
 In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath  
 Their Looms. in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness  
 They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength; he continually  
 Shews them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four points of heaven  
 In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is  
 The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.  
 Shuddering they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:  
 Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguised desire.

For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man  
 I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Entharmon may not  
 Be lost: & lest he should devour Entharmon: Ah me!  
 Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Entharmon:  
 I will compell my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children.  
 No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour:

Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion  
 They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy  
 Entharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion  
 If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem: such is that false  
 And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love:  
 Cruel hypocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah:  
 And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulahs Night

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die  
 Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty  
 Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from  
 And left Man a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.  
 Vegetations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:  
 But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs  
 Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever:  
 If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer  
 Reasoning & Derogation from me. an Objecting & cruel Spite  
 And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation. Alas, will become  
 My Contrary: O thou Negation. I will continually compell  
 Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please. & when  
 And where & how I please. and never, never, shalt thou be Organized  
 But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness  
 And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above  
 Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever  
 And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire  
 And he shall be a never dying Worm. mutually tormented by  
 Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair for ever & ever.

So Los in secret with himself communed & Entharmon heard  
 In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away  
 In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night;  
 First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his Bosom  
 Suspended over her he hung: he unfolded her in his garments  
 Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre in shame & confusion of  
 Face: in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the  
 Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howld over it:  
 Feeding it with his groans & tears, day & night without ceasing:  
 And the Spectrous Darknells from his back divided in temptations.  
 And in grinding agonies in threats: stings: & direful strugglings  
 Go thou to Skafeld: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury  
 Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words  
 Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time  
 I please: tell Hand & Skafeld they are my ministers of evil  
 To those I hate: for I can hate also as well as they:





From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty.  
 There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within  
 Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One;  
 An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst & sorrow.  
 Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,  
 Jealous of Jerusalem's children, ashamed of her little-ones  
 (For Vala produc'd the Bodies, Jerusalem gave the Souls)  
 Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another  
 Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead  
 To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead.

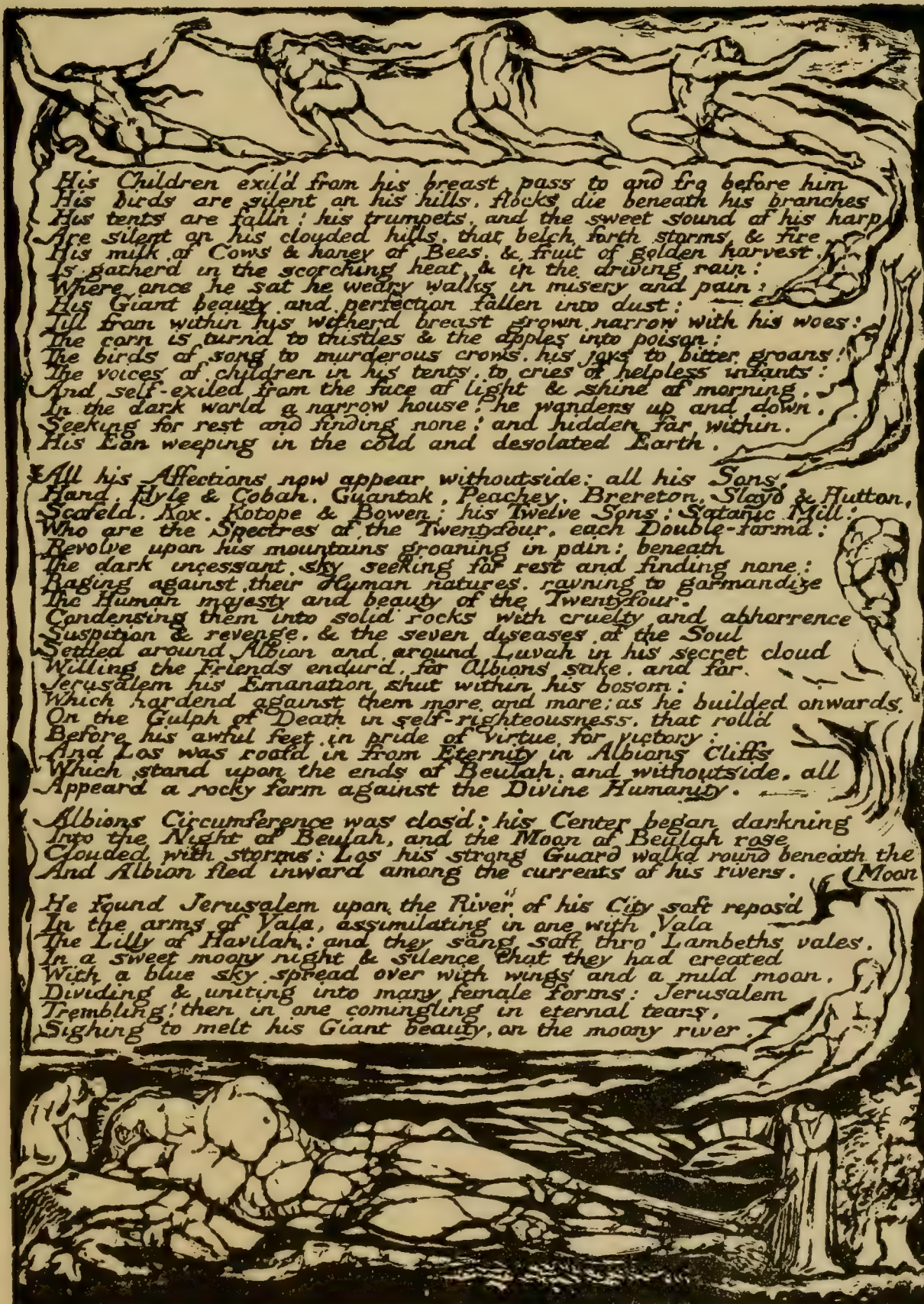


Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!  
 The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness  
 Our Father Albions sin and shame! But Father now no more!  
 Nor sons; nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies  
 With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table;  
 Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights  
 Of age and youth and boy and girl, and animal and herb,  
 And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family  
 Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree.  
 In self-denial!—But War and deadly contention, Between  
 Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities  
 Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden  
 The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds  
 And chambers of trembling & suspicion, hatreds of age & youth  
 And boy & girl, & animal & herb & river & mountain  
 And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect,  
 May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb  
 And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build  
 Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.  
 She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister  
 Return'd with Children of pollution, to defile our House  
 With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potters field.  
 Her little-ones, She must slay upon our Altars; and her aged  
 Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul  
 To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever

So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albions  
 Little-ones; to destroy the Divine Saviour; the Friend of Sinners.  
 Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications.  
 Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albions Twelve Sons.  
 Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness.  
 And Hyle & Cohan were his two chosen ones. For Emulsaries  
 In War, forth from his bosom they went and return'd.  
 Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep  
 Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albions Loins  
 Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night.  
 Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears.







His Children exil'd from his breast, pass to and fro before him  
 His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches  
 His tents are fall'n; his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp  
 Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms, & fire  
 His milk of Cows & honey of Bees, & fruit of Golden harvest,  
 Is gather'd in the scorching heat & in the driving rain;  
 Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain;  
 His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust;  
 Till from within his wither'd breast grown narrow with his woes:  
 The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison;  
 The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans;  
 The voices of children in his tents, to cries of helpless infants;  
 And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,  
 In the dark world & narrow house, he wanders up and down,  
 Seeking for rest and finding none; and hidden far within,  
 His Ear weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.


All his Affections now appear withoutside; all his Sons,  
 Hard, Hyle & Cobah, Guantak, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,  
 Scafeld, Nox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons; Satanic Mill:  
 Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-form'd;  
 Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain; beneath  
 The dark incessant sky seeking for rest and finding none;  
 Raging against their Human natures, raving to garmandize  
 The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour.  
 Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence  
 Suspicion & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul  
 Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud  
 Willing the Friends endure, for Albions sake, and for  
 Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom;  
 Which harden'd against them more and more; as he builded onwards,  
 On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd  
 Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue, for victory;  
 And Los was roald in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs  
 Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all  
 Appeard a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albions Circumference was clos'd; his Center began darkning  
 Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose  
 Clouded with storms; Los his strong Guard walk'd round beneath the  
 And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers. (Moon)

He Found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd  
 In the arms of Yala, assimilating in one with Yala  
 The Lilly of Havilah; and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales,  
 In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created  
 With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moan,  
 Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem  
 Trembling; then in one comingling in eternal tears,  
 Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.



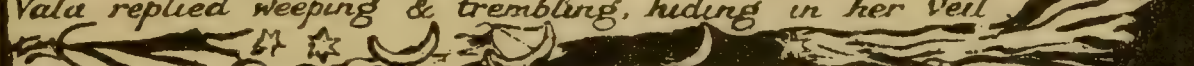




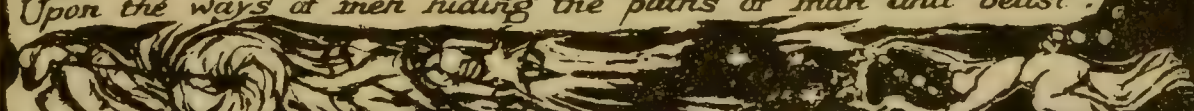
But when they saw Albion fall'n, upon mild Lambeth's vale;  
Astonish'd, Terrified, they hover'd over his Giant limbs;  
Then thus, Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wept the veil of tears;  
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair..

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life  
And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:  
Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering an evil;  
Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds;  
Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb;  
Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

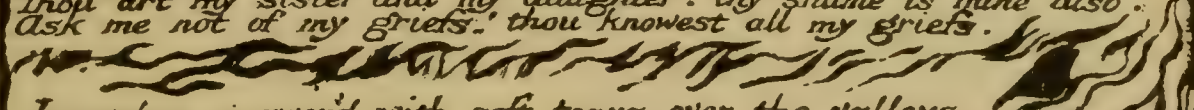
Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil



When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls;  
Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast.

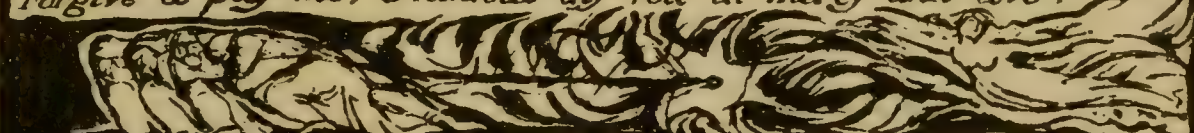


Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes  
The distant forest: then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone.  
The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.  
They view their former life: they number moments over and over:  
Stringing them, on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.  
Thou art my sister and my daughter: thy shame is mine also:  
Ask me not of my griefs: thou knowest all my griefs.



Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.

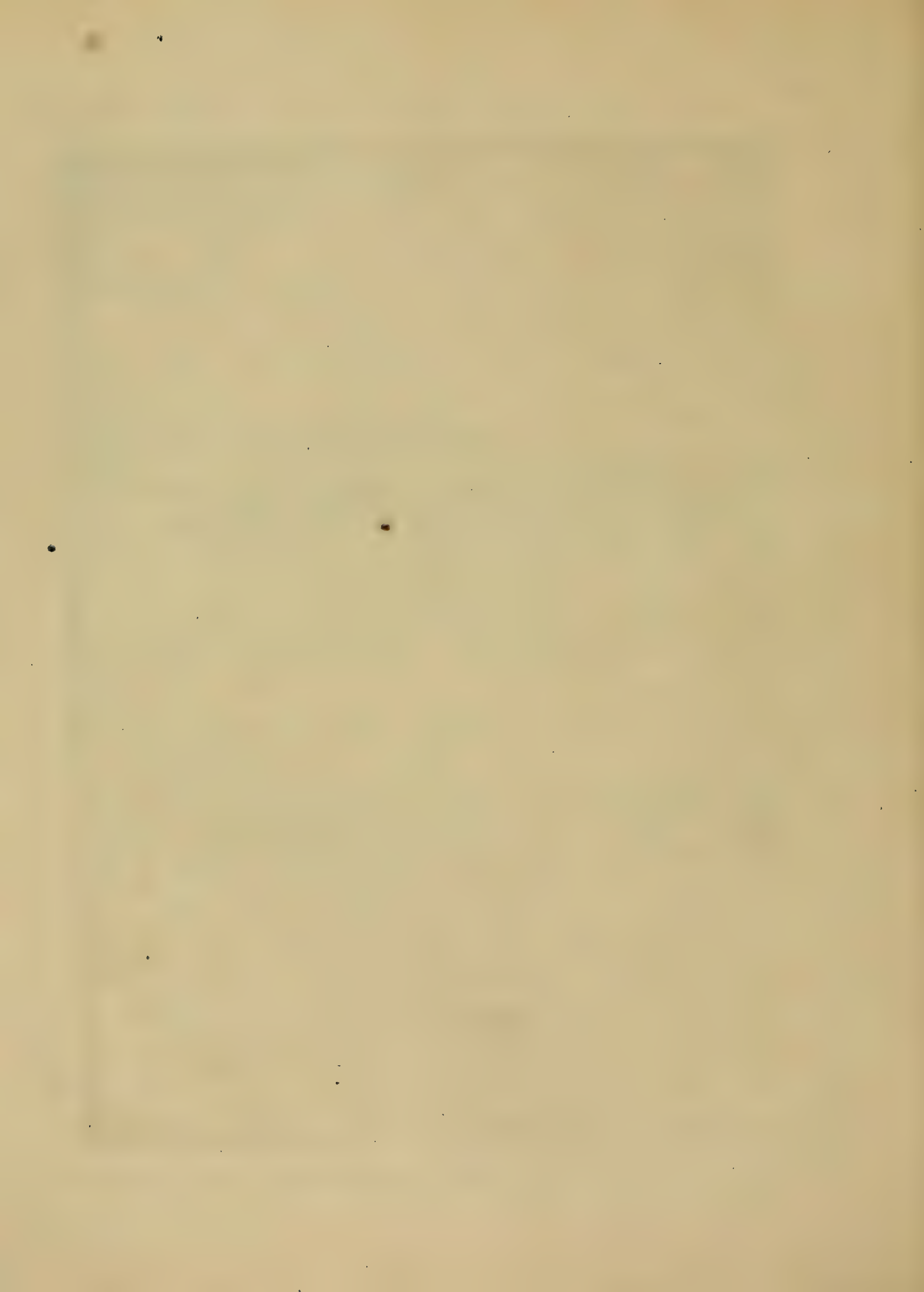
O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weepest  
At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little  
Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin  
Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness: O! if I have Sinned  
Forgive & pity me: O! unfold thy Veil in mercy and love!



Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon  
Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab  
I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain  
When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine:  
Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands  
Of love; thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty  
Beautiful thro' our Loves comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.  
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion.  
Because it inclos'd pity & love; because we lov'd one-another:  
Albion lov'd thee; he rent thy Veil; he embrac'd thee; he lov'd thee!  
Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection thou forgavest his furious love:  
I redounded from Albion's bosom in my virgin loveliness.  
The Lamb of God receiv'd me in his arms he smil'd upon us:  
He made me his Bride & Wife; he gave thee to Albion.  
Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd

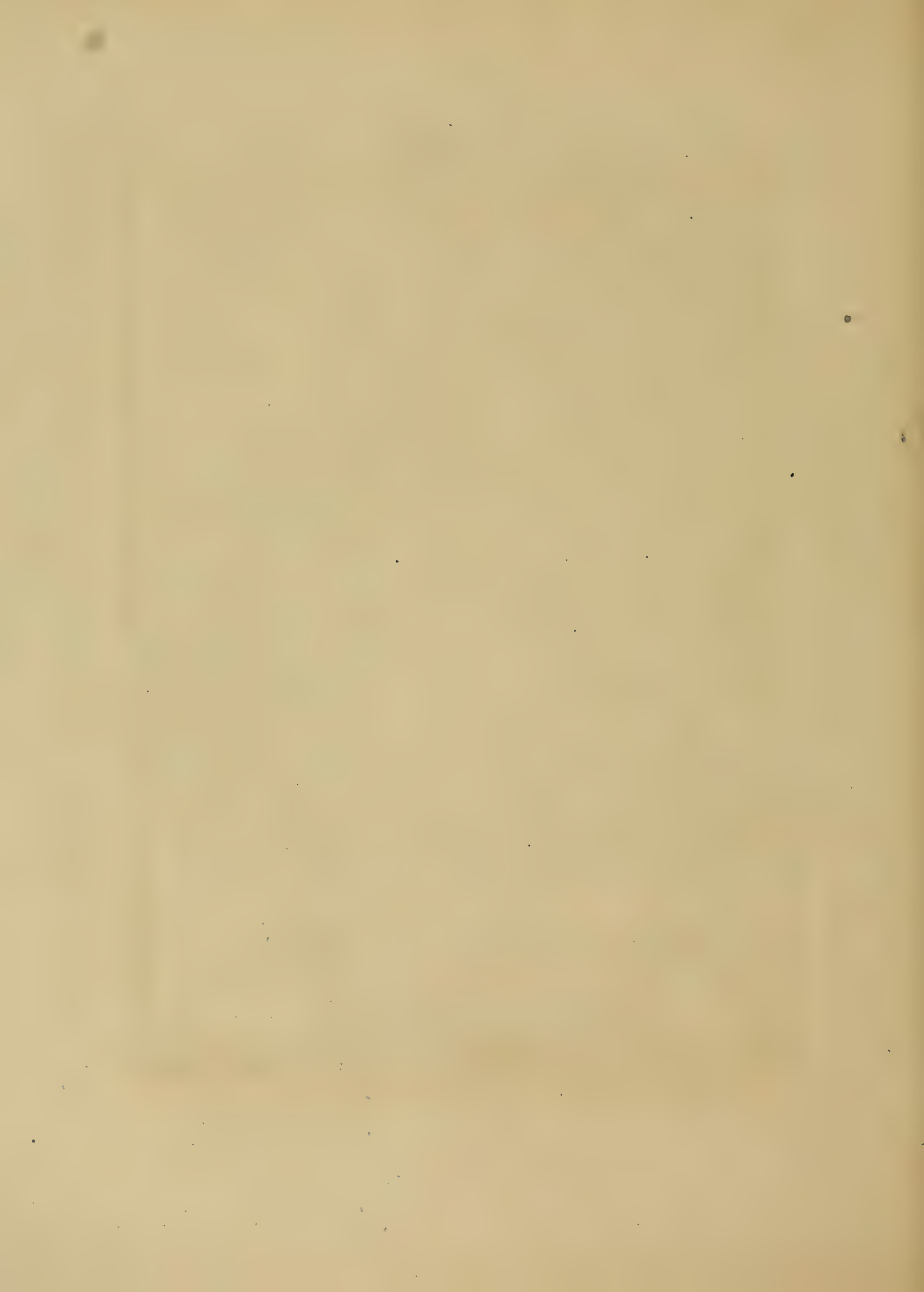


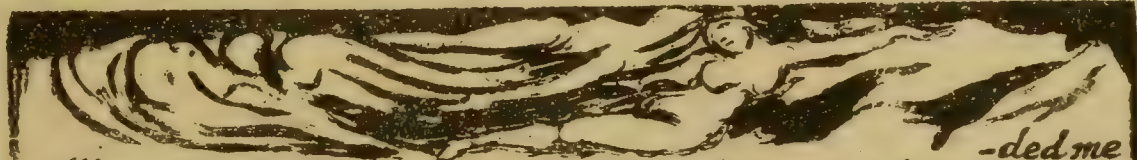


O Vala! 'O Jerusalem!' do you delight in my groans  
 You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup:  
 The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet: I have no hope  
 Every blemish upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.  
 Doubt first assailed me, then Shame took possession of me  
 Shame divides Families, Shame hath divided Albion in sunder;  
 First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations  
 My Cattle next, last even the Dog of my Gate, the Forests fled  
 The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens, outside separated  
 The Sea; the Stars; the Sun; the Moon; driven forth by my disease  
 All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste  
 Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!  
 That the deep wound of Sin might be closed up with the Needle.  
 And with the Loom; to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes  
 Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil  
 Wither in Luvahs Sepulcher, I thrust him from my presence  
 And all my Children followed his loud howlings into the Deep.  
 Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:  
 I discover thy secret places; Cordella! I behold  
 Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear:  
 Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed  
 Art thou broken? Ah me, Sabrina, running by my side;  
 In childhood what wert thou; unutterable anguish! Canwenna  
 Thy cradled infancy is most piteous, O hide, O hide!  
 Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller:  
 I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most.  
 Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite  
 Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them, Hand sees  
 In jealous fear; in stern accusation with cruel stripes  
 He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face;  
 Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens  
 Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen;  
 Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge;  
 Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty  
 Penmaenmawr & Dhuas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief  
 Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair  
 Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices  
 I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds  
 From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Mownouth;  
 I see them distant from my bosom scourged along the roads  
 Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices; clouds divide  
 I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains; they are taken  
 In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the breadth of Europe  
 Six months they lie embalmed in silent death; war-shipped  
 Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring  
 Bursting their Arks they rise again to life; they play before  
 The Armies; I hear their loud Cymbals & their deadly cries  
 Are the Dead cruel; are those who are infolded in moral Law  
 Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!  
 Then Vala answered spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion.









-ded me  
 Albion thy fear has made me tremble, thy terrors have surround-  
 Thy sons have naid me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet;  
 Tell Skakelds Nimrod the mighty Huntsman Jehovah came.  
 With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark,  
 Bears me before his Armies tho my Shadow hovers here  
 The Flesh of multitudes fed & nourishd me in my childhood  
 My morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men  
 Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley  
 Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision  
 All Love is lost: terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love  
 And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty  
 Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now  
 Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes  
 I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved  
 And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return.  
 Albion again utter'd his voice beneath the silent Moon  
 I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty  
 I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more  
 Then spake Jerusalem O Albion, my Father Albion  
 Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul  
 Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of Flax to dry?  
 The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy  
 Horrible ghast & deadly: nought shalt thou find in it  
 But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy:  
 Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spake  
 Hide thou Jerusalem in empalpable voidness, not to be  
 Touch'd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem  
 Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found  
 But come O Vala with knife & cup; drain my blood  
 To the last drop: then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle  
 For I see Luvah whom I slaw. I behold him in my Spectre  
 As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vala dark and cold  
 Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon & spake  
 Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War  
 When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim  
 Loud groand Albion from mountain to mountain & replied







Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!  
 Laughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albions curse!  
 I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But  
 My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil.  
 Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee  
 Pitying rent in ancient times, I see it whole and more  
 Perfect, and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father!

Jerusalem replyd. like a voice heard from a sepulcher:  
 Father! once piteous! Is Pity a Sin? Embalmd in Valas bogom  
 In an Eternal Death for Albions sake, our best beloved.  
 Thou art my Father & my Brother! Why hast thou hidden me.  
 Remote from the divine Vision: my Lord and Saviour.

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair.



He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose;  
 Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation!

I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:  
 I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer  
 I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!  
 Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

He recoild: he rush'd outwards: he bore the Veil whole away  
 His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning  
 He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws  
 And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.  
 He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping  
 Which stand upon the edge of Beulah: and there Albion sunk  
 Down in sick pallid languor: These were his last words, relapsing  
 Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales  
 And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity.




Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void  
 Dwells from Eternity, wide separated, from the Human Soul  
 But thou deluding Image by whom imb'd the Veil I rent  
 Lo here is Valas Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse!  
 And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom  
 My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.  
 His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold  
 My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught  
 But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albions Curse!  
 May God who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,  
 And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,  
 Like me thy Victim, O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

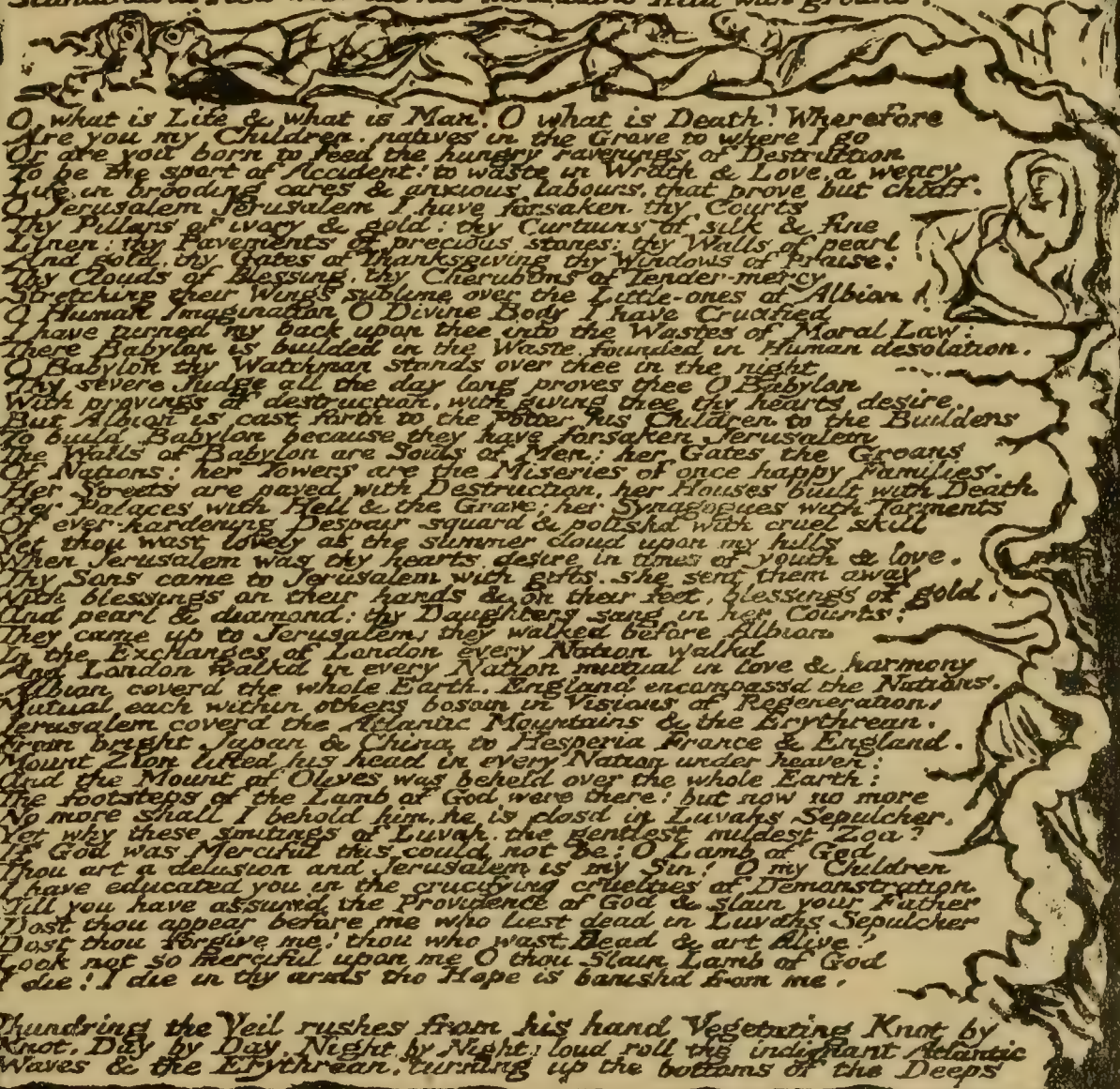








What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words:  
 You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.  
 Two bleeding Contraries equally true, are his Witnesses against me  
 We reared mighty Stones; we danced, naked around them,  
 Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalem's shame;  
 Displaying our Giant Limbs to all the Winds of Heaven: Sudden  
 Shame seized us, we could not look on one another for abhorrence; the Blue  
 Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,  
 And wandered distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark;  
 The Sun fled from the Britons' forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins:  
 Scandinavia fled with all his mountains filled with groans.



O what is Life & what is Man, O what is Death? Wherefore  
 Are you my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go  
 Or are you born to feed the hungry ravens of Destruction  
 To be the sport of Accident: to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary  
 Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.  
 O Jerusalem Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts  
 Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine  
 Linnen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl  
 And gold, thy Gates of thanksgiving thy Windows of praise:  
 Thy Clouds of blessing, thy Cherubims of tender-mercy  
 To cherish their Wings sublime over the little-ones of Albion!  
 O Human Imagination O Divine Body I have Crucified  
 I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:  
 There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.  
 O Babylon thy Watchman stands over thee in the night  
 Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon  
 With proofs of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire.  
 But Albion is cast farth to the Potter his Children to the Builders  
 To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem  
 The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans  
 Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families.  
 Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death.  
 Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave: her Synagogues with Torments  
 Of ever-hardening Despair, sward & polished with cruel skill  
 Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills  
 When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love.  
 Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts, she sent them away  
 With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold:  
 And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts:  
 They came up to Jerusalem, they walked before Albion  
 In the Exchanges of London every Nation walked  
 And London walked in every Nation mutual in love & harmony  
 Albion covered the whole Earth, England encompassed the Nations.  
 Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration:  
 Jerusalem covered the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean,  
 From bright Japan & China to Hesperia France & England.  
 Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven:  
 And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth:  
 The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more  
 No more shall I behold him, he is closed in Luvahs Sepulcher.  
 Yet why these soutilings of Luvah, the gentlest, mildest, Zoar?  
 If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God  
 Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children  
 I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration.  
 Till you have assumed the Providence of God & slain your Father  
 Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvahs Sepulcher  
 Dost thou forgive me, thou who wast Dead & art Alive?  
 Look not so merciful upon me O thou Slain Lamb of God  
 I die! I die in thy arms tho Hope is banished from me.

Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by  
 Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night: loud roll the indignant Atlantic  
 Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps





And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions  
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?  
Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples  
Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed:  
As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him  
Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer,  
For not one sparrow can suffer, & the whole Universe not suffer also,  
In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.  
But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom  
Of the Injurer: in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain;  
Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputation of Sin  
By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion  
But many doubted & despaired & imputed Sin & Righteousness  
To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.









AMONG THE SONS  
OF ALBION

JERUSALEM

IT'S MARRIED  
TO THE  
GALILEAN

HAND

SUCH VISIONS HAVE  
APPEARED TO ME  
AS I MY OWN RACE HAVE RUN





## To the Jews.

Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true; my title-page is also true, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united O ye Inhabitants of Earth in One Religion. The Religion of Jesus: the most Ancient, the Eternal & the Everlasting Gospel. The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

All things Begin & End in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore!

Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem, and Noah, who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition, that Man anciently contained in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you received from the Druids.

But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion!

Albion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of Sleep Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone,  
To Primrose Hill and Saint Johns Wood;  
Were builded over with pillars of gold,  
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields  
The Lamb of God among them seen  
And fair Jerusalem his Bride;  
Among the little meadows green.

Pancreass & Kentish-town repose  
Among her golden pillars high;  
Among her golden arches which  
Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man;  
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight;  
The fields of Cows by Westons farm;  
Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green:  
The Lamb of God walks by her side;  
And every English Child is seen,  
Children of Jesus & his Bride.

Forgiving trespasses and sins  
Lest Babylon with cruel Og,  
With Moral & Self-righteous Law  
Should Crucify in Satans Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing  
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington  
Standing above that mighty Ruin  
Where Satan the first victory won.

Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree  
And the Druids golden Knife,  
Rioted in human gore,  
In Offerings of Human Life.

They groan'd aloud on London Stone  
They groan'd aloud on Tyburns Brook  
Albion gave his deadly groan,  
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook.

Albions Spectre from his Loins  
Tore forth in all the pomp of War!  
Satan his name in flames of fire  
He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,  
Down thro Poplar & Old Bow;  
Thro Malden & across the Sea,  
In War & howling death & woe.

If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true Christians; If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs, all Animals, is True & they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices; and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle, in the Loins of Abraham & David; the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold! The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

The Rhine was red with human blood  
The Danube roll'd a purple tide;  
On the Euphrates Satans smould;  
And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He wither'd up sweet Zions Hill,  
From every Nation of the Earth;  
He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates,  
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He wither'd up the Human Form,  
By laws of sacrifice for sin;  
Till it became a Mortal Worm;  
But O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen  
Still was the Human Form, Divine  
Weeping in weak & mortal clay  
O Jesus still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face & thine  
The Human Hands & Feet & Breasts  
Entering thro the Gates of Birth  
And passing thro the Gates of Death.

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I  
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride;  
Art thou return'd to Albions Land;  
And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Came to my arms & never more  
Depart; but dwell for ever here;  
Create my Spirit to thy Love;  
Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear.

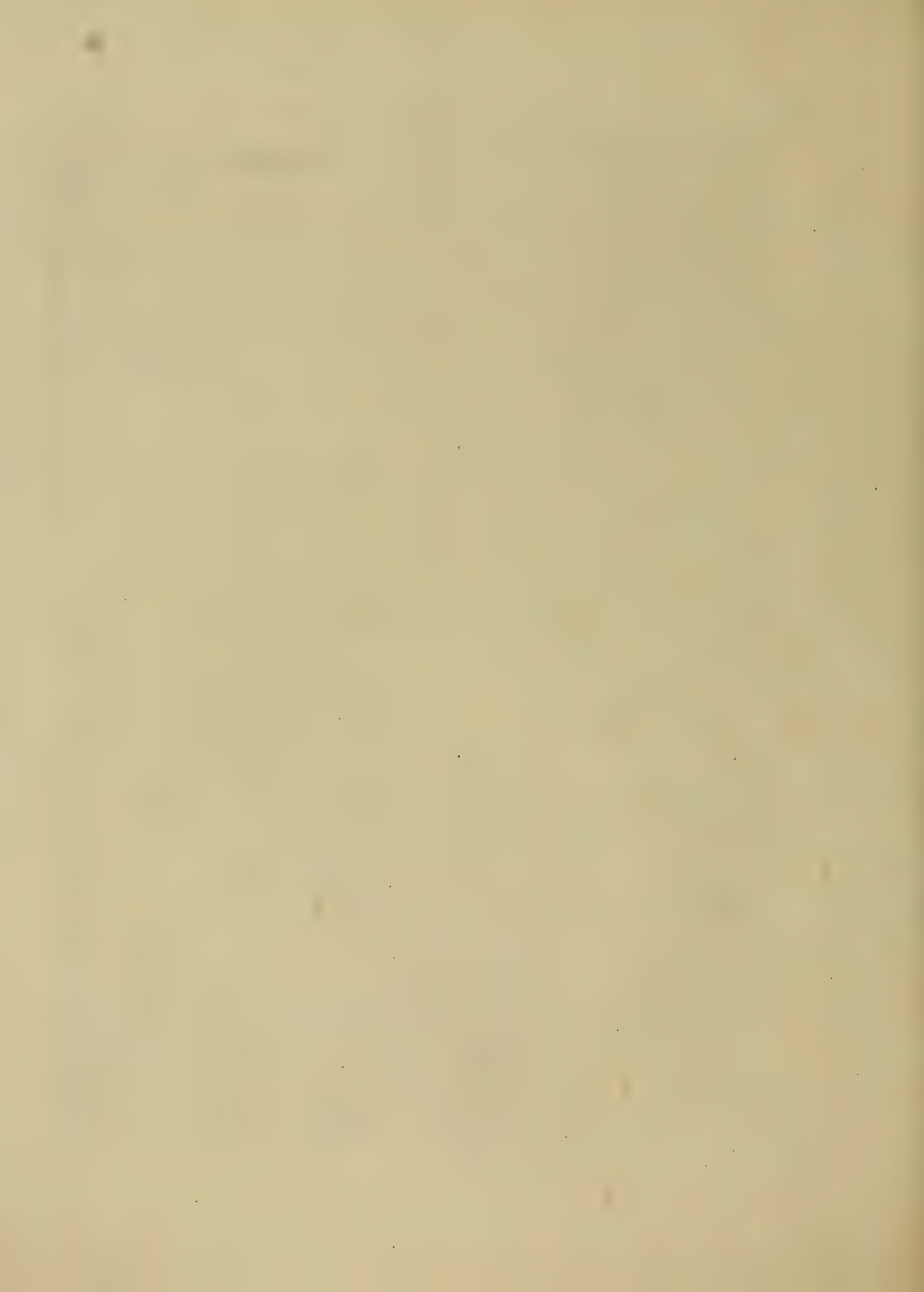
Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!  
In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd;  
I here reclaim thee as my own  
My Selfhood; Satan: arm'd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family Love  
Thy cruel Patriarchal pride  
Planting thy Family alone  
Destroying all the World beside.

A mans worst enemies are those  
Of his own house & family;  
And he who makes his law a curse  
By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land  
Shall walk & mine in every Land,  
Mutual shall build Jerusalem;  
Both heart in heart & hand in hand.





*Jerusalem.*  
*Chap: 2.*



Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,  
In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains  
Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy:  
And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

And Albion spake from his secret seat and said

All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours  
Of loves; of unnatural consanguinities and friendships  
Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all  
These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin  
I therefore, condense them into solid rocks, steadfast;  
A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth:  
That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.

Cold snows drifted around him; ice covered his loins around  
He sat by Tyburns brook, and underneath his heel, shot up;  
A deadly Tree, he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law  
Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groand)  
They bent down, they felt the earth and again enrooting  
Shot into many a Tree: an endless labyrinth of woe!

From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies  
For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars,  
Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potters Furnace  
He nam'd them Justice, and Truth, And Albions Sons  
Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors  
But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong  
Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy  
In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem.





Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeared above  
 Albion's dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington  
 On Tyburn's River: in clouds of blood: where was miled Zion Hills  
 Most ancient promontory, and in the Sun, a Human Form appeared  
 And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion

I elected Albion for my glory: I gave to him the Nations,  
 Of the whole Earth. He was the Angel of my Presence: and all  
 The Sons of God were Albion's Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy.  
 The Reactor hath hid himself from envy. I behold him.  
 But you cannot behold him till he be revealed in his System  
 Albion's Reactor must have a Place prepared. Albion must Sleep  
 The Sleep of Death till the Man of Sin & Repentance be revealed.  
 Hidden in Albion's Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply  
 From Albion: but hath founded his Reaction into a Fowl  
 Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man  
 He hath compelled Albion to become a Punisher & hath possessed  
 Himself of Albion's Forests & Wilds: and Jerusalem is taken.  
 The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephraim is taken.  
 London is a stone of her ruins: Oxford is the dust of her walls!  
 Sussex & Kent are her scattered garments: Ireland her holy place:  
 And the murdered bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales:  
 The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consumption.  
 The Nations are her dust: ground by the chariot wheels  
 Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces levelled with the dust.  
 I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return  
 Fear not O little flock I come, Albion shall rise again  
 So saying, the mild Sun inclosed the Human Family

Farthwith from Albion's darkening locks came two Immortal forms  
 Saying We alone are escaped, O merciful Lord and Saviour.  
 We flee from the interiors of Albion's hills and mountains:  
 From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab:  
 Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.

Albion walked on the steps of fire before his Halls  
 And Vala walked with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.  
 He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendid taged  
 Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace  
 Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect  
 Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hovered  
 A sweet entrancing self-delusion, a watry vision of Albion  
 Soft exulting in Existence: all the Man absorbing.

Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the watry Shadow  
 Saying O Lord, whence is this change: thou knowest I am nothing!  
 And Vala trembled & covered her face: & her locks were spread on the pavement

We heard astounded at the Vision & our hearts trembled within us  
 We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake.  
 Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering:

O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee:  
 If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades  
 If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent  
 If thou withhold thine hand: I perish like a fallen leaf  
 O I am nothing: and to nothing must return again:  
 If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion.

He ceased; the shadowy voice was silent; but the cloud hovered over their heads  
 In golden wreaths, the sorrow of Man: & the balmy drops fell down  
 And so! that son of Man, that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion:  
 Luvah descended from the cloud in terror Albion rose:  
 Indignant rose the awful Man, & turned his back on Vala:

We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep,  
 Whence is this voice crying Enion: that soundeth in my ears?  
 O cruel pity! O dark deceit: can love seek for dominion?

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion  
 They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclosed  
 And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement:  
 Covered with boils from head to foot: the terrible smitings of Luvah.

Then frowned the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence  
 Saying, Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer  
 I will turn the volutions of your ears upward, and bend your nostrils  
 Downward, and your fixile eyes englobed roll round in fear:  
 Your withering lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle  
 Till into narrow farms you creep, go take your fiery way:  
 And learn what tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun,  
 And now the human blood foamed high, the Spirits Luvah & Vala,  
 Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded.  
 In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet:  
 And the vast form of Nature like a serpent played before them  
 And as they fled in folding fires & thunders at the deep:  
 Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks.  
 And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west.  
 And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolled between  
 Whether of Jerusalem or Vala's ruins congenerated we know not:  
 All is confusion: all is tumult, & we alone are escaped  
 So spoke the fugitives: they found the Divine Family, trembling







And the Two that escaped; were the Emanation of Los & his Spectres; for wherever the Emanation goes, the Spectre Attends her as her Guard. & Los's Emanation is named Enitharmon. & his Spectre is named Urthona; they knew Not where to flee; they had been on a visit to Albion's Children And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation Of Albion's Children; fleeing thro Albion's vales in streams of gore Being not irritated by insult bearing insulting benevolences They perceived that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncircumcision And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro darkness Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows: Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in Songs Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

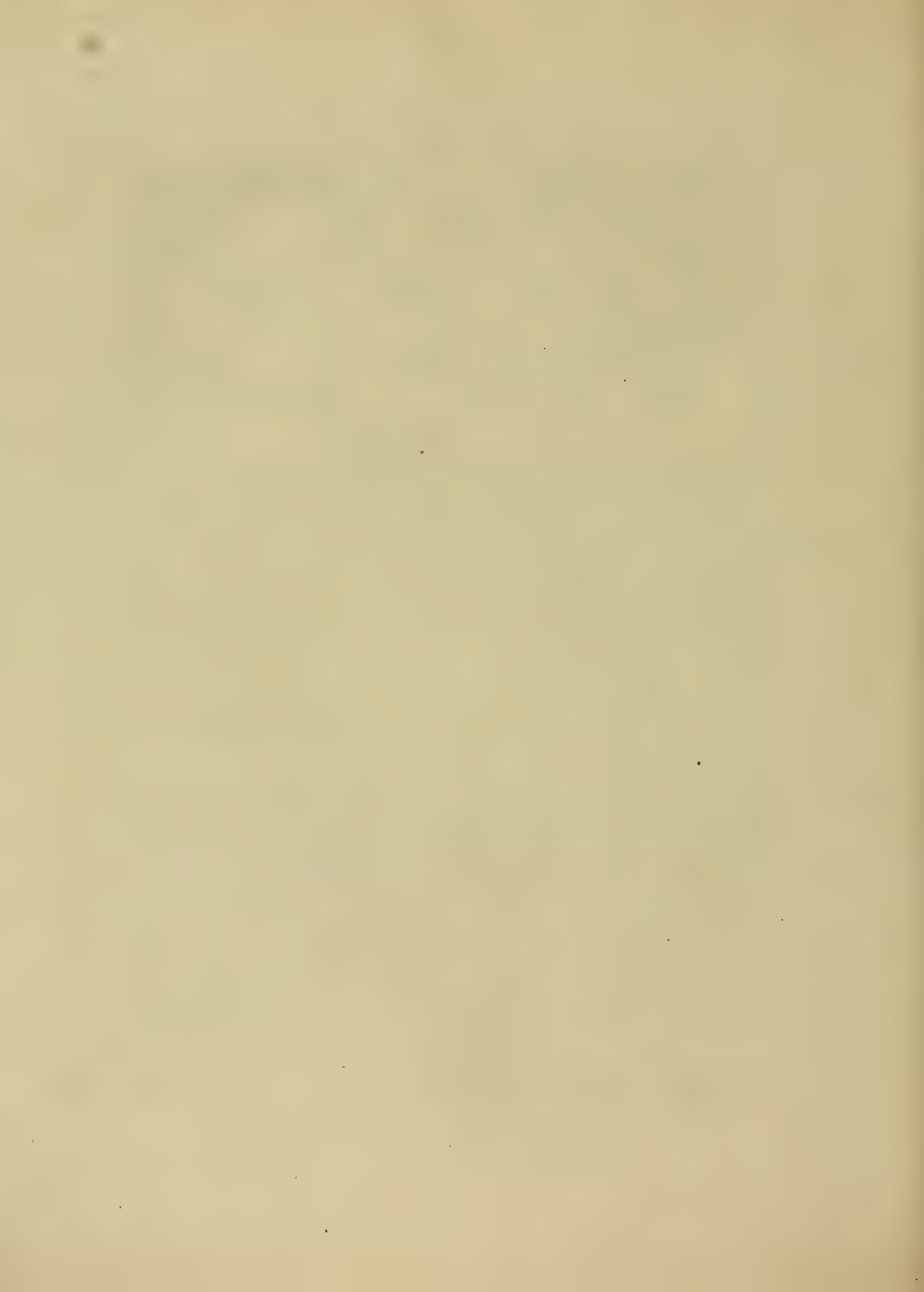
They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand, & took them in Into his Bosom; from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain: Bending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories Inclosing Los; but the Divine Vision appeared with Los Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said. O Divine Saviour arise Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold! The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys! The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee: Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village: They mock at the Labourers' lymbs: they mock at his starv'd Children: They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons: They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts: They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony: The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst: Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah? In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle: Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim: And becomes One with her mingling condensing in Self-love The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death: Albion hath enter'd the Lymbs the place of the Last Judgment: And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom: The Dead awake to Generation: Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil!

So Los in lamentations follow'd Albion. Albion cover'd.







His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.  
 fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision.  
 Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albions  
 Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves  
 of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among  
 Albions rocks & precipices: caves of solitude & dark despair.  
 And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded, & murdered.  
 But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars  
 of which they had possessed themselves; and there they take up  
 The articulations of a mans soul, and laughing throw it down  
 Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd  
 In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los  
 Search'd in vain: closed from the minotaur he walk'd, difficult  
 He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London.  
 Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle  
 Of Leuthras Dogs, thence thro the narrowes of the Rivers side,  
 And saw every minute particular the jewels of Albion, running down  
 The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were ghorrid.  
 Every Universal Form, was become barren mountains of Moral  
 Virtue; and every Minute Particular hardend into grains of sand:  
 And all the tendernesses of the soul cast farth as filth & mire.  
 Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate  
 To where the Tower of London throw'd dreadful over Jerusalem;  
 A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalem's eastern gate, to be  
 His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded  
 Dens of despair in the house of bread; enquiring in vain  
 Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none;  
 And thus he spoke, looking on Albions City with many tears  
 What shall I do? what could I do, if I could find these Criminals  
 I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed  
 And builded by the Divine hand that the sinner shall always escape.  
 And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence:  
 If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand  
 In way of vengeance; I punish the already punish'd: O whom  
 Should I pity, if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray?  
 O Albion, if thou takest vengeance; if thou revengest thy wrongs  
 Thou art for ever lost. What can I do to hinder the Sons  
 Of Albion from taking vengeance; or how shall I them perswade.

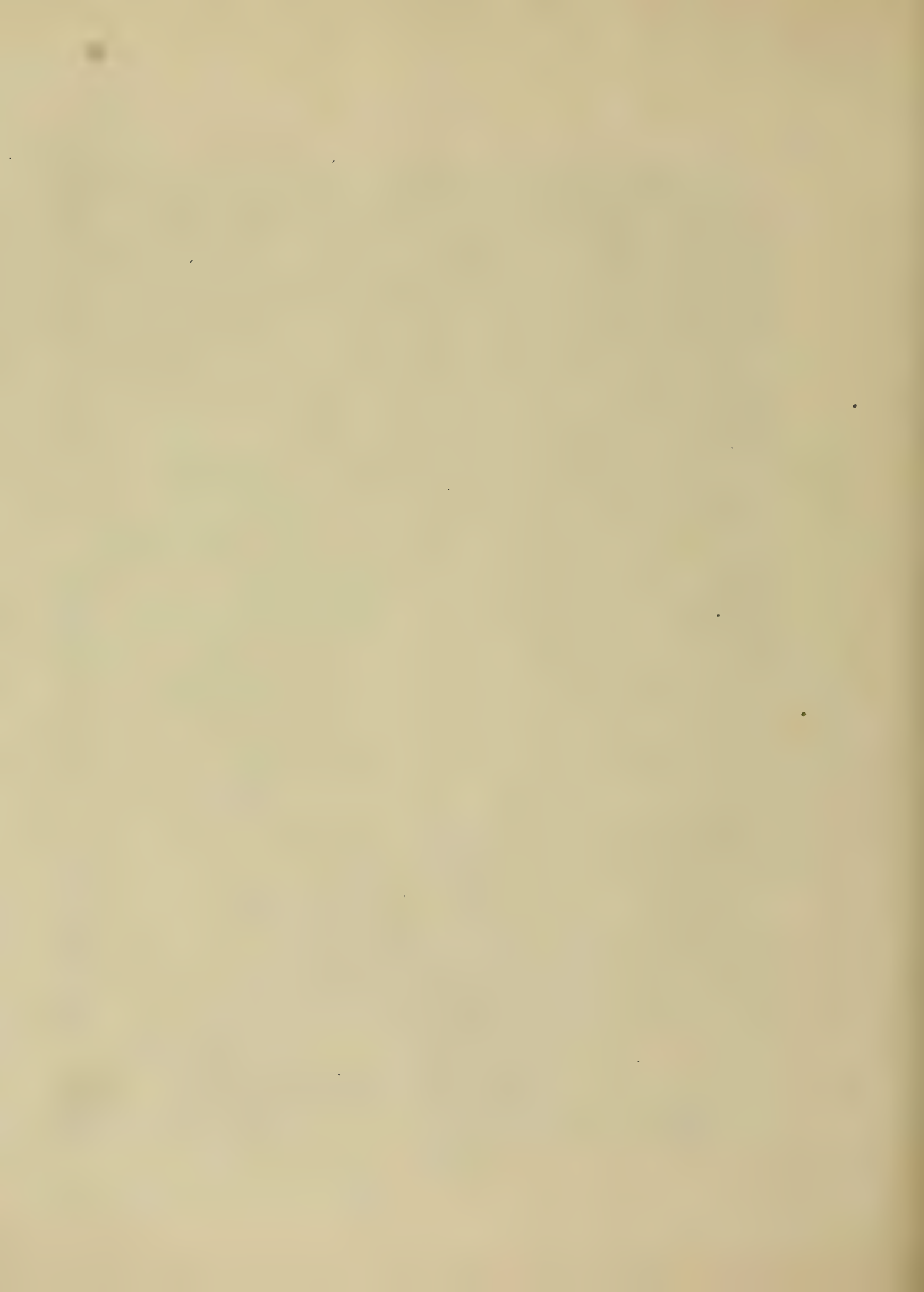
So spoke Los, travelling thro darkness & horrid solitude:  
 And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone  
 Among the ruins of the Temple; and Vala who is her Shadow.  
 Jerusalem's Shadow bent northward over the Island white  
 At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalem's voice.

Albion I cannot be thy Wife, thine own Minute Particulars,  
 Belong to God alone, and all thy little ones are holy  
 They are of Faith & not of Demonstration; wherefore is Vala  
 Goh'd in black mourning upon my rivers currents, Vala awake:  
 I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs  
 I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

Vala reply'd, Albion is mine; Luvah gave me to Albion,  
 And now receives reproach & hate. Was it not said of old  
 Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons  
 For slaves; but set your Daughter before a man and she  
 Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever.  
 And is this faith? Behold the strife of Albion & Luvah  
 Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven.  
 Utter'd is the champion of Albion, they will slay my Luvah:  
 And thou O harlot daughter, daughter of despair art all  
 This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.  
 Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place  
 And here we have found thy sins; & hence we turn thee farth.  
 For all to avoid thee; to be astonish'd at thee for thy sins:  
 Because thou art the impurity & the harlot; & thy children:  
 Children of whoredoms, born for Sacrifice; for the meat & drink  
 Offering; to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war  
 That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.  
 So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River:  
 And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills  
 Of Surrey across Middlesex, & across Albions House  
 Of Eternity, pale stood Albion at his eastern gate.



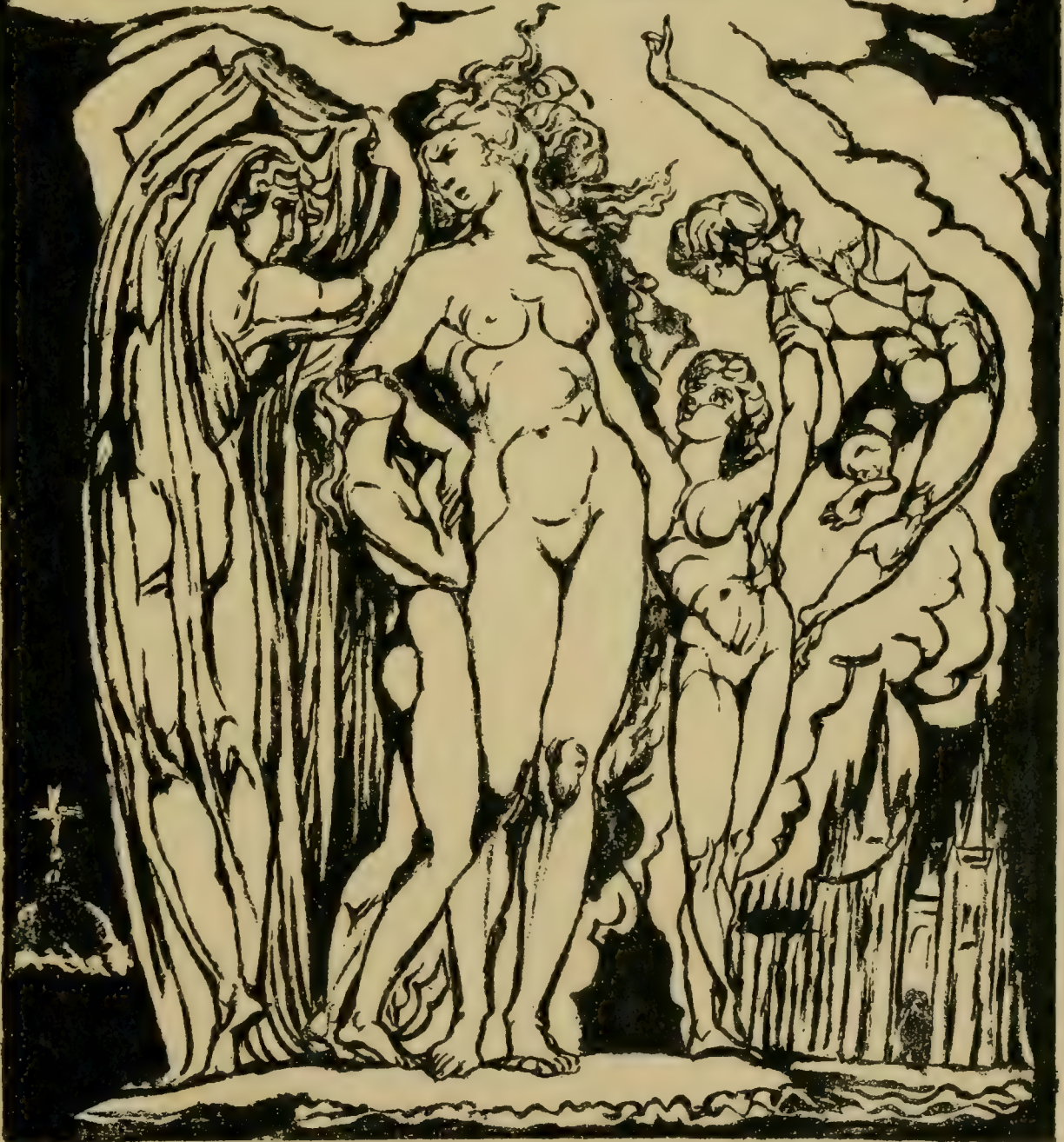




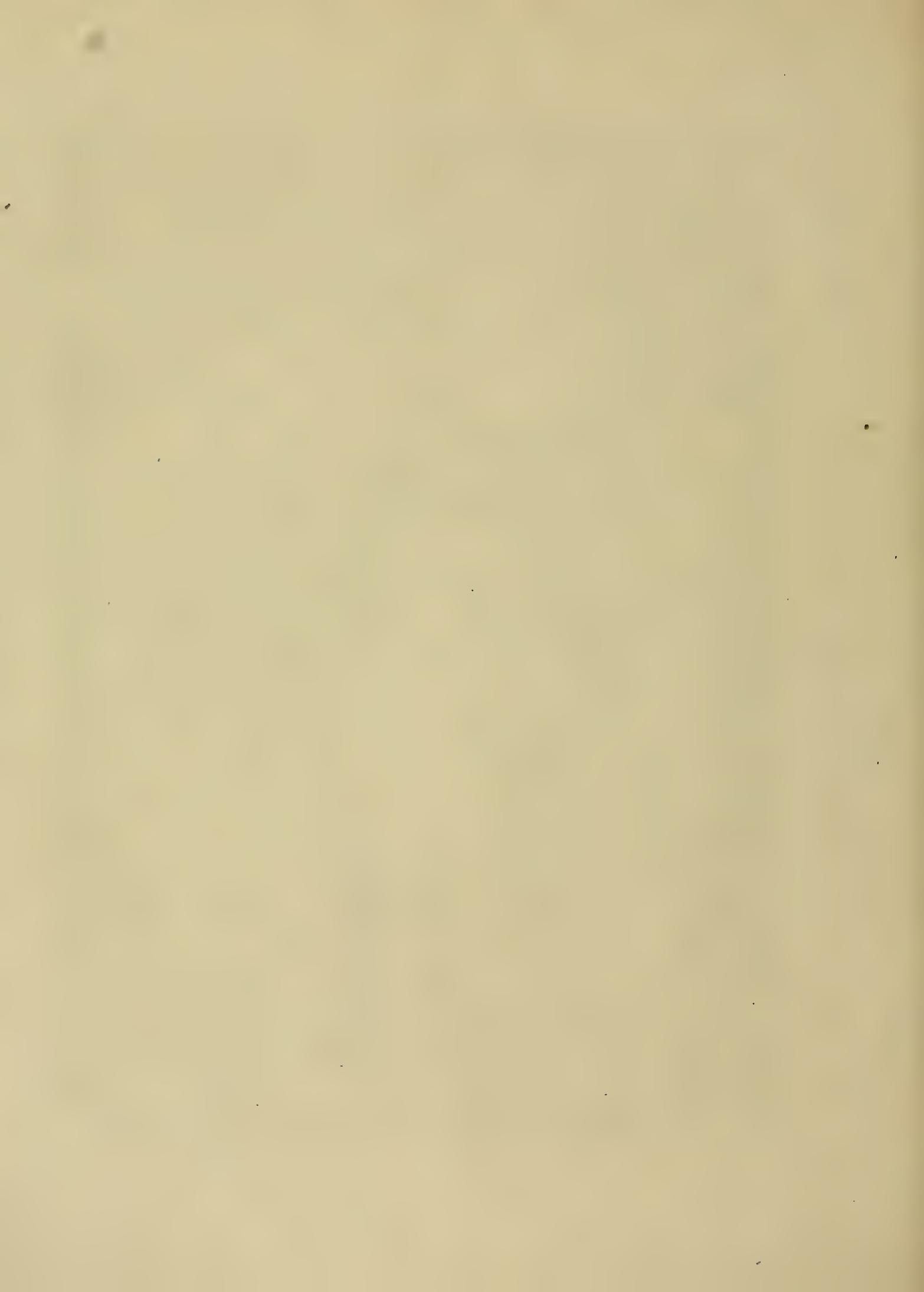
Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts  
Upon the Precipice he stood ready to fall into Non-Entity.

Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone  
Of London; but the interiors of Albion's fibres & nerves were hidden  
From Los; astonished he beheld only the petrified surfaces.  
And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces.  
He saw also the four Points of Albion reversed inwards  
He seized his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Paker & his Bellows.  
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albion's bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,  
Gwantak, Peachy, Brertyn, Slaid, Hutter, Skoteld, Rock, Kotope  
Bowen, Albion's Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch.  
And on the Couch reposed his limbs, trembling from the bloody held.  
Rearing their Druid Patriarchal Temples around his limbs.  
All thing begin & end, in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)







Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous  
 Chaos before his face appeared: an Unformed Memory  
 Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold  
 From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead  
 I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form  
 You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long  
 That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun  
 In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost  
 It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills  
 Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone at the brook  
 Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers  
 Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble  
 Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over  
 The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller  
 And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them  
 With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet



So spoke the Spectre to Albion, he is the Great Selfhood  
 Satan, Worship'd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth  
 Having a white Dot call'd a Center from which branches out  
 A Circle in continual gyrations, this became a Heart  
 From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions  
 Producing many Heads three or seven or ten & hands & feet,  
 Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator  
 Who becomes his food such is the way of the Devouring Power  
 And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos  
 Albions Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy  
 Appeard now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos  
 Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphrodite  
 Albion spoke, Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp  
 Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness  
 I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted  
 Nor darkness unmingled with light on my furrow'd field  
 Whence comest thou, who art thou O loveliest, the Divine Vision  
 Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy

Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing  
 I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children  
 I was a Garden planted with beauty I allur'd on hill & valley  
 The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees  
 Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in great Eternity  
 The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break  
 I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem  
 And in her Courts among her little Children offering up  
 The Sacrifice of fanatic love, why loved I Jerusalem  
 Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus  
 Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet  
 Immingled God & Man, when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision  
 In cloud of secret gloam which beheld involve me round about  
 Know me now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty  
 The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala  
 I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave  
 Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty  
 For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love





Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires

Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose  
 O how I tremble! how my members pour down husky fear!  
 A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!  
 At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about  
 From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear  
 Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?  
 Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children! art thou not Babylon?  
 Art thou Nature Mother of all! is Jerusalem thy Daughter?  
 Why have thou elevate inward! I dwell of outward chambers  
 From grot & cave beneath the Moon in region of death  
 Where I luid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed  
 Where implemen's of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations  
 In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven; O Vala,  
 In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage  
 Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land

Los stood at his Anvil; he heard the contentions of Vala -  
 He heaved his thundering Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex  
 He opened his Furnaces before Vala, then Albion frowned in anger  
 On his Rock: ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away  
 From his awful Members, and thus Los cried aloud  
 To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion  
 I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans  
 Of Death, in Albion's clouds a dreadful utterd over all the Earth  
 What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be?  
 To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave?  
 There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God!  
 This Woman has claimed as her own & Man is no more!  
 Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple  
 And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High  
 O Albion, why wilt thou Create a Female Will?  
 To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert even  
 In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place  
 That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure  
 Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life  
 Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan  
 Tell thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void: O Merlin!  
 Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came  
 Is thus the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion, To  
 Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke  
 So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tar looking over Europe & Asia  
 The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan  
 Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley  
 Cut off from Albion's mountains & from all the Earth's summits  
 Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan  
 While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies  
 Los bended his Navel down to the Earth then sent him over  
 Jordan to the Land of the Hittite: every one that saw him  
 Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves  
 And dens, they looked on one another & became what they beheld  
 Reuben returned to Bashan, in despair he slept on the Stone.  
 Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions  
 Los rolled his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him  
 Over Jordan; all terrified fled; they became what they beheld.  
 If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary:  
 If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also:  
 Consider this O mortal Man: O worm of sixty winters said Los  
 Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.







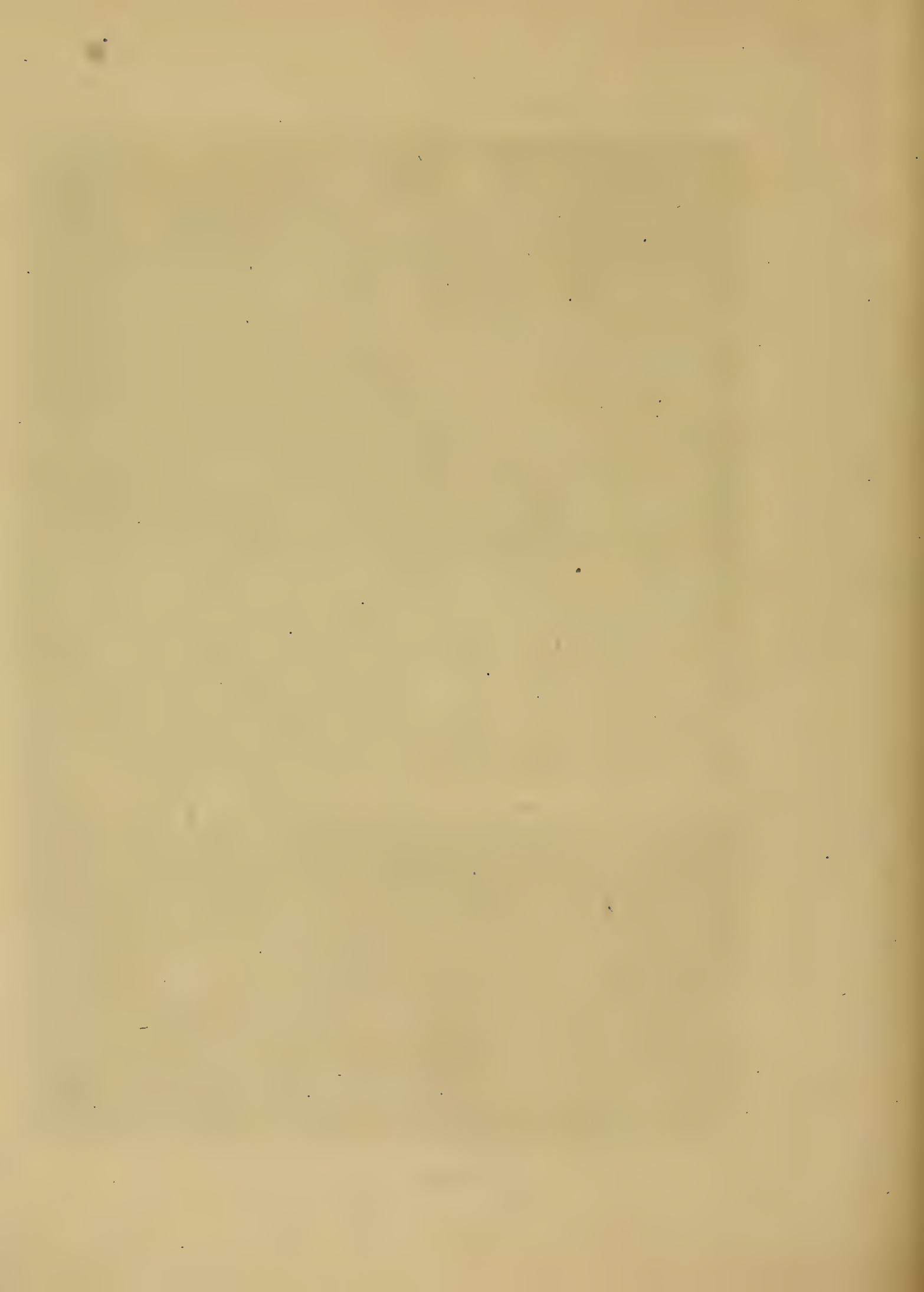
Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,  
In Albion's bosom: for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.  
And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without  
Number: the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity.  
And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces:  
Saving those who have snared from the punishment of the Law,  
In play of the punisher whose state is eternal death,  
And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity.  
Must pass thro' condemnation and awake beyond the Grave:  
No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death.  
To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life:  
Albion hath entered the State Satan! Be permanent O State!  
And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again:  
And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create  
States: to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.

So spake the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity

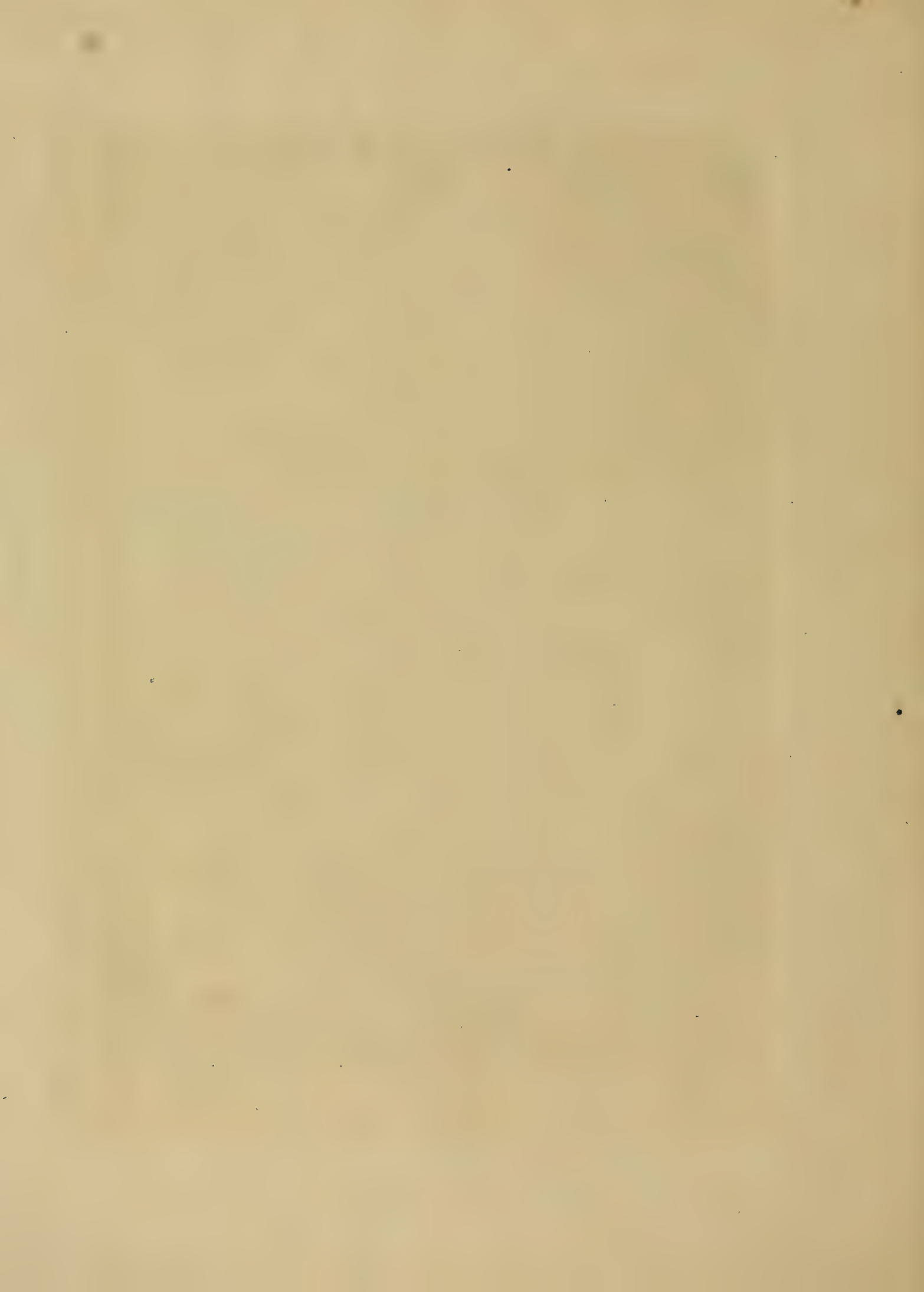






Reuben returned to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tizrah  
 For his Eyelids were narrow, & his Nostrils scented the ground  
 And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben  
 Building the Moon of Uro plank by plank & rib by rib  
 Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue  
 Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan  
 In the love of Tizrah he said Doubt is my food day & night  
 All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues  
 For pain: they became what they beheld in reasonings Reuben ret  
 To Peshbon disconsolate he walked thro Moab & he stood  
 Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber  
 On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended  
 His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan  
 The Seven Nations fled before him they became what they beheld  
 Hyle & Cohan fled: they became what they beheld  
 Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon  
 Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skofeld & Kox  
 Fled over Chaldea in terror in pains in every nerve  
 Kefope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth  
 And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing  
 Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children drivn by Los's Hammer  
 In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity  
 Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre  
 Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination  
 And the Four Zoas clouded rage East & West & North & South  
 They change their situations, in the Universal Man  
 Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face  
 And England who is Britannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala  
 And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South  
 Is his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher  
 And the Four Zoas who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man  
 Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion  
 These are their names in the Vegetative Generation  
 And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Breadth & Highth  
 And they divided into four ravening deathlike Forms  
 Fairies & Genui & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements  
 These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power  
 The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albions clifly shore  
 And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion  
 As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin  
 Exploring the Three States of Uro: Creation; Redemption, &  
 And many of the Eternal Ones laughed at their manner  
 Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the  
 Zoas of Albion: where a Man dare hardly to embrace  
 His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call  
 By the name of Morality, their Daughters govern all  
 In hidden deceit: they are Vegetable only fit for burning  
 Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty displayed  
 Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death  
 Said thus, What seems to Be: Is: To those to whom  
 It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful  
 Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be: even of  
 Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy  
 Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus Amen  
 And Length Breadth Highth again Obey the Divine Vision Hallelujah







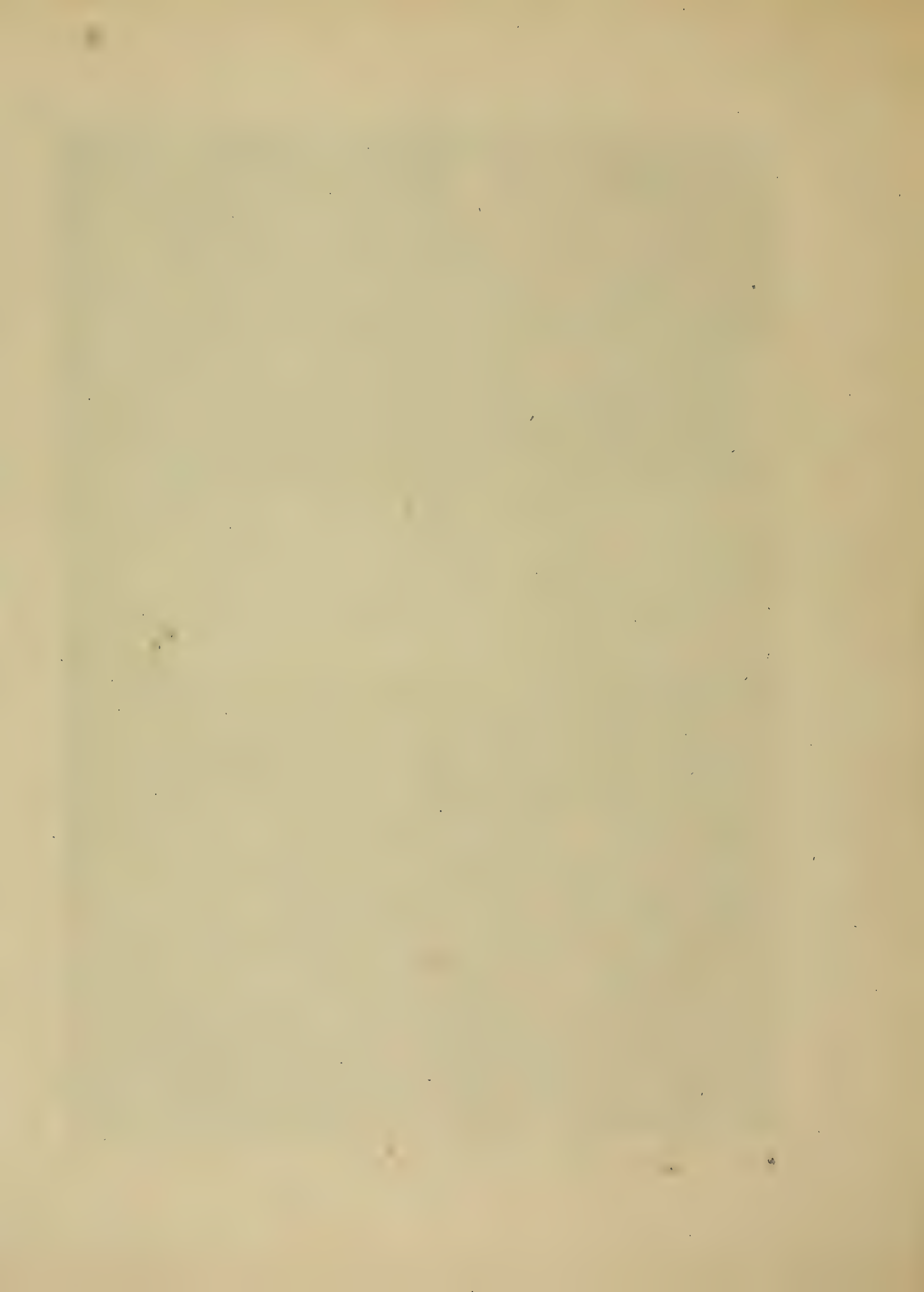
And the ~~Divine~~ ~~Family~~ ~~&~~ said  
 I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouse thyself!  
 Who dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?  
 The Spectre is, in Giant Man; insane, and most deformid.  
 Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thee in fury!  
 He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee;  
 And a Death at Eight thousand years fard by thyself, upon  
 The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws  
 Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights.

So Los spoke; But when he saw blue death in Albion's feet  
 gain he join'd the Divine Body, following merciful;  
 While Albion fled more indignant: revengeful covering

His







His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands  
And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace.  
His hidden heart: his Emanation wept & trembled within him:  
Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with  
Iron and steel, dark and opaque, with clouds & tempests brooding:  
His strong limbs shuddered upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,  
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud  
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)  
Fires and clouds of rolling smoke, but mild the Saviour follow'd him.  
Displaying the Eternal Vision: the Divine Similitude:  
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends  
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

Saying, Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,  
With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:  
Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing  
We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses  
We behold multitude; or expanding, we behold as one,  
As One Man all the Universal Family: and that One Man  
We call Jesus the Christ; and he in us, and we in him.  
Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life.  
Giving, relieving, and forgiving each others trespasses.  
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord, and master:  
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all.  
In Eden: in the garden of God; and in heavenly Jerusalem.  
If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

Thus speaking: the Divine Family follow Albion:  
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!  
He says, Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:  
My Streets are my Ideas of Imagination.  
Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.  
My Houses are, thoughts; my Inhabitants, Affections.  
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels  
Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah  
In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,  
Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.  
For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation  
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades;  
In Felfham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion  
I write in South Molton Street, what I both see and hear  
In regions of Humanity, in Londons opening streets.

I see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see!  
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,  
Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities  
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mountains  
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!  
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings  
Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent,  
York, crown'd with loving kindnels, Edinburgh, cloth'd  
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture  
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men  
Who give themselves in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where  
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold  
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations, viewless.  
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park  
To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls  
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

By







By Satans Watch-fiends tho they search numbering every grain  
Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.  
It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful  
And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill  
Of Satan in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years  
For Human beauty knows it not; nor can Mercy find it! But  
In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona nam'd  
Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death  
Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is nam'd Los.  
And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, nam'd Rahab.  
Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire  
His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is four-fold.  
Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,  
Los said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd.

I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death  
Flower within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside  
Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe;  
Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me  
In that dark Valley? I have girded round my clake, and on my feet  
Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves.  
God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden  
A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.

Los answer'd, troubled: and his soul was rent in twain:  
Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement  
No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim  
So speaking not yet infected with the Error & Illusion







Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease  
 Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call'd around  
 The friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death  
 The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery  
 Chariots: black their fires roll beholding Albions House of Eternity  
 Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering  
 Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one  
 Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions knees  
 Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round  
 Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide

Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill  
 And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death  
 He hath leagu'd himself with robbers: he hath studied the arts  
 Of unbelief! Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence!  
 Those who give their lives for him are despised!  
 Those who devour his soul, are taken into his bosom!  
 To destroy his Emanation is their intention;  
 Arise! awake O Friends of the Giant Albion  
 They have perswaded him of horrible falsehoods!  
 They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields!

The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on watry chariots.  
 Borne by the living Creatures of the third procession  
 Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures, wept aloud as they  
 Went along Albions roads, till they arriv'd at Albions House.

O! how the torments, of Eternal Death, waited on Man:  
 And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst:  
 That the wide world might fly from its hinges, & the immortal mansion  
 Of Man, for ever be possessed by monsters of the deeps:  
 And Man himself become a Fiend, wrapt in an endless curse.  
 Consuming and consumed far-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall'n down, and from its dreadful ruins  
 Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep.  
 At enmity with the Merciful & fill'd with devouring fire.  
 A nether-world must have reciev'd the soul enormous spirit.  
 Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law.  
 There to eternity chain'd down, and issuing in red flames  
 And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens  
 Breathing cruelly blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain  
 Torn with black storms, & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:  
 Within his breast his mighty Sons chain'd down & fill'd with cursings:  
 And his dark Son, that once fair crystal form divinely clear:  
 Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.  
 But, glory to the Merciful One, for he is of tender mercies!  
 And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

And these the Twenty-four in whom the Divine Family  
 Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision,  
 Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour, blessed for ever and ever.

Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devour'd  
 By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above  
 The flood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo!  
 Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls cry, lamenting still for Albion.

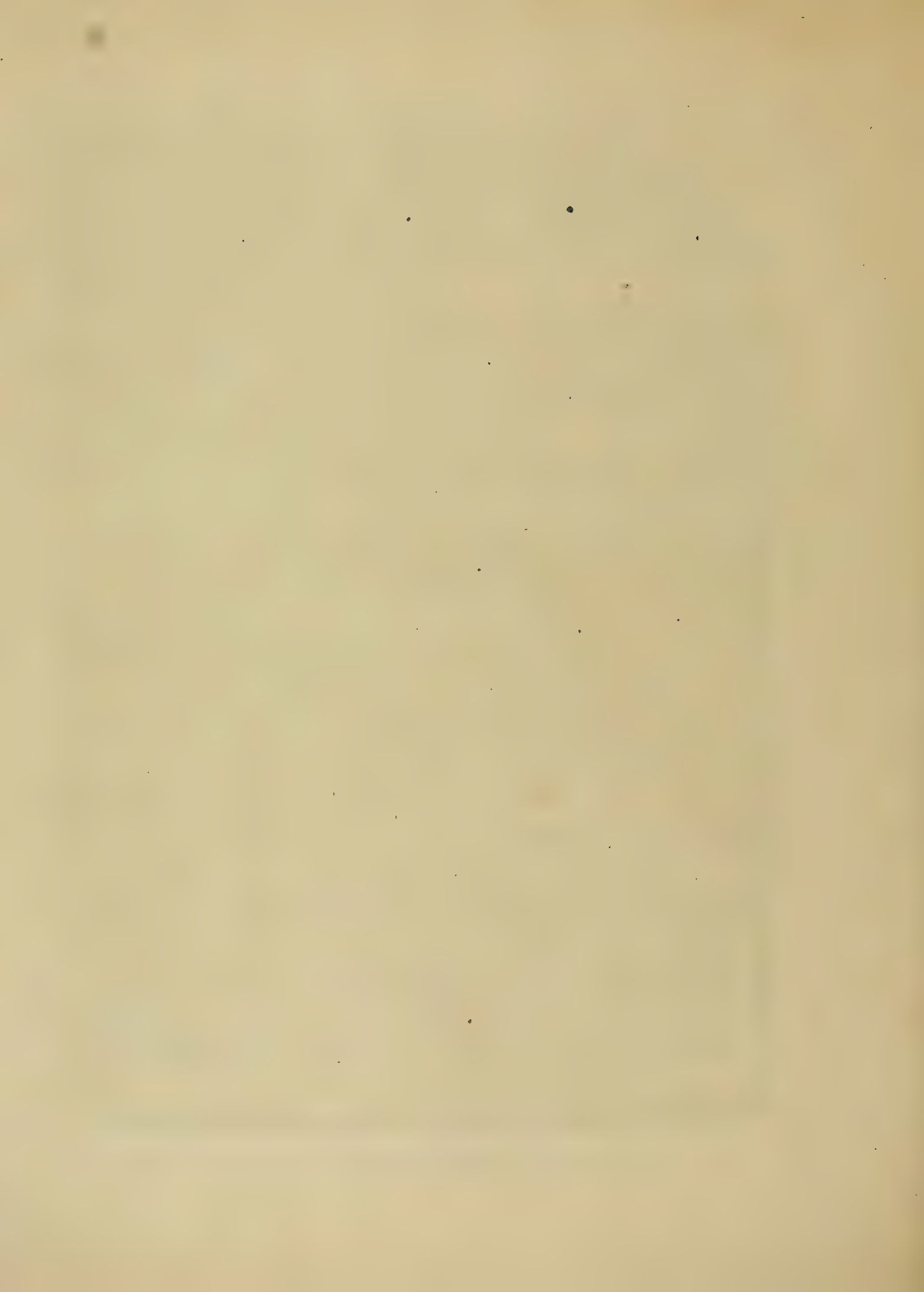
Submitting to be call'd the son of Los the terrible vision:  
 Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents  
 Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations  
 Submitting to be call'd Enitharmons daughters, and be born  
 In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loam  
 In Bowlahoola & Allamanda, where the Dead wait night & day.

(I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement,  
 Los, built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against  
 Albions melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol; and benevolent

Bath





Bath who is Legions: he is the Seventh, the physician and  
 The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell;  
 Whose Spectre first assimilated with Lucretia in Abion's mountains  
 A triple octave he took to reduce Jerusalem to twelve  
 To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow:  
 To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty:  
 The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass  
 Round Marybone to Tyburn's River, weaving black melancholy as a net,  
 And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London,  
 Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more.  
 She fled to Lambeth's mild Vale and hid herself beneath  
 The Surrey Hills where Rehaim terminates: her Sons are seized  
 For victims of sacrifice: but Jerusalem cannot be found: hid  
 By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatched away: and hid in Beulah.  
 There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find  
 Nor can his Watch Fiends find it: its translucent & has many Angles  
 But he who finds it will find Oothoon's palace for within  
 Opening into Beulah, every angle is a lovely heaven  
 But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin  
 And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment  
 Here Jerusalem & Yala were hid in soft slumberous repose  
 Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West.  
 The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves, in cold despair  
 They knelt around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation  
 And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres raged within.  
 The Four Loas in terrible combustion clouded rage  
 Drinking the shuddering tears & loves of Albion's Families  
 Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire  
 Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping, as at a tragic scene.  
 The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness  
 They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations

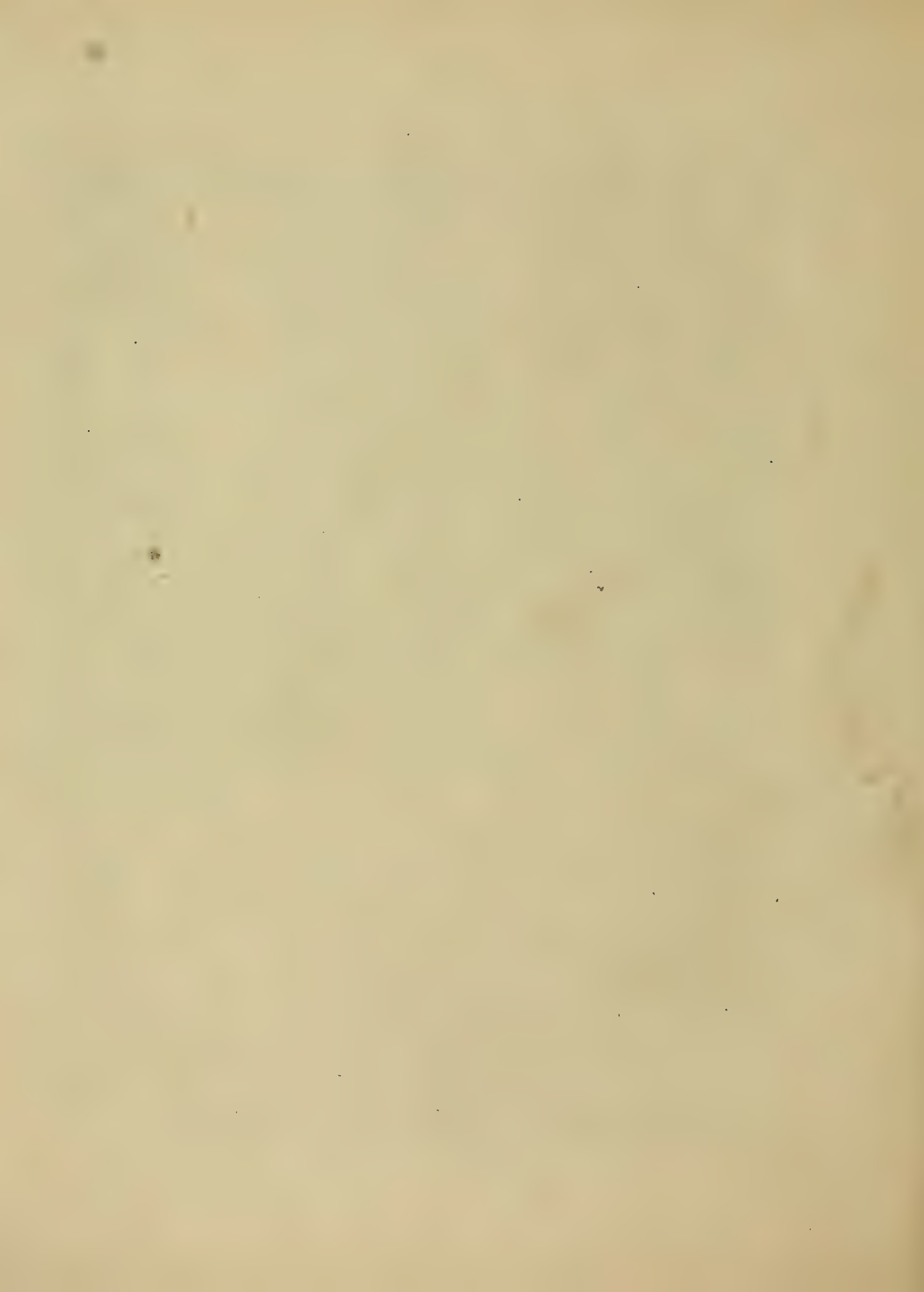






Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease:  
 Brooding on evil: but when Los opened the Furnaces before him:  
 He saw that the accursed things were his own affections,  
 And his own beloveds: then he turned sick: his soul died within him  
 Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death  
 And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended  
 Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept  
 Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground  
 Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend  
 Warshipping mercy, & beholding thy friend in such affliction:  
 Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens:  
 I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude:  
 Give me my Emanations back food for my dying soul:  
 My daughters are harlots: my sons are accursed before me:  
 Enpharman is my daughter: accursed with a fathers curse:  
 O! I have utterly been wasted: I have given my daughters to devils  
 So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night  
 Of Ulro rolled round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.  
 Los answered, Righteousness & justice I give thee in return  
 For thy righteousness: but I add mercy also, and bind  
 Thee from destroying these little ones: am I to be only  
 Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest?  
 Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoa's  
 Three thou hast slain: I am the Fourth: thou canst not destroy me  
 Thou art in Error: trouble me not with thy righteousness:  
 I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:  
 I have no time for seeming, and little arts of compliment.  
 In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride.  
 There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction:  
 In every individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness  
 Is named Zaphn: and the limit of Contraction is named Adam.  
 But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes  
 Contractions Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman: That  
 Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem  
 But there is no limit of Expansion: there is no limit of Translucence.  
 In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.  
 Therefore I break thy bands of righteousness: I crush thy messengers:  
 But they may not crush me and mine: do thou be righteous.  
 And I will return it: otherwise I defy thy worst revenge:  
 Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury  
 But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lords anointed:  
 Destroy not by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen:  
 The little ones whom he hath chosen, in preference to thee:  
 He hath cast thee off for ever: the little ones he hath anointed:  
 Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence  
 So Los spoke: then turned his face & wept for Albion.  
 Albion replied, Go Hand & Hyle: seize the abhorred friend:  
 As you have seized the Twenty-four rebellious ingratitude:  
 To atone for you, for spiritual death: Man lives by deaths of Men  
 Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone  
 Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley  
 All that they have is mine: from my free generous gift.  
 They now hold all they have: ingratitude to me:  
 To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.  
 Los stood before his Furnaces unwiting the fury of the Dead:  
 And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.  
 The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath  
 Upon the hills of Albion: Oxford groins in his iron furnace  
 Winchester in his den & cavern: they lament against  
 Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection  
 They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction  
 In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.  
 Came up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes  
 With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart  
 Ye twenty-four into the deeps: let us depart to glory:  
 Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches  
 Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs  
 They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead.  
 With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,  
 And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.  
 O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when  
 Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch  
 We cannot awake: and our Spectres rage in the forests  
 O God of Albion where art thou: pity the watchers.  
 Thus mourn they, Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon  
 The clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Serpent Temples:  
 And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albions Altars  
 And as Albion built his frozen Aegars, Los built the Murdure Shell.  
 In the Four Regions of Humanity East & West, & North & South,  
 Tell Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the whole Earth.  
 This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.





They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion  
 Uizen, cold & scientific; Luvah, pitying & weeping  
 Tharmas, indolent & sullen; Urthona, doubting & despairing  
 Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other  
 To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clasp out by the Oaks of the western shore;  
 And Tharmas dash on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.  
 If we are wrathful, Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves  
 If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks:  
 Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions?  
 O God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

Then Los grew furious raging; Why stand we here trembling around  
 Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells  
 Stretching a hand to save the falling Man; are we not four  
 Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity:  
 Seeing these Heavens & Hells canglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells  
 Brooding in holy hypocritical lust, drinking the cries of pain  
 From howling victims of Law; building Heavens twenty-seven-fold.  
 Swella & bloated General Farms, repugnant to the Divine-  
 Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form  
 To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy  
 All broad & General principles belong to benevolence  
 Who protects Minute particulars, every one in their own identity.  
 But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is clasp'd in by deadly teeth  
 And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence  
 Become a net & a trap, & every energy rendered cruel:

Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:  
 The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One.  
 Here: turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication;  
 That they may be condemn'd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain:  
 And the two Sources of Life in Eternity Hunting and War.  
 Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:  
 The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence  
 That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & basom

A pretence of Art, to destroy Art; a pretence of Liberty  
 To destroy Liberty, a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion  
 Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of of Fear  
 In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other:  
 The Armies of Balaam weep—no women come to the field  
 Dead corpses lay before them, & not as in wars of old.

For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy his brother:  
 They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death:  
 But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corpse falls at his feet  
 Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain:  
 But Death; Eternal Death; remains in the Valleys of Fear.

The English are scatter'd over the face of the Nations; are these  
 Jerusalem's children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night  
 We smell the blood of the English; we delight in their blood on our Altars.  
 The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills  
 For bread of the Sons of Albion; of the Giants Hand & Scofield  
 Scaffold & Rox are let loose upon my Saxons; they accumulate  
 A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man.

In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity  
 Generalizing Art & Science all Art & Science is lost.  
 Bristol & Bath, listen to my words & ye Seventeen; give ear!  
 It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we  
 Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness:  
 Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers

Instead of Albions lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem  
 I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative:  
 Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see  
 Pits of bitumen ever burning; artificial Riches of the Canaanite  
 Like Lakes of liquid lead; Instead of heavenly Chapels, built  
 By our dear Lord, I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice;

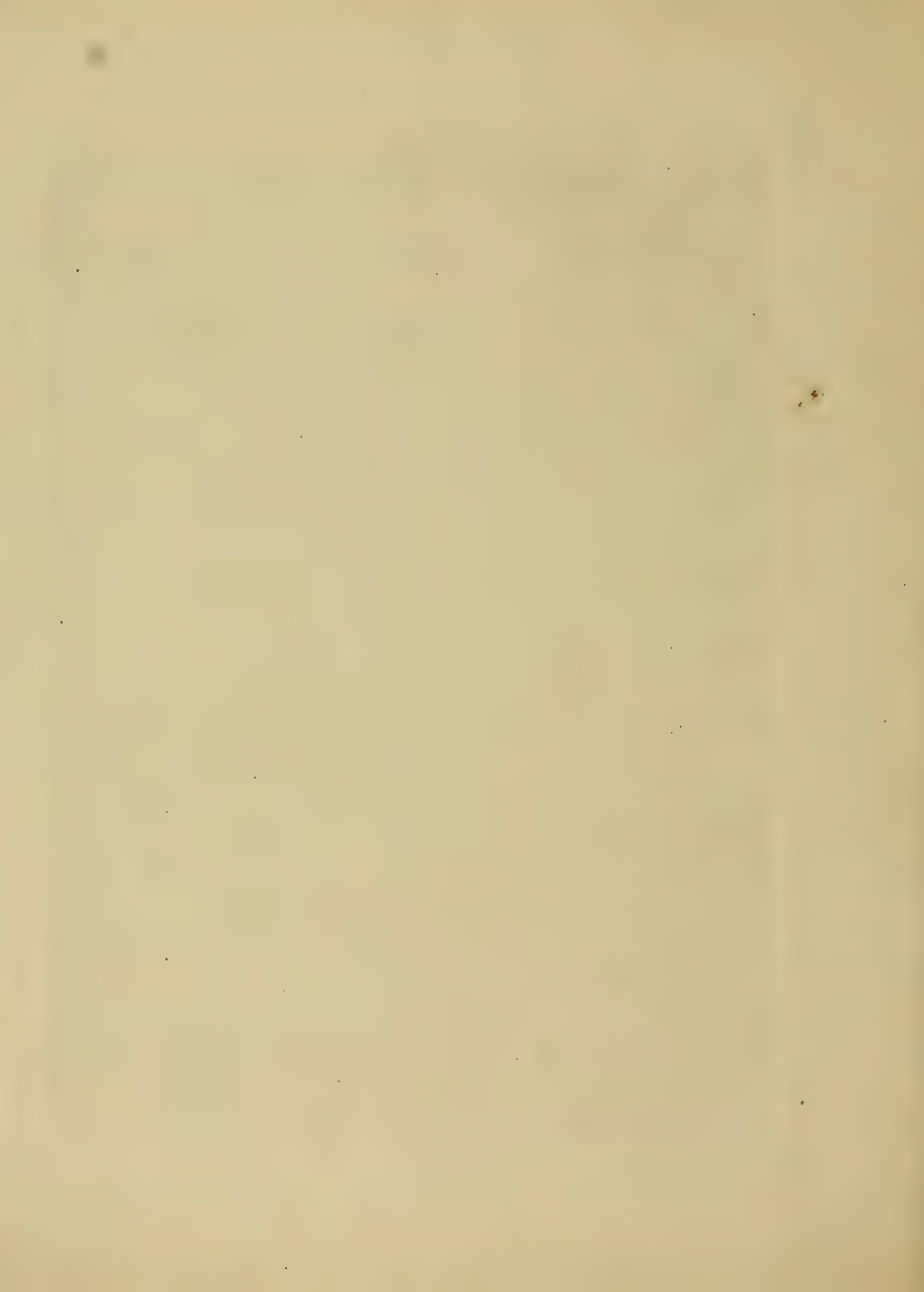
I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalem's children. I see  
 The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian;  
 By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation,  
 Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity  
 I see America clasp'd apart, & Jerusalem driven in ter'ror  
 Away from Albions mountains, far away from Londons spires:

I will not endure this thing; I alone withstand to death.  
 This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!  
 Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to Deaths vale?  
 All you my friends & Brothers; all you my beloved Companions;  
 Have you also caught the infection of Sul & stern Repentance?  
 I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give  
 Me some comfort: why do you all stand silent? I alone  
 Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only  
 That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher,

So Los spake. Pale they stood around the House of Death:  
 In the midst of temptations & despair; among the rooted Oaks:  
 Among reared Rocks of Albions Sons, at length they raise

With





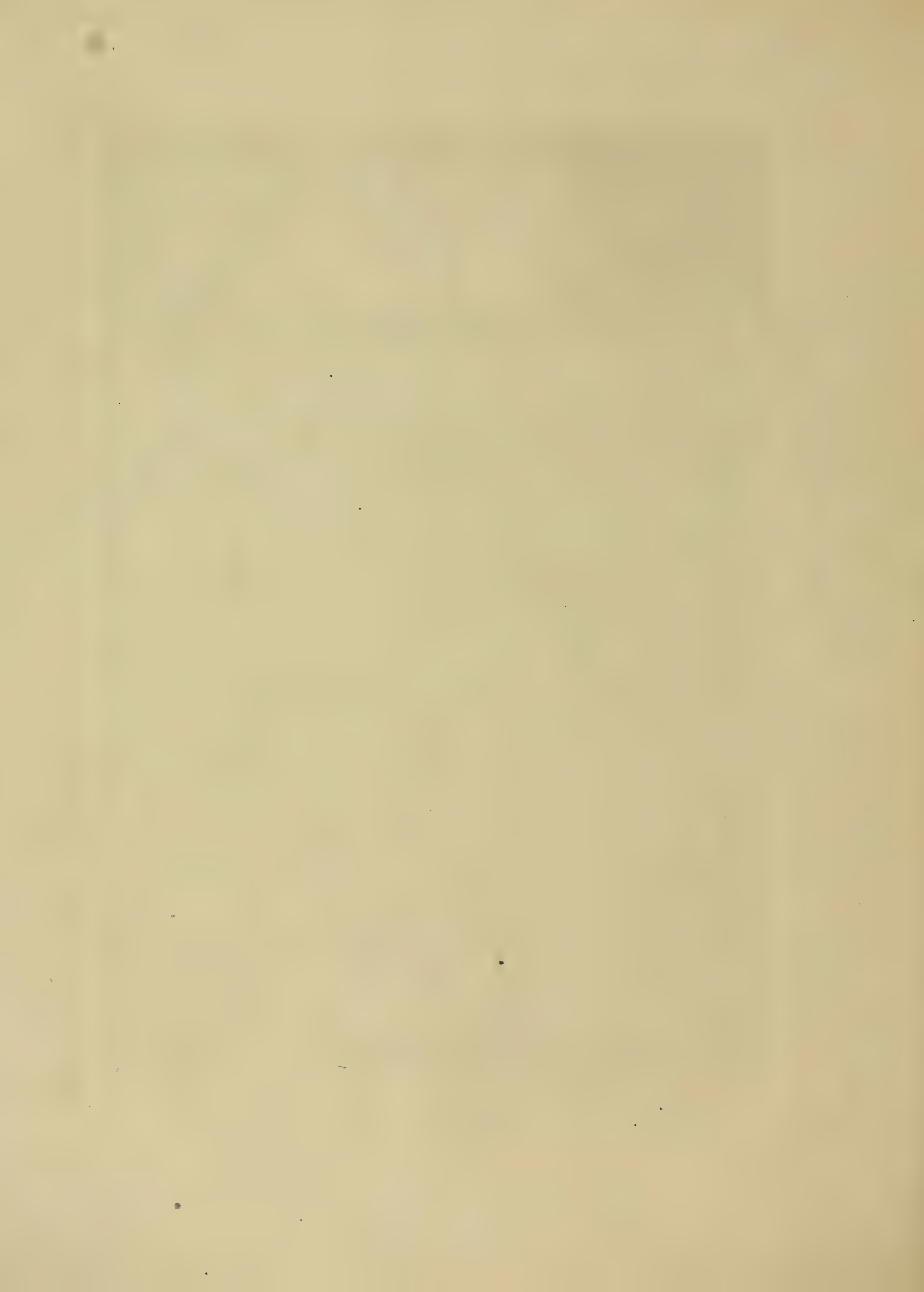


With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings  
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back  
Against his will thro' Los's Gate to Eden: Four-fold; loud;  
Their wings waving over the bottomless Immense; to bear  
Their awful charge back to his native home; but Albion dark.  
Repugnant; roll'd his Wheels backward into Non-Entity  
Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion, into the World of Death;  
And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from  
Albions dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between  
That every little particle of light & air, became Opake  
Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff  
Of black despair; that the immortal Wings labour'd against  
Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death:  
The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent:  
Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,  
Of grey obscurity, fill'd with clouds & rocks & whirling waters  
And Albions Solis ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine  
Power; silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime.  
The Family Divine hover around the darkend Albion.  
Such is the nature of the Ulro; that whatever enters;  
Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born,  
From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion  
In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation,  
Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form.  
In Earths Land toward the north, joint after joint, & burning,  
In love & jealousy unmingled & calling it Religion  
And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los  
Conjuring him by the Highest that he should watch over them  
Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los  
Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah  
Struck with Albions disease they become what they behold;  
They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion:  
Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep  
The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death  
Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity  
Among the Furnaces of Los; among the Oaks of Albion.

Man is adjoind to Man by his Emanative portion;  
Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her  
Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man  
O search & see: turn your eyes inward; open O thou World  
Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates,  
They wept into the deeps a little space at length was heard  
The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of  
Death







Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic  
Fervor; mild spoke thro' the Western Porch. in soft gentle tears

O Albion mildest Son of Eden! closed is thy Western Gate  
Brothers of Eternity! this Man whose great example  
We all admire & love, whose all benevolent countenance, seen  
In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy  
The tear; and the confession of honesty, open & undisguised  
From mistrust and suspicion. The Man is himself become  
A piteous example of oblivion. To reach the Sons  
Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving  
And merciful the Individuality; however high  
Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields  
In Selfhood, we are nothing; but fade away in mornings breath.  
Our mildness is nothing; the greatest mildness we can use  
Is incapable and nothing; none but the Lamb of God can heal  
This dread disease; none but Jesus; O Lord descend and save.  
Albions Western Gate is closed; his death is coming apace;  
Jesus alone can save him; for alas we none can know  
How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep  
Rose in the night, at Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon  
His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelmed his dark  
Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented  
He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate  
For their well timed wrath. But Albions sleep is not  
Like Africa's; and his machines are woven with his life  
Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing  
Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy  
O God descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem  
But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit,  
Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence  
That thy immortal tongue inspires; present them to Albion:  
Perhaps he may receive them, offered from thy loved hands.

So spoke, unheard by Albion, the merciful Son of Heaven  
To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping  
Around Albion; but Albion heard him not; obdurate, hard;  
He frowned on all his friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow

And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh:  
In whom the other Ten shape manifest, a Divine Vision,  
Assimilated and embraced Eternal Death for Albions sake.

And these the names of the Eighteen combining with these Ten





Bath, mild, Physician of Eternity, mysterious power,  
 Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledge infinite.  
 Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands  
 Builded the mountain palaces of Eder, stupendous works!  
 Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councillors of Los.  
 And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand  
 Dare touch; Oxford, immortal Bard, with eloquence  
 Divine, he wept over Albion; speaking the words of God.  
 In mild persuasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

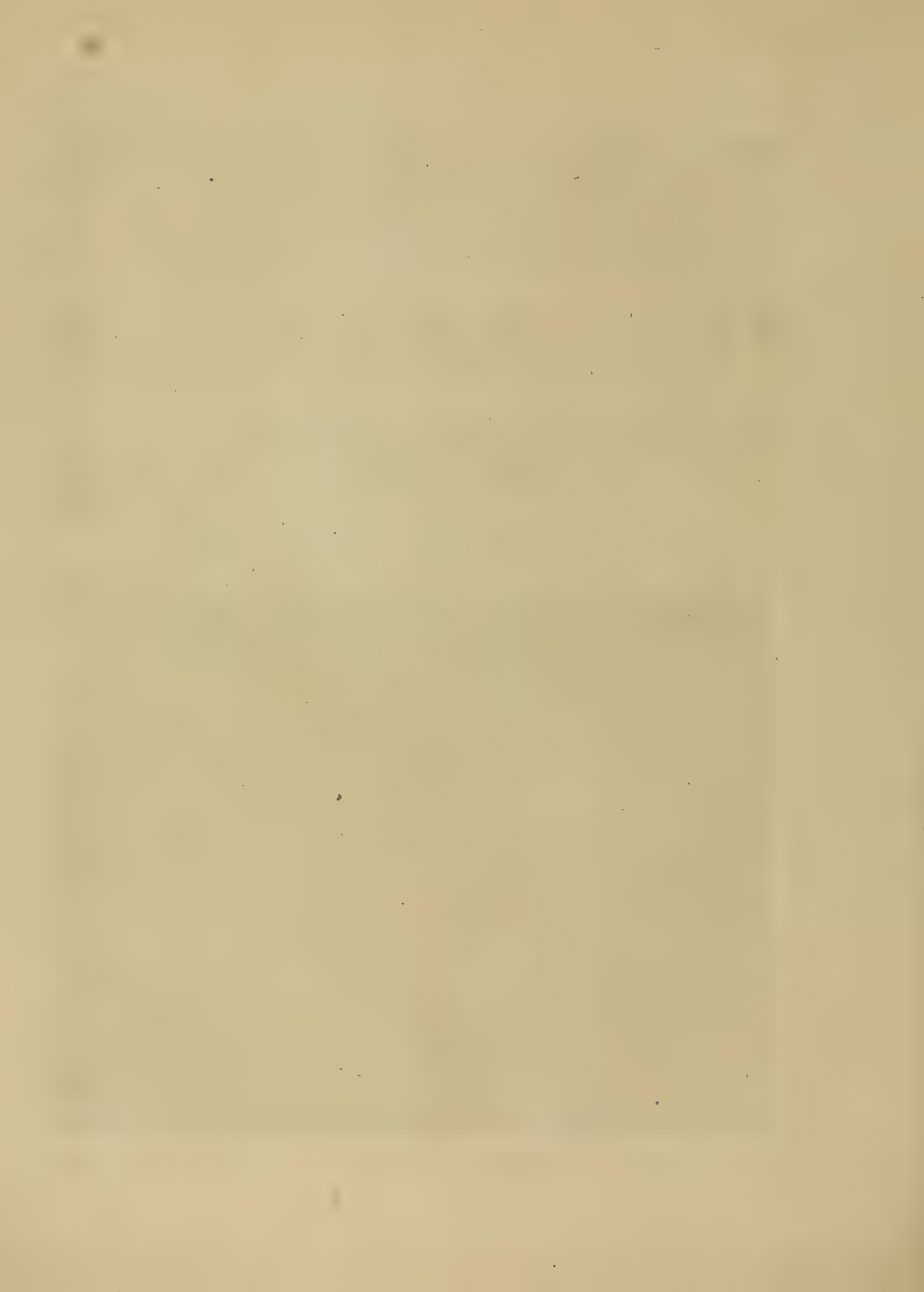
Thou art in Error Albion, the Land of Ulro;  
 One Error not removed, will destroy a human Soul.  
 Repose in Beulah's night, till the Error is removed.  
 Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms  
 Till the Flow of Jehovah, and the Harrow of Shaddai  
 Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.  
 But Albion turned away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms  
 Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester.  
 Litchfield, Saint Davids, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor.  
 Bowing their heads devoted; and the Furnaces of Los  
 Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar  
 Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellion beneath

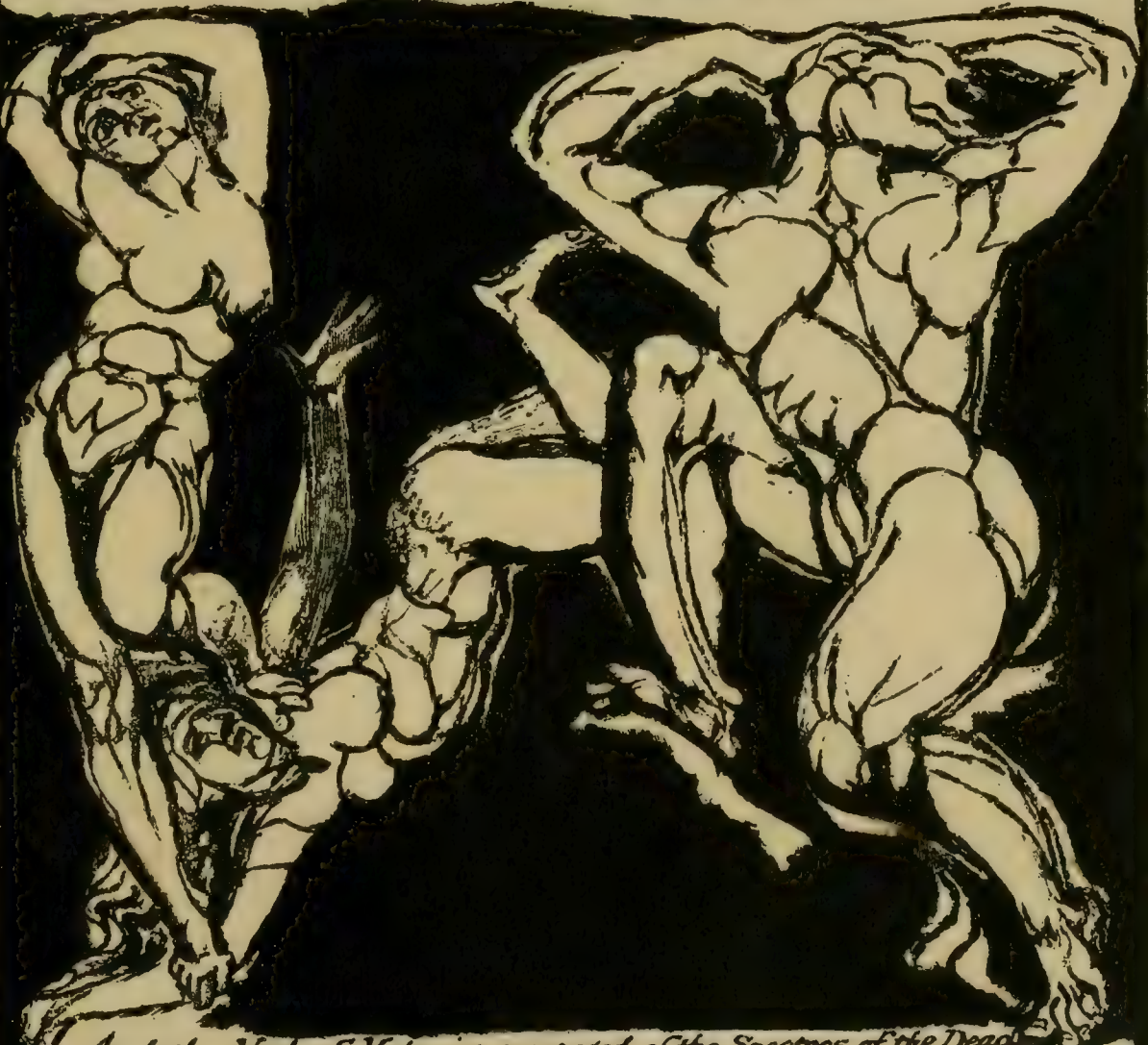
And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appeared four-fold:  
 Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another  
 Alas! — The time will come, when a man's worst enemies  
 Shall be those of his own house, and family: in a Religion  
 Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem.  
 The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!







From Cumberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along.  
 Where Loss's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl:  
 Luvah tore forth from Albion's Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers  
 Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain.  
 Annuiting the Dragon Temples soon to become that Holy Fiend  
 The Wicker Man at Scandinavia in which cruelly consigned  
 The Captives reard to heaven howl in flames among the stars  
 Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube with Albion's Sons.  
 Away from Beulah's hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead.  
 With cymbal, trumpet, clarion: & the scythed chariots of Britain.



And the Veil of Vala, is composed of the Spectres of the Dead.  
 Hark; the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion.  
 Hark, & Record the terrible wonder that the Punisher  
 Mingles with his Victims Spectre, enslaved & tormented  
 To him whom he has murdered, bound in vengeance & enmity  
 Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you;  
 Therefore I write Albion's last words. Hope is banished from me.

These





These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour, in his arms  
 Received him, in the arms of tender mercy and repose  
 The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
 Upon the Rock of Ages, then, surrounded with a Cloud:  
 In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour,  
 Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,  
 With sixteen pillars; canopied with emblems & written verse,  
 Spiritual Verse, orderd & measurd, from whence time shall reveal.  
 The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges,  
 Samuel, a double book & Kings a double book, the Psalms & Prophets  
 The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting  
 Eternity ground & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint,  
 There is a place where Contrarities are equally true:  
 To protect, from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,  
 Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved:  
 Because, Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold,  
 From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem  
 With pangs she forsook Beulahs pleasant lovely shadowy Universe  
 Where no dispute can come; created for those, who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah  
 Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem:  
 When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended  
 With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moany shades and hills:  
 Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And thus the manner of the terrible Separation  
 The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion  
 Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman  
 Astonishd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade, the Daughters of Beulah  
 Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took  
 A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions  
 And many sorrows, oblique across the Atlantic Vale,  
 Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West,  
 Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden  
 Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from  
 Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years  
 In its extension, Every two hundred years has a door to Eden  
 She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center  
 Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried  
 Her tears, she ardent embracd her sorrows, occupied in labours  
 Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb  
 She sat: she walkd among the ornaments, solemn mourning.  
 The Daughters attended her shuddering, wiping the death sweat  
 Los also saw her, in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified  
 Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace:  
 Away from the Scarry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.  
 When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion  
 Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,  
 Feeble and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form  
 Writhing in pain, The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd  
 Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin  
 In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears  
 Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!  
 Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice  
 Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place, a Place  
 Of Murder, & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies  
 The Children must be sacrificed! (a horror never known  
 Till now in Beulah) unless a Refuge can be found  
 To hide, then from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore  
 Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom  
 Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains  
 To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og  
 Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

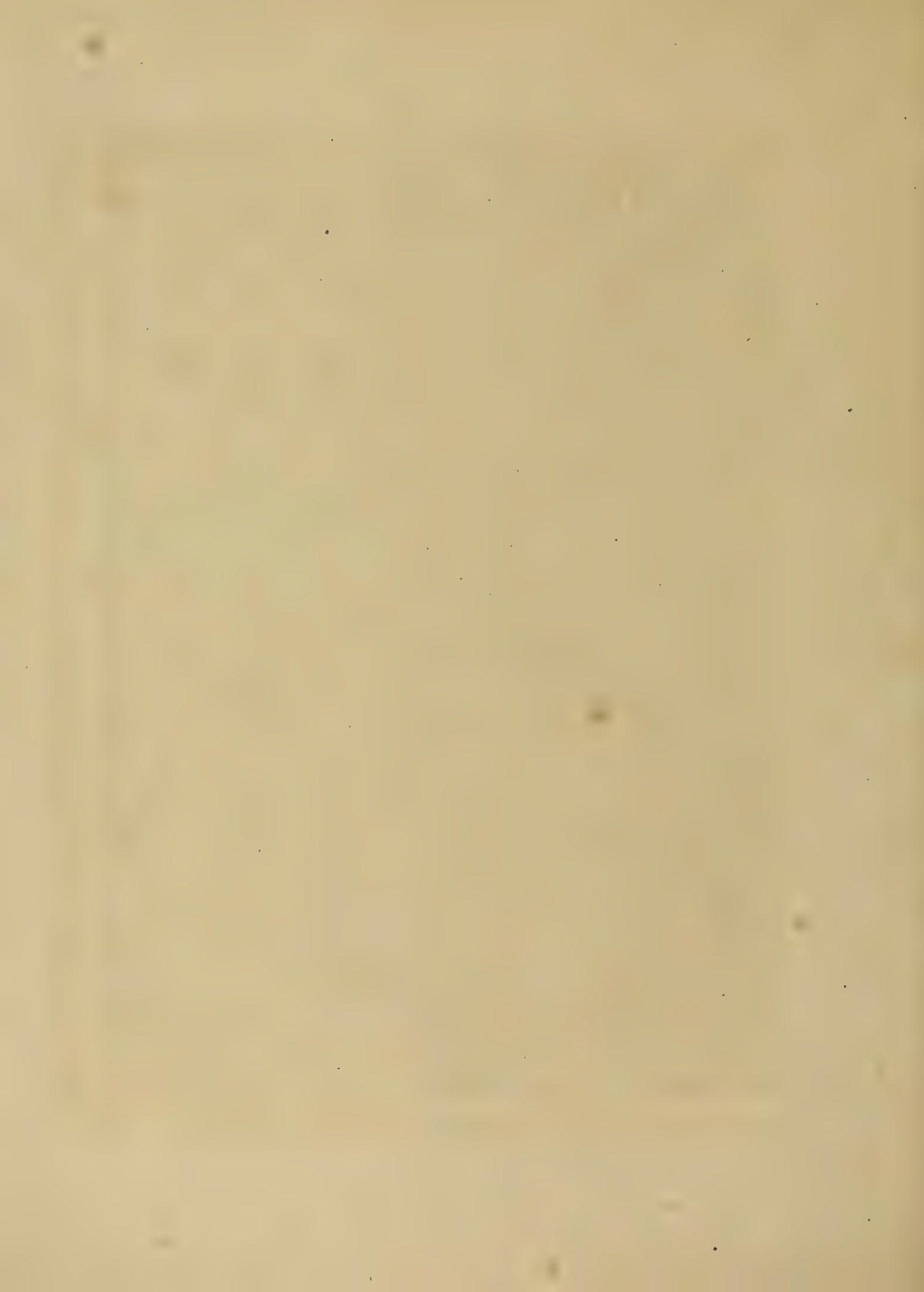




The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America  
 Jerusalem Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away  
 Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon  
 Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore;  
 Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda  
 Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic  
 The Mountain of Giants; all the Giants of Albion are become  
 Weak; withered; darkend; & Jerusalem cast forth from Albion.  
 They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shuloh  
 The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion  
 Filled with the little-ones are consumed in the fires of their Altars.  
 The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth;  
 And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven  
 Were contained in the All Glorious Imagination are withered & darkend;  
 The Golden Gate of Flowah, and all the Garden of God,  
 Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war;  
 The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrivel away far distant from Man  
 And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.  
 In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,  
 And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams.  
 The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,  
 Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fixed into furrows of death;  
 Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left  
 O Polypos of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia  
 Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin  
 By Laws of Chastity & Abstinence I am withered up.  
 Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy  
 In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity  
 And dear Mutual Forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan  
 Inslaved to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity  
 In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly:  
 Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form!  
 Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground;  
 The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, closed up & dark.  
 Scarcely beholding the Great Light; conversing with the ground.  
 The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out  
 True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small;  
 The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & closed with senseless flesh.  
 That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult;  
 The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloy.  
 A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.  
 Therefore they are removed; therefore they have taken root  
 In Egypt & Philistea; in Moab & Edom & Aram;  
 In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircumcision in Heart & Loins  
 Be lost for ever & ever, then they shall arise from Self  
 By Self Annihilation into Jerusalem Courts & into Shuloh  
 Shuloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah  
 To Shuloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion  
 Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for Americas shore;  
 Rush on! Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion  
 The Sun shall go before you in Day; the Moon shall go  
 Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord  
 Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around  
 He has builded the arches of Albions Tomb binding the Stars  
 In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.  
 He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion for their Guards;  
 Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor; the Body  
 Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam  
 The Son of Bear, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb.  
 Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.  
 They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense  
 Circles; the Hells for food to the Heavens; food of torment,  
 Food of despair; they drink the condemned Soul & rejoice  
 In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision  
 Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only  
 To the State they are entered into that they may be delivered:  
 Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence;  
 But Luvah is named Satan, because he has entered that State.  
 A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man  
 Because the Evil is Created into a State, that Men  
 May be delivered time after time evermore, Amen.  
 Learn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the Eternal Human  
 That walks about among the states of fire in bliss & woe  
 Alternate; from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels:  
 This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies  
 Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces  
 And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from The







The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect;  
 Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation  
 To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:  
 Sward by a Providence opposd to the Divine Lord Jesus:  
 A murderous Providence, A Creation that groans, living on Death.  
 Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone  
 Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually:  
 Albion is now possessd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice  
 Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:  
 Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if; O Lord!  
 If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.  
 Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain.  
 Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs:  
 Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them;  
 She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin  
 A Self-righteousness; the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!  
 And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

So Erin, spake to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering  
 With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night  
 Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeard distant stars.  
 Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death.  
 And Erins lovely Bow enclod the Wheels of Albions Sons.

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response

Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin  
 To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit, is lovely:  
 To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless. But  
 To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down  
 In a remembrance of the Sin: is a Woe & a Horror!  
 A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood  
 Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

End of Chap. 2.













Rahab is an } To the Deists.

{ The Spiritual States of the Soul are all Eternal Distinguish between the Man, & his present State

He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion. he is a flatterer who means to betray. to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that Babylon which he Foresees, shall shortly be destroyed. with the Spiritual. and not the Natural Sword: He is in the State named Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You O Deists profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity: and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan & is altogether an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually & must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy which is a Remnant of Druidism, teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed Consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the intire abrogation of Experimental Theory. and many believed what they saw, and Prophecied of Jesus.

Man must & will have Some Religions if he has not the Religion of Jesus. he will have the Religion of Satan. & will erect the Synagogue of Satan. calling the Prince of this World, God: and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say. Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God? Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sin, is the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger: and not of the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan. Named by the Divine Name. Your Religion O Deists: Deism, is the Worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharisees who murdered Jesus. Deism is the same & ends in the same.

Voltaire Rousseau Gibbon Hume. charge the Spiritually Religious with Hypocrisy: but how a Monk or a Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite: I cannot conceive. We are Men of like passions with others & pretend not to be holier than others: therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be called a Hypocrite: this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin: whose profession is Virtue & Morality & the making Men Self-Righteous. I quote in calling Whitefield, Hypocrite: was himself one? for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others: but confessed his Sins before all the World: Voltaire. Rousseau. You cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees & Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart, and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others & especially the Religious, whose errors, you by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature: he found them Evil & found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau called his Confessions is an apology & cloke for his Sin & not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks & Religious with being the causes of War: while you acquit & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis's & Fredericks: who alone are its causes & its actors. But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is, To Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction therefore, in Christian Europe has arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.

I saw a Monk of Charlemaigne  
Arise before my sight  
I talk'd with the Grey Monk as we stood  
In beams of vernal light  
Gibbon arose with a lash of steel  
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel  
The Schools in clouds of learning roll'd  
Arose with War in iron & gold.  
Thou lazy Monk they spurn'd after  
In vain condemning glorious War  
And in your Cell you shall ever dwell  
Rise War & bid him in his Cell.

The blood, red ran from the Grey Monks  
His hands & feet were wounded wide  
His body bent, his arms & knees  
Like to the roots of ancient trees  
When Satan first the black bow bent  
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent  
He forc'd the Law into a Sword  
And spill'd the blood of mercys Lord.  
Tiberius! Constantine! Charlemaigne!  
Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain  
Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword  
Against this Image of his Lord;

For a Tear is an Intellectual thing  
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King  
And the bitter Groan of a Martyrs woe  
Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow



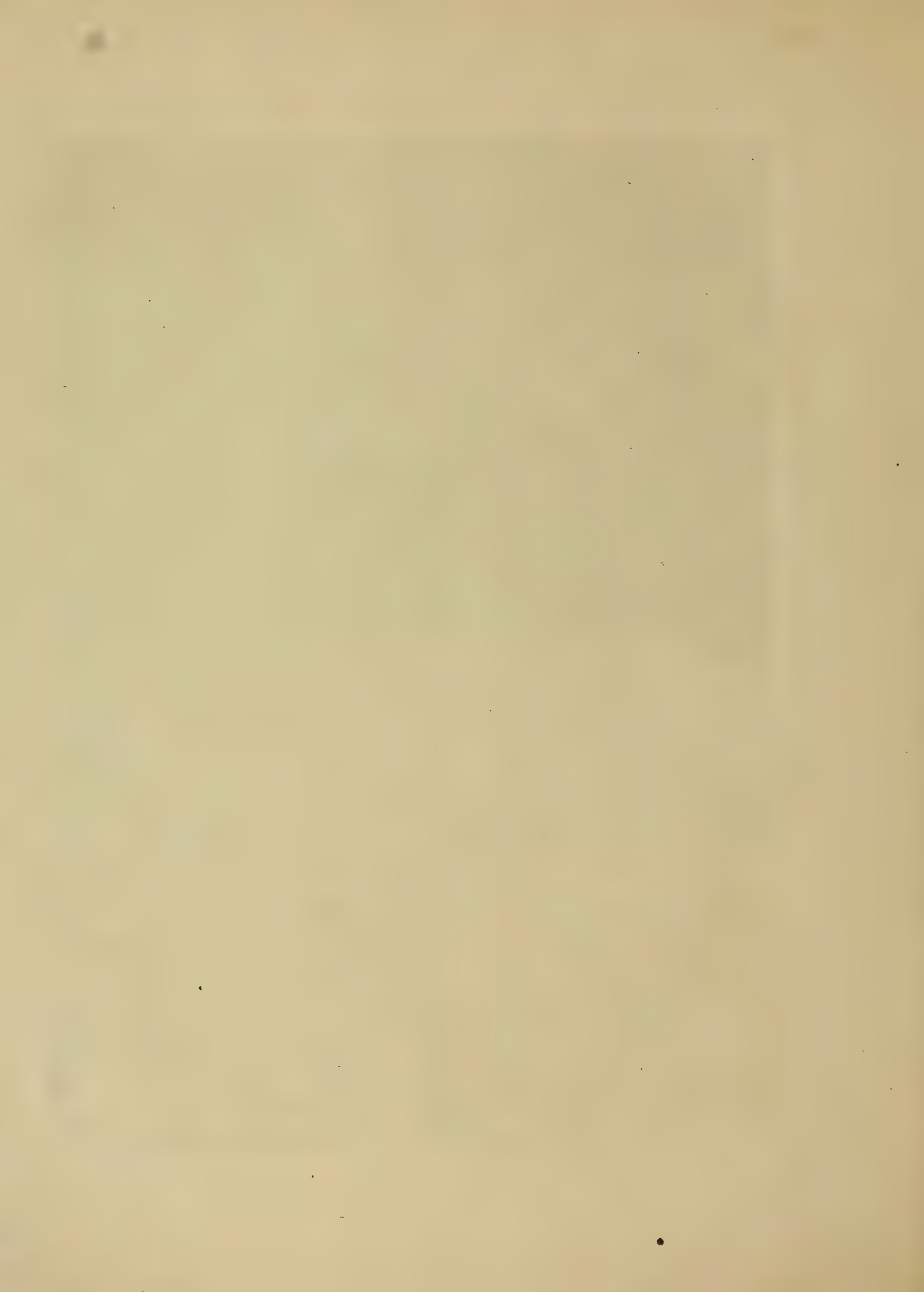




But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona  
 Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames currents spring  
 From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream  
 And the roots of Albions Tree entered the Soul of Los  
 As he sat before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair  
 In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation;  
 Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time.  
 Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues  
 Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal.  
 And Seven-fold each within other; incomprehensible  
 To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision  
 The Bellows are the Animal Lungs, the Hammers, the Animal Heart  
 The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury  
 Like seven burning heavens ranged from South to North.

Here on the banks of the Thames. Los builded Golgonooza.  
 Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah.  
 In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In tears  
 He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold  
 London; continually building & continually decaying desolate!  
 In eternal labours; loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils  
 Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of  
 The Twentyfour Friends of Albion and round the awful Four  
 For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons  
 The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because  
 Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre  
 His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow  
 But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy  
 In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah  
 From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnoms vale.





In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates  
 Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision  
 And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man  
 Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness, Male & Female Clothings.  
 And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion.

But Albion fell down a Rocky Fragment from Eternity hurld  
 By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man  
 Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man.

The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the  
 All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot  
 Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds  
 Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains  
 He tosses like a cloud outstretchd among Jerusalem's Ruins  
 Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruin'd porches



But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rase over Albion  
 Saying, I am God O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!  
 Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man!  
 Who teach Doubt & Experiment & my two Wings Voltaire, Rousseau!  
 Where is that Friend of Sinners! that Rebel against my Laws!  
 Who teaches Belief to the Nations & an unknown Eternal Life  
 Come hither into the Desert & turn these stones to bread.  
 Vain Polish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment?  
 And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss!  
 A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite  
 So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre he is named Arthur  
 Constructing into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharaoh  
 Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears  
 But she stretchd out her starry Night in Spaces against him like  
 A long Serpent in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented  
 The Night with Dragon wings coverd with stars & in the Wings  
 Jerusalem & Vala appeard; & above between the Wings magnificent  
 The Divine Vision dimly appeard in clouds of blood weeping.







When those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One  
Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength  
They wonderd: checking their wild flames & many gathering  
Together into an Assembly: they said, let us go down  
And see these changes: Others said, If you do so prepare  
For being driven from our fields, what have we to do with the Dead?  
To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor;  
Superior none we know: inferior none: all equal share  
Divine Benevolence & joy, for the Eternal Part  
Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:  
Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eye & Adam  
By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries  
Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold  
To seize the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Man's Loins  
To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold  
Into Egypt: for Negation; a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends.  
But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who  
Walketh among us, give decision, bring forth all your fires!  
So saying, an eternal deed was done; in fiery flames  
The Universal Concave raged, such thunderous sounds as never  
Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old  
Nor in Havilah where the Cherub roll'd his redounding flame.  
Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests  
Rivers thunderd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought  
Copes & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests:  
The Seas rais'd up their voices & lifted their hands on high  
The Stars in their courses fought, the Sun! Moon! Heaven! Earth!  
Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation  
And for Skilah, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.  
Then for the greatest number were about to make a Separation  
And they Elected Seven, call'd the Seven Eyes of God,  
Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.  
They nam'd the Eighth, he came not, he hid in Albions Forests  
But first they said: & their Words stood in Chariots in array  
Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory  
Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity  
At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods  
And then behold, what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity  
Then as the moss upon the tree; or dust upon the plow;  
Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder; or as the chaff  
Of the wheat floor or as the drops of the sweet wine-press  
Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho we sit down within  
The plowed furrow, listening to the weeping clouds till we  
Contract or Expand Space at will; or if we raise ourselves  
Upon the chariots of the morning, Contracting or Expanding Time!  
Every one knows, we are One Family: One Man blessed for ever  
Silence remaind & every one resumed his Human Majesty  
And many conversed on these things as they labourd at the furrow  
Saying: It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery  
It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal:  
Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones:  
And those who are in misery cannot remain so long  
If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow  
And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven  
Crying: Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations  
Let the Indefinite be explored, and let every Man be Judged  
By his own Works, Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations  
To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction:  
He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars  
General Good is the plea of the scoundrel hypocrite & flatterer:  
For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars  
And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power.  
The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity  
Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually  
On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion  
So cried they at the Plow, Albions Rock frowned above  
And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds  
Saying Who will go forth for us; & Who shall we send before our face?





Then Los heaved his thundering Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex  
And thus he chanted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply,

What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be?  
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.

He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger  
Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth:

And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.

This World is all a Cradle for the err'd wandering Phantom:

Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments  
Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable

Entire: Daughters of Albion, your hymning Chorus mildly:

Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel:

To the golden Loom of Love: to the moth-labour'd Woof

A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:

For fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel

Lamentation: it flee back & hide in Non-Entity's dark wild

Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form.

The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon: a Ship

In the British Ocean! Created by Los's Hammer; measured out

Into Days & Nights & Years & Months, to travel with my feet

Over these desolate rocks of Albion: O daughters of despair!

Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found

What you have enwoven with so much tears & care! so much

Tender artifice: to laugh; to weep: to learn: to know;

Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days

O it was last for ever: and we found it not: it came

And wept at our wintry Door: Look! look! behold! Gwendolen

Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley!

Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil; Chant! revoice!

I mind not your laugh; and your frown I not fear! and

You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms: trill

Gentle to Albion's Watchman, on Albion's mountains: reecho

And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! Of that Eternal Man

And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion!

Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became

Subservient to the clods of the furrow: the cattle and even

The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords.

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion

We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful

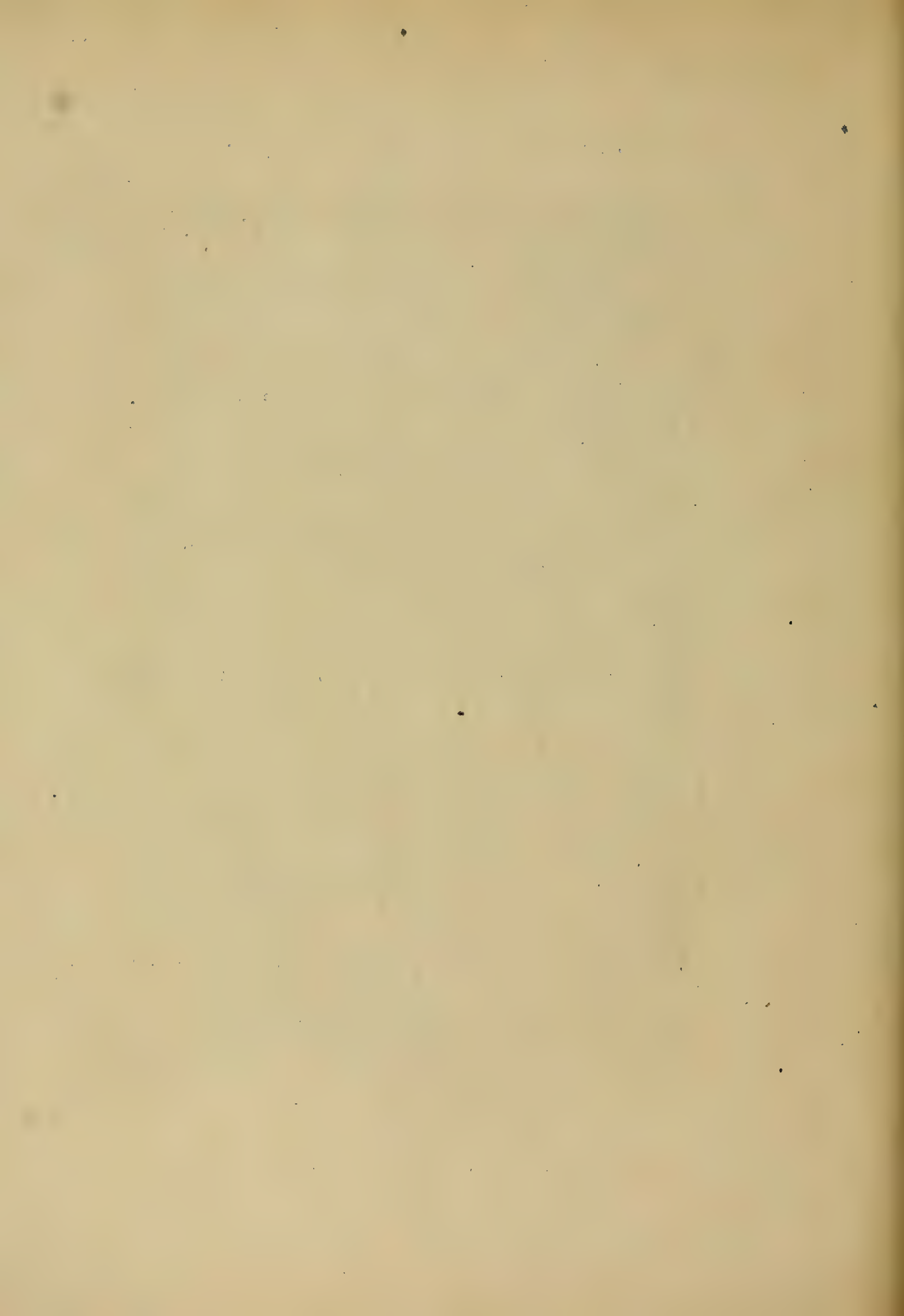
The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle

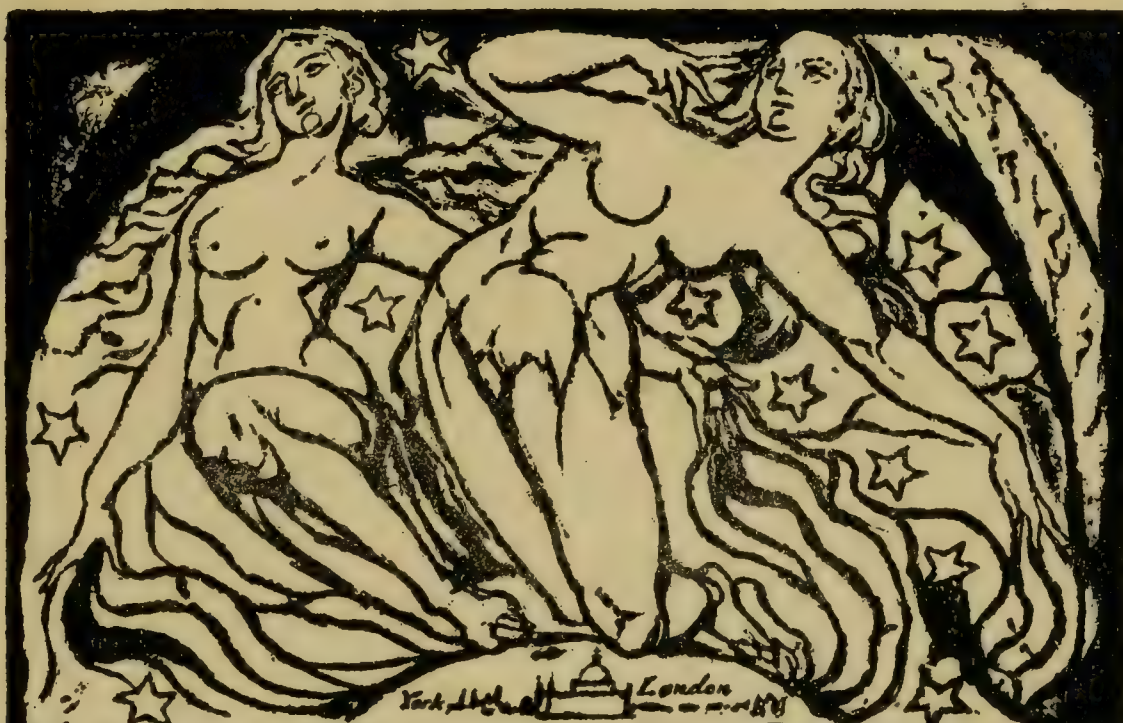
Los uttered: swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains

Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around

The Cross! O Albion! why didst thou a Female Will Create?







And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh Cry  
 Over the Flow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion thundering along  
 Among the fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters  
 Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud louder & louder.  
 And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars:  
 Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge in Malden & Colchester:  
 Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire London Stone & Rosamonds Bower

What is a Wife & what is a Harlot? What is a Church? & What  
 Is a Theatre? are they Two & not One? can they Exist Separate?  
 Are not Religion & Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion.  
 O Demonstrations of Reason Dividing Families in Cruelty & Pride!

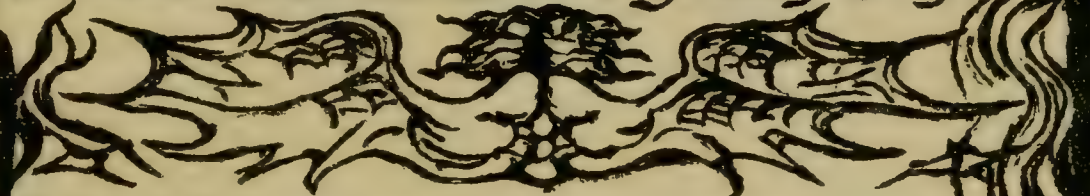
But Albion fled from the Divine Vision with the Flow of Nations enflaming  
 The Living Creatures maddened and Albion fell into the Furrow, and  
 The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead.  
 But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow  
 Till he came to the Rock of Ages, & he took his Seat upon the Rock,  
 Wonder seized all in Eternity: to behold the Divine Vision. open  
 The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse







In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will  
 Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the tambrel  
 Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain  
 Among the Inhabitants of Albion, the People fall around  
 The Daughters of Albion, divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty  
 The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage  
 Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking  
 Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain  
 They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses: Oxen: feel the knife.  
 And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgement, bonify  
 The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife  
 The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Pig.



Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration  
 Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection:  
 Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood.  
 And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:  
 He fixes them with strong blows, placing the stones & timbers  
 To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:  
 Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling  
 Of Albions & Luvans Spectres was Hermaphroditic  
 Urizen, wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:  
 As a Mighty Temple: delivering Form out of confusion  
 Jordan springs beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath  
 Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails  
 And silver oars reflect on its pillars & sound on its echoing  
 Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain ingenerate  
 But the revolving Sun and Moan pass thro its porticoes.  
 Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve  
 And shine glorious within: Iland & Koban archd over the Sun  
 In the hot noon, as he travelld thro his journey: Hyle & Skotfield  
 Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los fixd them there.  
 With his thunderous Hammer, terrified the Spectres rage & flee  
 Canaan is his portico: Jordan is a fountain in his porch:  
 A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller:  
 Egypt is the eight steps within: Ethiopia supports his pillars:  
 Libya & the Lands unknown are the ascent without:  
 Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:  
 Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary.  
 China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment  
 Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers  
 France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany  
 Are the temples among his pillars: Britain is Los's Forge:  
 America North & South are his baths of living waters.



Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void  
 Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River  
 From Stone-henge & from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes  
 The Four Zoa's rush around on all sides in dire ruin  
 Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion  
 Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous  
 Works! A World of Generation continually Creating: out of  
 The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of Rocky destiny.





And formed into Four precious stones, for entrance from Beulah  
 For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep  
 To catch the Souls of the Dead: began to Vegetate & Peg  
 Around the Earth of Albion, among the Roots of his Tree  
 Thus Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak  
 Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albions Tomb.  
 Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell.  
 The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place  
 Of Redemption & of waking again into Eternity

For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
 One to the North: Urthona: One to the South: Urizen:  
 One to the East: Luvah: One to the West: Marionas:  
 They are the Four Loos that stood around the Throne Divine  
 Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: their English names  
 But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward  
 And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent.  
 All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin.  
 In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East, a Void  
 In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North, solid Darkness  
 Unfathomable without end: but in the midst of these  
 Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon



And, in the North Gate, in the West of the North, toward Beulah  
 Cathedrons Loops are builded, & Los Furnaces in the South  
 A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime  
 Is bright Cathedrons golden Hall, its Courts Towers & Pinnacles

And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another  
 Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round  
 Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be uttered  
 And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel  
 Endless their labour, with bitter food, void of sleep.  
 Tho hungry they labour, they rejoice themselves anxious  
 Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel.  
 Many Wheels, & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping  
 Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work  
 Obliterates every other evil: none pities their tears  
 Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity  
 For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one  
 But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly  
 They are mock'd, by every one that passes by, they regard not  
 Their labour: & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice  
 They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions.

Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine  
 That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love  
 Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine  
 Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Caterpillar  
 To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion  
 And others Create the woolly Lamb & the downy Fowl  
 To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats, the Sea-bird cries  
 Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow  
 That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling  
 Weaving the shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families  
 Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron, & the iron Distaff  
 Maddens in the fury of their hands, weaving in bitter tears  
 The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen





The clouds of Albions Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven  
While Jos sat terrified, beholding Albions Spectre who is Luvah  
Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia;  
Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal  
In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appear'd  
On Albions hills; often walking from the Furnaces in clouds  
And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels  
Gather'd Jerusalem's Children in his arms & bore them like  
A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth

I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem  
And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation  
I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem  
I gave thee Priams City and the Isles of Grecia lovely!  
I gave thee Hunt & Scoldfield & the Counties of Albion;  
They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God  
They were as Adam before me; wroth into One Man,  
They stood in innocence & their shiey tent reach'd over Asia  
To Nimrods Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim  
Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia  
And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldaea & Teshshira  
Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden  
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?

And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves,  
Among the Gods of Asia: among the fountains of pitch & nitre  
Therefore thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem;  
Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand, thy Rivers, waters of death.  
Thy Villages die of the Famur & thy Cities  
Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem  
Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little ones  
To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision  
Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore  
Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest,  
And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the propinquities of beauty  
Into vells of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem;  
They have persuaded thee to this therefore their end shall come  
And I will lead thee thro the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud  
And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.

Thus is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time,  
But Jerusalem faintly saw him, clos'd in the Dungeons of Babylon  
Her Firm was held by Beulahs Daughters, but all within unseen  
She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound, her feet naked  
Cut with the flints; her tears run down, her reason grows like  
The Wheel of Hand, incessant turning day & night without rest  
Lisane she raves upon the words hoarse, unarticulate:  
All night Vala hears, she triumphs in pride of holiness  
To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows  
Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumphs in Vala  
In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness  
Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, clos'd up in Moral Pride.

But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem, oft she saw,  
The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said,  
O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heather pierced thee:  
Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?  
Art thou alive: & livest thou for evermore: art thou  
Not; but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not.  
Babel mocks saying, there is no God nor Son of God  
That thou O Human Imagination, O Divine Body art all  
A delusion, but I know thee O Lord when thou arisest upon  
My weary eyes even in this dungeon & this iron wall  
The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences:  
For thou also sufferest with me, altho I behold thee not;  
And altho I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me;  
Because thou knowest I am deluded by the burning mills,  
And by these visions of pity & love because of Albions death.  
Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.

Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe?  
Give forth thy pity & love, fear not: lo I am with thee always.  
Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death  
Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not trembling Shade





Behold: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary  
And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim.

She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary  
His espoused Wife. And Mary said. If thou put me away from thee  
Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury. Should I  
Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answered. Art thou more pure  
Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost  
Thou She hates, he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph  
But he driveth me away from his presence, yet I hear the voice of God  
In the voice of my Husband, tho he is angry for a moment, he will not  
Utterly cast me away. If I were pure, never could I taste the sweets  
Of the Forgiveness of Sins: if I were holy: I never could behold the tears  
Of love: of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

Ah my Mary: said Joseph: weeping over & embracing her closely in  
His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is  
Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep & his Angel in my dream:

Saying Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall  
Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity  
That Debt is not Forgiven: That Pollution is not Forgiven.

Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the  
Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovah's Salvation  
Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins  
In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity: For behold:  
There is none that liveth & sinneth not. And this is the Covenant  
Of Jehovah. If you Forgive one another, so shall Jehovah forgive You:  
That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take  
To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost.

Then Mary burst forth into a Song: she flowed like a River of  
Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy  
Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon  
Euphrates & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame, from  
Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants  
Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among  
The Reapers Saying. Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I  
Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answered, Saying  
Does the voice of my Lord call me again: am I pure thro his Mercy  
And Pity. Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight who am  
Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols does he  
Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She  
Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took  
Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels  
Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah: or known  
That there was a God of Mercy: O Mercy O Divine Humanity:  
O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion. If I were Pure I should never  
Have known Thee: If I were Unpolluted I should never have  
Glorified thy Holiness, or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem: Jerusalem received  
The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on  
Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher She heard the voice  
Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his  
Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Parents at Will.  
Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love:



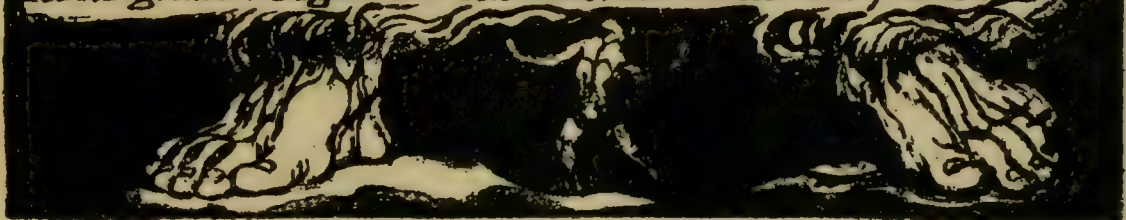




Repose on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life.  
 Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead;  
 I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel;  
 A Harlot I am call'd. I am sold from street to street:  
 I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison:  
 And wilt thou become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour?  
 Shall Vala bring thee forth: shall the Chaste be ashamed also?  
 I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman:  
 Cainah, & Adah & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah.  
 Shugs daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites;  
 Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth  
 Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary  
 These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death  
 But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body  
 Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day:  
 I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations  
 Are weak, they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

Jesus replied. I am the Resurrection & the Life.  
 I die & pass the limits of passibility, as it appears  
 To individual perception. Luvah must be Created  
 And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the graving Grave.  
 But will prepare a way for my banished ones to return  
 Come now with me into the villages, walk thro all the cities,  
 Tho thou art taken to prison & judgement, starved in the streets  
 I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock  
 To flow with milk & wine, tho thou seest me not a season  
 Even a long season & a hard journey & a howling wilderness:  
 Tho Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee;  
 Only believe & trust in me, Lo, I am always with thee;  
 So spake the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above  
 Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night  
 Involved Jerusalem, & the Wheels of Albions Sons turn'd hoarse  
 Over the Mountains & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars  
 And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Victims howl & cry.

But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces  
 Therefore he lived & breathed in hope, but his tears fell incessant  
 Because his Children were clos'd from him apart: & Enitharmon  
 Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was clad in clouds  
 Of Albions Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponder'd  
 On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion  
 Walking: & in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils  
 Turning, anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains:







Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale  
 When the Four Zones in Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim  
 Of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the Starry Harbours of the Plover  
 Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona  
 Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him  
 To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection  
 Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah  
 Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids  
 Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon & Thor & Friga  
 Dance the dance of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim  
 The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley  
 In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleating from Chesters River  
 The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with Yf  
 Thor & Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim  
 Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim  
 And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & he appeared  
 A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven  
 The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized  
 The Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable  
 No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected  
 Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides  
 Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albions Cliffs of the Dead  
 Such the appearance in Cheviot: in the Divisions of Reuben



When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers  
 When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.

How can the Female be Chaste O thou stupid Druid Cried Los  
 Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah  
 And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies, and  
 The Accusations of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbours sight  
 O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds  
 Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan

Then laugh'd Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Families of  
 The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from  
 Ireland to Japan, furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before  
 Los on the Thames & Medway, London & Canterbury groan in pain

Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision  
 In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion  
 Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon  
 He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup  
 Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres  
 Till Canaan rolled apart from Albion across the Rhine along the Danube

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot  
 From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza at the Analekite  
 And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns







Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on  
The vast Expanse; where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web  
Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim  
And sometimes it touches the Earths summits, & sometimes spreads  
Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los; even Vala.  
And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings  
Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue.  
Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet: two Armies in Battle  
Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake  
And Fire, & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues

She cries The Human is but a Worm, & thou O Male; Thou art  
Thyself Female, a Mule; a breeder of Seed: a Son & Husband: & Lo  
The Human Divine is Womans Shadow, a Vapor in the summers heat  
Go assume Papal dignity thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot, Arthur  
Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born  
And Woman-nourish'd & Woman-educated & Woman-scornd!

Wherefore art thou living? said Los, & Man cannot live in thy presence  
Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah  
All Quarrels arise from Reasoning, the secret Murder, and  
The violent Man-slaughter, these are the Spectres double Cave  
The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & Judgment  
To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant  
Without forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death

Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent terrific  
Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire  
He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony  
Crimson with Wrath & green with Jealousy dazzling with Love  
And Jealousy unmingled & the purple of the violet darkend deep  
Over the Plow of Nations thundering in the hand of Albions Spectre

A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon Londons River  
And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of  
Human Miseries turn'd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley  
As Reuben Red before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations

Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the cries of Gwendolen, & at  
The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treadles of her Loom  
That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan  
Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Mach  
pelah







To decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and  
A World of Justice: the World of Mercy for Salvation,  
To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity  
In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.

For in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven,  
They sound the clarions strong: they chain the howling Captives:  
They cast the lots into the helmet: they give the oath of blood in Lambeth  
They vote the death of Luvah, & they nail him to Albions Tree in Bath:  
They stained him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots  
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation  
The sun was black & the moon rolled a useless globe thro Britain!

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom  
The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses: from London fleeing  
They forged the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-axe,  
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale  
And all the Arts of Life, they changed into the Arts of Death in Albion.  
The four glass contemned because of simple workmanship.

Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel,  
That raises water into cisterns broken & burned with fire:  
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd,  
And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel:  
To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion  
Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind  
And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious task:  
Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom  
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:  
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that all,  
And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.

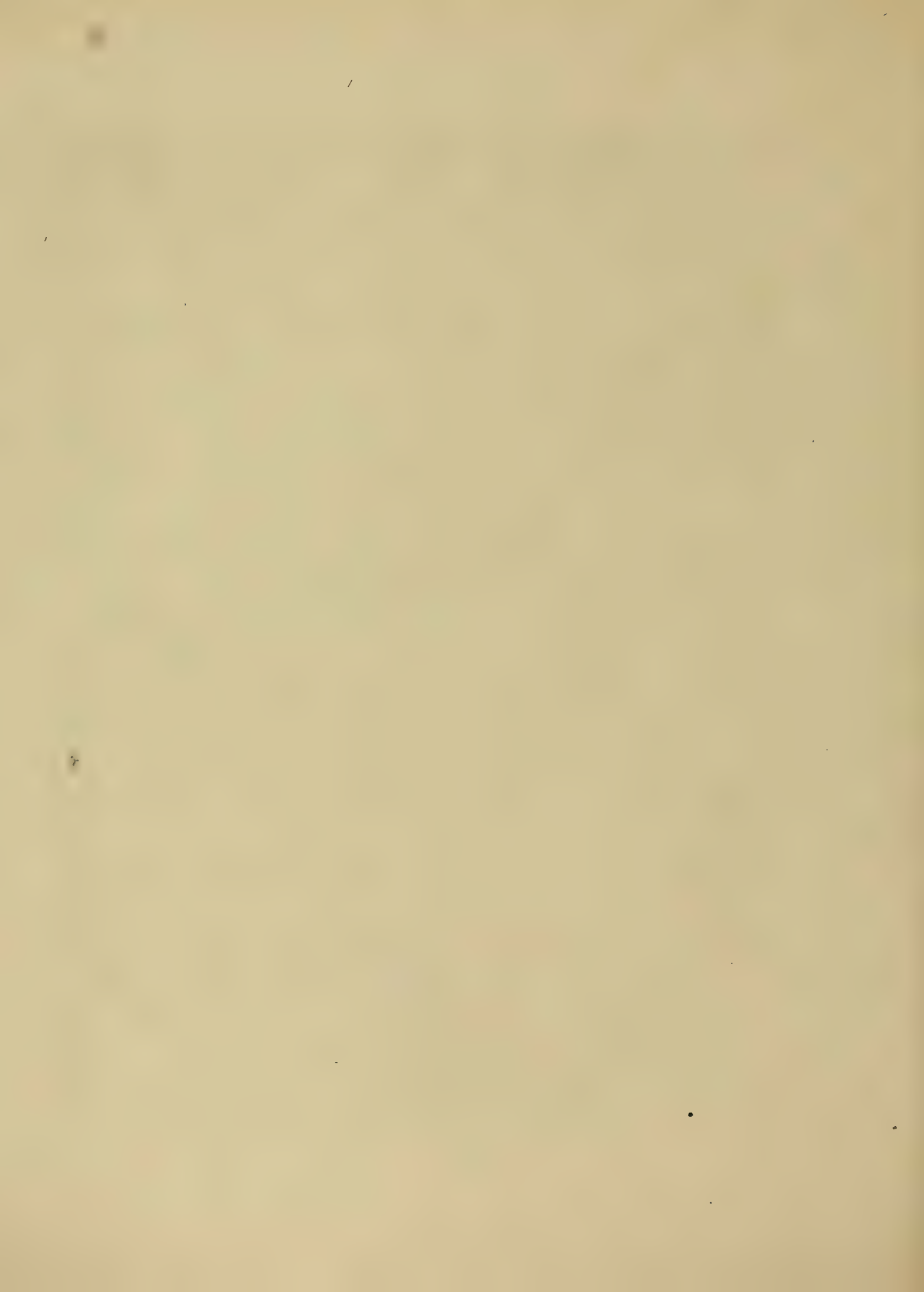
Now: now the battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala,  
Now smile among thy bitter tears: how put on all thy beauty  
Is not the wound of the sword sweet: & the broken bone delightful?  
Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field  
We were carried away in thousands from London: & in tens  
Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships clast up:  
Chained hard & fast, compella to fight under the iron whips  
Of our captans: fearing our officers more than the enemy.  
Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:  
O melancholy Magdalen behold the morning over Malden break:  
Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.  
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks:  
Shake off the waters from thy wings: & the dust from thy white garments  
Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeths Vale  
When the sun rose in glowing morn, with arms of mighty hosts  
Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizen's harp  
Girt as a sower with his seed, to scatter life abroad over Albion:  
Arise O Vala: bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light,  
How rapid the golden horses of Urizen, compella to the chariot of love!  
Compella to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation  
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings: this is no gentle harp  
This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a hurtle tree:  
But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak:  
And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grisly sword:  
And bowels hid in hammered steel, ripid quivering on the ground:  
Call forth thy smiles of salt deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears:  
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvahs Stone of Trial:  
Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury:  
Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss, rejoicing in Giant dance,  
For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from deceiving  
A Victim: Then he becomes her Priest, & she his Tabernacle,  
And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Vell,  
In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from him his grave

Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls  
To the Stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims:  
Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication, hence arose from Bath  
Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding  
Over Albions mountains, a feminine indefinite cruel delusion,  
Astonish'd, terrified & in pain & torment, Sudden they behold  
Their own Parent the Emanation of their murdered Enemy  
Become their Emanation and their Temple, and Tabernacle  
They knew not, this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

Terrified at the sight of the Victim: at his distorted sinews:  
The treblings of Vala vibrate thro the limbs of Albions Sons:  
While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn:  
Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings & deadly pain  
Seasons, smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another:  
They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards  
Luvah: their lips tremble, their muscular fibres are cramped & smitten  
They become like what they behold: yet immense in strength & power,

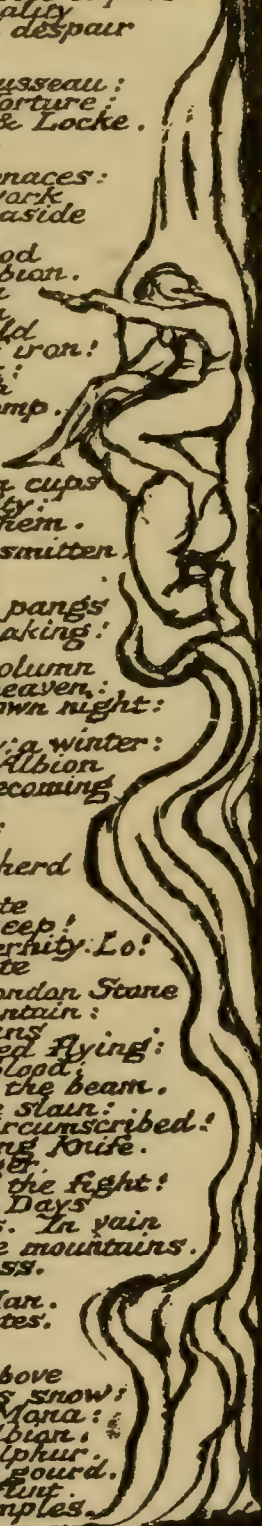




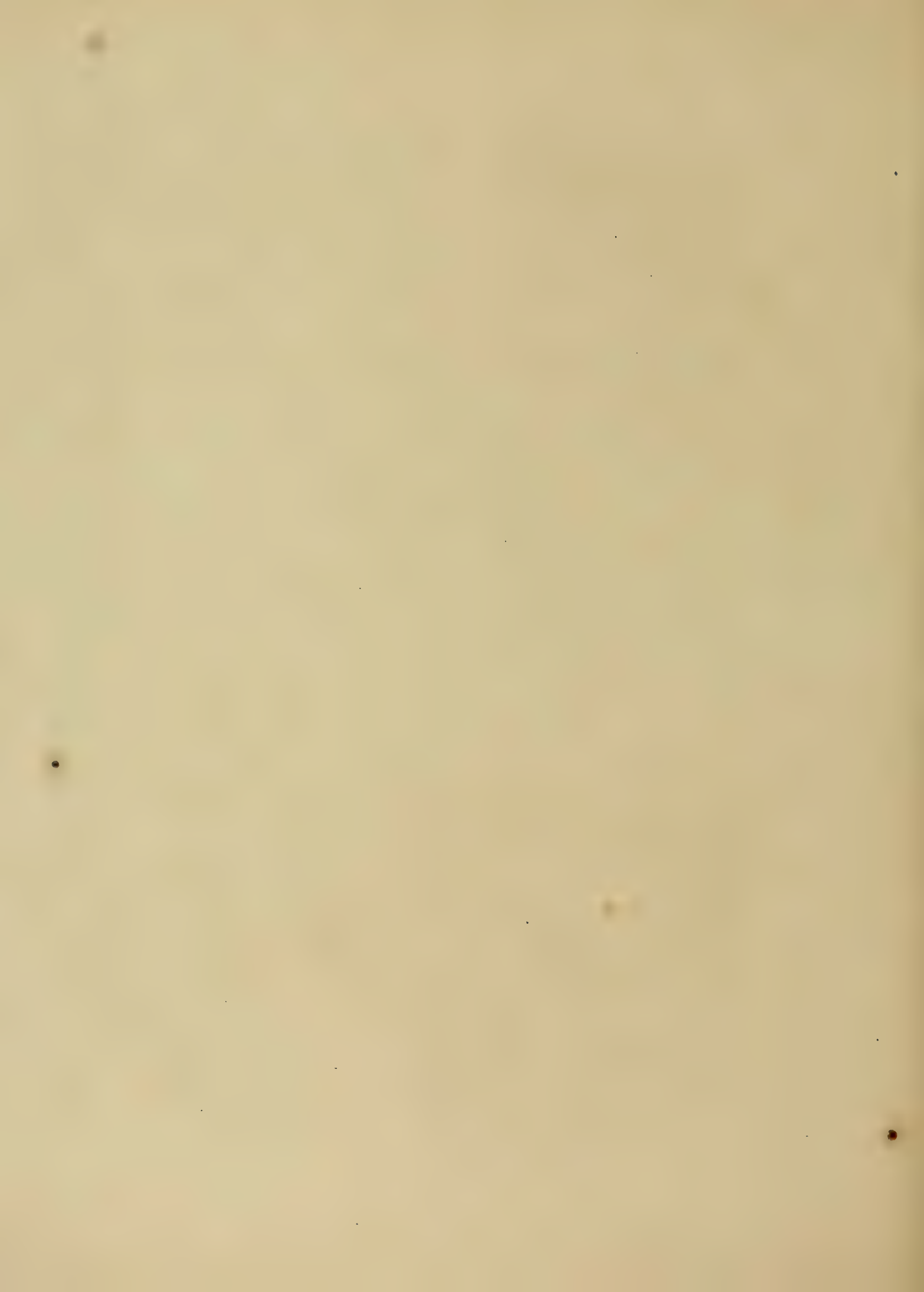
In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden  
 They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains  
 Of rocks round London Stone; of Reasonings; of unhewn Demonstrations  
 In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urezen the Architect.) thro' which  
 The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.  
 Labour unparall'd; a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny  
 Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars; stretching from pole to pole.  
 The Building is Natural Religion & its Alcaars Natural Morality.  
 A building of eternal death; whose proportions are eternal despair  
 Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction  
 From heaven to earth: howling; invisible; but not invisible  
 Her two Covering Cherubs afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau;  
 Two frowning Rocks; on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture;  
 Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke.  
 For Luvah is France; the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

Los beheld in terror; he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces:  
 The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work  
 Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside  
 Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of Trial  
 The Knife of Flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood  
 Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daughters of Albion.  
 They put aside his curls; they divide his seven locks upon  
 His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron.  
 They put into his hand a reed, they mock & say: Behold  
 The King of Canaan whose ore seven hundred chariots of iron!  
 They take off his vesture whole with their knives of Flint;  
 But they cut asunder his inner garments; searching with  
 Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp.  
 In many tears; & there they erect a temple & an altar;  
 They pour cold water on his brain in frant, to cause  
 Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears; and caverns  
 To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups  
 And dishes of painted clay, glowing with beauty & cruelty.  
 They obscure the sun & the moon: no eye can look upon them.  
 Ah 'alas' at the sight of the Victim, & at sight of those who are smitten  
 All who see become what they behold, their eyes are covered  
 With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up  
 Their ear bent outwards, as their Victim, so are they in the pangs  
 Of unconquerable fear; amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking;  
 And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away  
 The Divine Vision became first a burning flame, then a column  
 Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven;  
 And then a globe of blood wandering distant in an unknown night:  
 Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away;  
 Six months of mortality: a summer; & six months of mortality: a winter:  
 The Human form begun to be altered by the Daughters of Albion  
 And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming  
 A mighty Polypus nam'd Albions Tree: they tie the Veins  
 And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot:  
 They look forth: the Sun is shrunk; the Heavens are shrunk  
 Away into the far remote; and the Trees & Mountains wither'd  
 Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.  
 By invisible Hatred's adjoint, they seem remote and separate  
 From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!  
 As the Mistletoe grows on the Oak, so Albions Tree on Eternity. Lo!  
 He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoint by Hate

They look forth from Stone-henge; from the Cove round London Stone  
 They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:  
 Pannimon shrunk away; Snowden trembled: the mountains  
 Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War; the roited flying;  
 Red run the streams of Albion; Thames is drunk with blood.  
 As Gwendolen cast the Shuttle of war; as Cambel return'd the beam.  
 The Humber & the Severn, are drunk with the blood of the slain:  
 London feels his brun cut round; Edinburgh's heart is circumscribed:  
 York & Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding knife.  
 Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger.  
 Overwearied with howling; Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!  
 The inhabitants are sick to death; they labour to divide into Days  
 And Nights, the uncertain Periods; and into Weeks & Months. In vain  
 They send the Dove & Raven; & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.  
 And in vain the Eagle & Lion, over the four-fold wilderness.  
 They return not, but generate in rocky places desolate.  
 They return not, but build a habitation separate from Man.  
 The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man, he hesitates.  
 Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn  
 In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night  
 He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro' heaven above  
 He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow;  
 Trembling & descending down seeking to rest upon high Mana;  
 Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion;  
 The Stars flee remote; the heaven is from the earth is sulphur.  
 And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering pourd.  
 As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of Flint.  
 In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.







By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant  
 And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah  
 A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones  
 Fibres of Life to Weave for every Female is a Golden Loom  
 The Rocks are opaque hardresses covering all Vegetated things  
 And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions  
 Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan  
 They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts  
 To those they Wove for when they Wove a Male, they divided  
 Into a Female to the Woven Male, in opaque hardress  
 They cut the Fibres from the Rocks growing in pain they Weave:  
 Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence: denying Eternity  
 By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albion's Tree  
 Such are the Femurine & Masculine when separated from Man  
 They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos  
 Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil.  
 Hiding Albion's Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalem's  
 Sons without: to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion  
 Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man  
 Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior  
 They adore: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent  
 They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kiope  
 They strip off Joseph's Coat & dip it in the blood of battle  
 Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife  
 Of Flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim  
 The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock  
 Of Aoreb: still eyeing Albion's Cliffs eagerly sieging & twisting  
 The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain  
 Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors' rage in Beth Peor  
 Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners  
 Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Spears  
 Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands  
 With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle  
 For Rahab & Tirzah: till the Great Polypus of Generation covered  
 the Earth.

In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk  
 Thro Rochester, and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury,  
 To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain  
 Shooting out Fibres round the Earth thro Gaul & Italy  
 And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea  
 To Sodom & Gomorrah: thence to India, China, & Japan  
 The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribed the Brain  
 Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin.  
 Blood hath stained her fair side beneath her bosom.  
 O thou poor Human Form! said she, O thou poor child of woe!  
 Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee  
 If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks  
 These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens  
 Away from me: I have bound down with a hot iron,  
 These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies  
 I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces  
 Of affliction: of love: of sweet despair: of torment unendurable  
 My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows  
 Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs  
 In channels thro my nety limbs: O love: O pity: O fear:  
 O pain: O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken  
 Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran  
 The River Kanah wandered by my sweet Martasseks side  
 To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!  
 Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot:  
 Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty  
 Shriek not so my only love, I refuse thy joys: I drink  
 Thine shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me

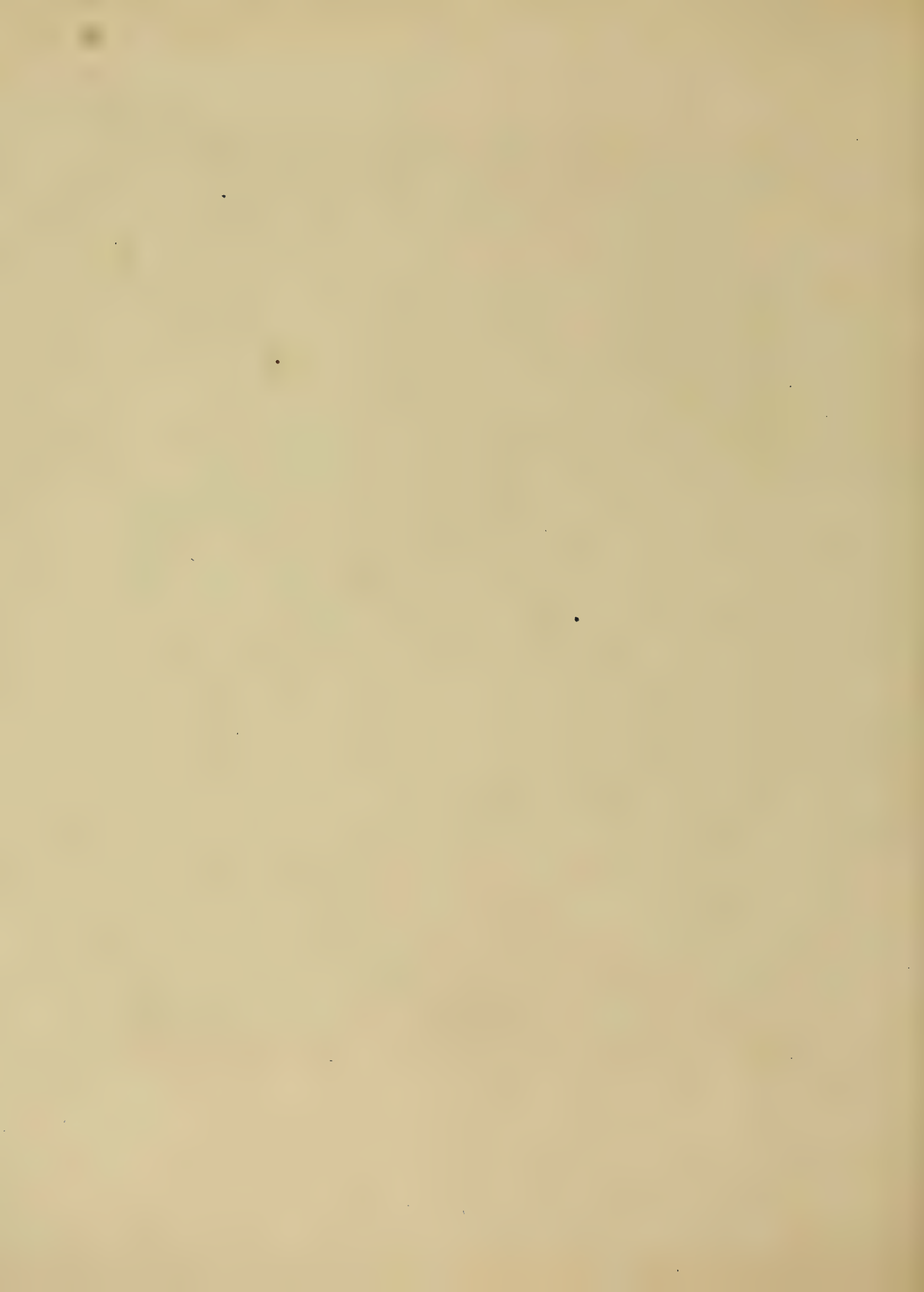






O Skosheld why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine 'to make  
 You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of Skar  
 Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal Mount of cursing:  
 Malah come forth from Lebanon: & Hoshah from Mount Sinai:  
 Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a screw of iron  
 Fasten this ear into the rock: Milcah the task is thine  
 Weep not so Sisters: weep not so: our life depends on this  
 Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead  
 Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation  
 And thus the Warriors cry in the hot day of Victory, in Songs.  
 Look: the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone  
 Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood  
 Tho her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion  
 In pride of beauty: in cruelty of holiness: in the brightness  
 Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place, the beautiful Daughter  
 Of Albion, delights the eyes of the Kings, their hearts & the  
 Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech:  
 O Chemosh: O Bacchus: O Venus: O Double God of Generation  
 The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion  
 Across Europe: across Africa: in howlings & deadly War  
 A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven  
 Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to  
 The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in Heaven  
 He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones  
 Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man  
 Lo they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia  
 Lo they rest upon the Tribes: where their panting Victims lie  
 Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters  
 But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy  
 Bring your Offerings, your first begotten: pamperd with milk & blood  
 Your first born of seven years old: be they Males or Females:  
 To the beautiful Daughters of Albion: they sport before the Kings  
 Clothed in the skin of the Victim: blood: human blood: is the life  
 And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warriors flesh  
 Of him who is slain in War: fills the Valleys of Ephraim with  
 Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees  
 With pleasure, without pain, for their food is, blood of the Captive  
 Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices  
 In moral law & its severe penalties: loud Shaddai & Jehovah  
 Thunder above: when they see the Twelve panting Victims  
 On the Twelve Stones of Power: & the beautiful Daughters of Albion  
 If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear: you are healed of Love  
 From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon: from the Valleys  
 Of Walton & Esher: from Stone-henge & from Malden's Cove  
 Jerusalem's Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War  
 Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube  
 Reuben & Benjamin flee: they hide in the Valley of Rephaim  
 Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty  
 Spotted with Victims blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle  
 And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns: at thy dire revenge  
 Smitten as Uzzah of old: his armour is softened: his spear  
 And sword faint in his hand: from Albion across Great Tartary  
 O beautiful Daughter of Albion: cruelty is thy delight  
 O Virgin of terrible eyes who dwellest by Valleys of springs  
 Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehob in Hamath  
 Taught to touch the harp: to dance in the Circle of Warriors  
 Before the Kings of Canaan: to cut the flesh from the Victim  
 To roast the flesh in fire: to examine the Infants limbs  
 In cruelties of holiness: to refuse the joys of love: to bring  
 The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve  
 Kings of Canaan: then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Radesh  
 To the place of the Amalekite: I am drunk with unsaturated love  
 I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frownd & refused  
 Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty  
 Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies  
 But now my soul is harrowd with grief & fear & love & desire  
 And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more:  
 There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire  
 The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying  
 In beauty: are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb





Then all the Males conjoined into One Male & every one  
Became a ravening edging Cancer growing in the Female  
A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.  
Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan;  
Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

Envyng stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself  
In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:  
Driven forth by Los time after time from Albions cluffy shore.  
Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage:  
That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in  
Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel Daughters of Deceit & Fraud.  
Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention  
And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder.  
Till they refuse liberty to the Male: & not like Beulah  
Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband  
The Female searches sea & land for gratifications to the  
Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold  
And feeds her with the food of Eden. hence all her beauty beams  
She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence  
With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:  
Closed in by a sandy desert & a night of stars shining.  
And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.  
And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space  
Till the time of love is passed in ewr varying delights  
For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination  
And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft.  
Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes  
Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wildernels & all its Offerings.  
From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies  
But no one can consummate Female bliss in Loss World without  
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death

And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all  
The Jealousies become Murderous: uniting together in Rahab  
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves  
With Moral Law an Equal Balance, not going down with decision  
Therefore the Male severe & cruel filld with stern Revenge;  
Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female:  
Which Jesus rends & Ere whole Druid Law removes away  
From the Inner Sanctuary: a False Holiness hid within the Center.  
For the Sanctuary of Eden. is in the Camp: in the Outline.  
In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy:  
Embraces are Comingslings. from the Head even to the Feet  
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.  
Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben  
As she slept in Beulah's Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah

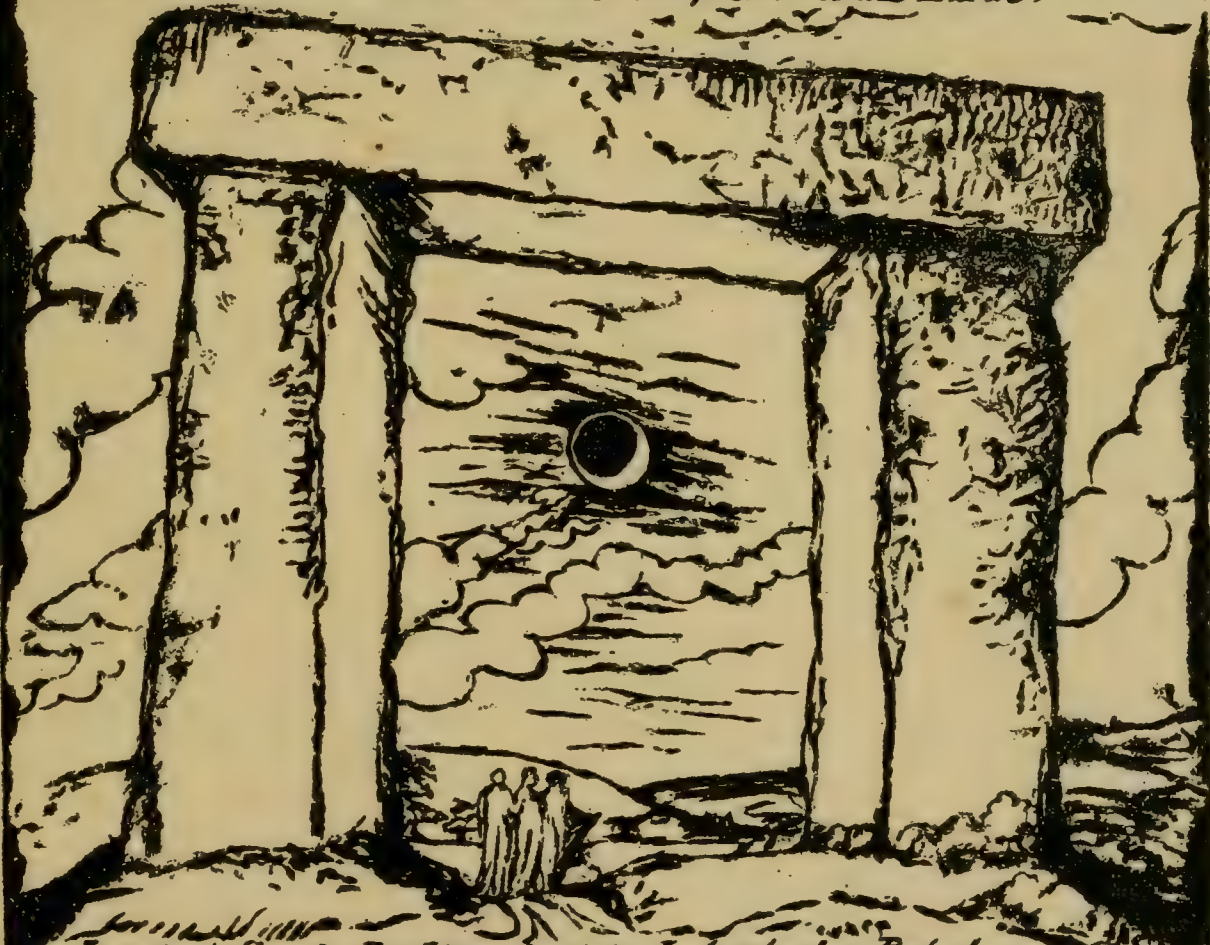






And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albion's cliffs  
Before the face of Albion, a mighty threatening Form.  
His ha-om wide & shoulders huge, overspreading wondrous  
Bear Three strong snowy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads  
Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly.  
Neither during to put in all its councils, fearing each other.  
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom  
To consist, in the agreements & disagreements of Ideas.  
Plotting to devour Albion's Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such  
Their appearance when combined; but often by birth-pangs & loud groans  
They divide to Twelve; the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain  
Disclose a hideous arifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood  
Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea.  
And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon & Newton & Locke.  
In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.



Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals; Rahab  
Sat deep within him hid; his Feminine Power unrevealed  
Brooding Abstract Philosophy, to destroy Imagination, the Divine-  
Humanity A Three-fold Wonder: feminine: most beautiful: Three-fold  
Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart  
Inward and bonified; with locks of shadowing modesty, shining  
Over her beautiful Female Features, soft flourishing in beauty &  
Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips  
Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns  
From the pressed loveliness; so her whole immortal form three-fold  
Three-fold embrace returns; consuming lives of Gods & Men  
In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace  
Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven at her bosom & loins  
To put in act what her Heart wills; O who can withstand her power  
Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab

The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion. His





And above Albions Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan,  
As the Substance is to the Shadow; and above Albions Twelve Sons  
Were seen Jerusalem's Sons; and all the Twelve Tribes spreading  
Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalem's Sons,  
Are to the Sons of Albion; and Jerusalem is Albions Emanation.  
What is Above is Within. For every thing in Eternity is translucent;  
The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center  
And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity.  
And the Center has Eternal States: these States we now explore.

And these the Names of Albions Twelve Sons. & of his Twelve Daughters  
With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey  
And Kent & Middlesex; all their Rivers & their Hills of flocks & herds;  
Their Villages Towns Cities Sea-Ports Temples sublime Cathedrals;  
All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermury in Beulah  
For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers Mountains Cities Villages.  
All are Human & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk  
In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven  
And Earth, & all you behold: tho it appears Without, it is Within  
In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

Hyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.  
Their Villages Cities Sea-Ports, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious  
Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Hyle arose  
Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return  
Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers  
The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.

Caban dwelt in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire,  
Obeyd his awful voice Ignoe is his lovely Emanation;  
She adjoind with Gwantokes Children, soon lovely Cardella arose.  
Gwantoke forgave & joyd over South Wales & all its Mountains.

Peachey had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man.  
His Emanation is Mehetabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains  
Brertun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation  
Is Ragan, she adjoind to Slade, & produced Gonorull far beaming.

Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely  
Emanation Gonorull rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.

Hutn had Warwick Northampton Bedford, Buckingham,  
Leicester & Berkshire; & his Emanation is Gwinfred beautiful

Skofeld had Ely Rutland Cambridge Huntingdon Norfolk  
Suffolk Hartford & Essex; & his Emanation is Gwinevera  
Beautiful, she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones  
And pearl, with instruments of music in holy Jerusalem

Kox had Oxford Warwick Wilts; his Emanation is Estrild:  
Joind with Cardella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotope had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation  
Is Sabrina joind with Mehetabel she shines west over America

Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland  
His Emanation is Conwenna, she shines a triple form  
Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible  
Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna.

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated  
Are Runtak and Palamabron and Theotorman and Bromion. They  
Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light  
The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester

But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins:  
Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings & his tears poured down  
His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine;  
But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back  
Against the Divine Vision; & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.  
But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil  
With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion:  
Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children  
Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity





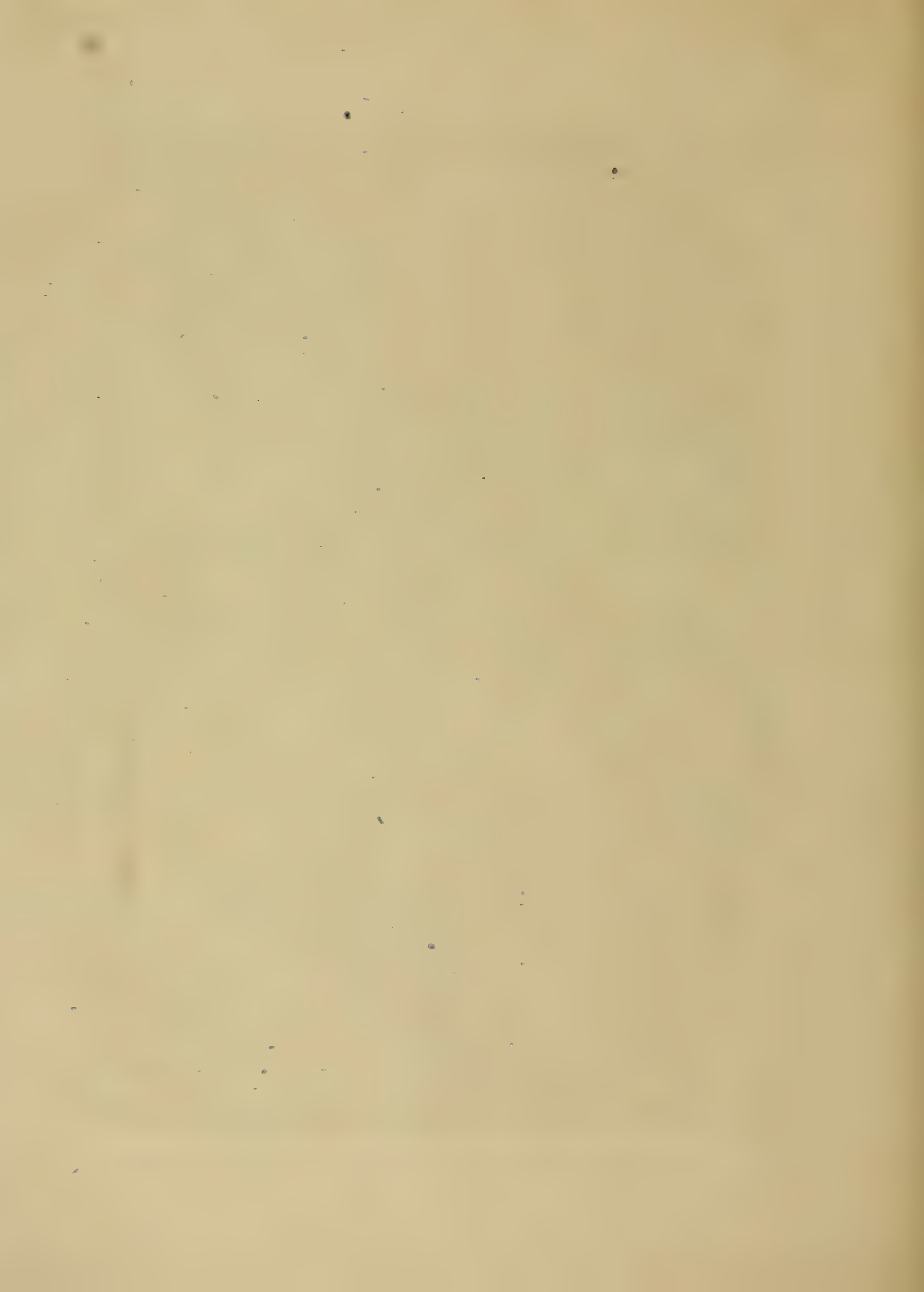
And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland  
 Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps  
 Munster South in Reubens Gate. Connaught West in Josephs Gate  
 Ulster North in Dans Gate. Leinster East in Judahs Gate  
 For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars  
 But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve  
 That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square  
 By Los for Jerusalem's sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem  
 Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates  
 But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remaind  
 Are Rintrah & Palamabran & Theotormon & Bromuan  
 The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall  
 And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem  
 Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland  
 And in twelve Counties of Wales & in the Forty Counties  
 Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland  
 And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these  
 Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Louth Longford  
 Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare Kings County  
 Queens County Wicklow Catherlogh Wexford Kilkenny  
 And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these  
 Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare  
 And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these  
 Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Lecrum  
 And those under Dan Asher & Naphtali are these  
 Donnegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry  
 Down Managhan Cavan. These are the Land of Erin  
 All these Center in London & in Gollanooza from whence  
 They are Created continually East & West & North & South  
 And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth  
 Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in firy Fourfold.



And Thirty-two the Nations: to dwell in Jerusalem's Gates  
 O Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jerusalem  
 Return Jerusalem & dwell together as of old: Return  
 Return: O Albion let Jerusalem overspread a'l Nations  
 As in the times of old: O Albion awake: Reuben wanders  
 The Nations wait for Jerusalem. they look up for the Bride  
 France Spain Italy Germany Poland Russia Sweden Turkey  
 Arabia Palestine Persia Hindostan China Tartary Siberia  
 Egypt Lybia Ethiopia Guinea Caffraria Negroland Marocco  
 Congo Zaara Canada Greenland Carolina Mexico  
 Peru Patagonia Amazonia Brazil. Thirty-two Nations  
 And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean  
 All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth  
 And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and  
 Without: & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth. the same  
 Is visible in the Mundane Shell: reversed in mountain & vale  
 And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard  
 In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation: & the Four-fold Gate  
 Towards Beulah is to the South Fenelon. Guion. Teresa.  
 Whitefield & Hervey. guard that Gate: with all the gentle Souls  
 Who guide the great Wine-press of Love: Four precious Stones that  
 Gate:

Women the corners of Men become the towers & pillars





Such are Cathedrons golden Halls in the City of Golgotha  
 And Los's Furnaces howl loud; living; self-moving; lamenting  
 With fury & despair. & they stretch from South to North  
 Thro all the Four Points: Lo, the Labourers at the Furnaces  
 Rentrak & Palangran, Theotormo & Bromian, loud labouring  
 With the innumerable multitudes of Golgotha, round the Mayday  
 Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long  
 Last & severe the anguish ere they knew their Father; were  
 Long to tell & at the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes  
 Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass  
 Tangled or separate; for sword's arrows; cannons; mortars  
 The terrible ball; the wedge; the loud sounding hammer of destruction  
 The spinning flail to thresh; the mill; the narrow; the narrow jungles  
 The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels restless  
 Over the Four-fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.  
 Forging Albion's Tomb in the starry characters of Os & Anak:  
 To Create the lion & wolf the bear; the tiger & ounce:  
 To Create the woolly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent  
 The summer & winter; day & night; the sun & moon & stars  
 The tree; the plant; the flower; the rock; the stone; the metal;  
 Of Vegetative Nature; by their hard restricting condensations.



Where Luva's World of Opakeness grew to a period: It  
 Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void  
 Accumulating without end; here Los, who is of the Elohim  
 Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emancipation  
 Fixing the Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation  
 Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction  
 Adam, who is Peleg & Jaktan; & Esau & Jacob & Saul & David  
 Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God  
 Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead  
 Setting up Kings in wrath; in holiness of Natural Religion  
 Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time & time  
 In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desert of Albion  
 Permanently Creating to be in Time Revealed & Demolished  
 Satna Cain, Tubal, Nimrod, Pharaoh, Priam, Bladud, Belin  
 Arthur, Alfred the Norman Conqueror, Richard, John

And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories  
 These are Created by Rahab & Tuzah in Utra; but around  
 These, to preserve them from Eternal Death Los Creates  
 Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Ezekiel

Dissipating the rocky farms of Death by his thunderous Hammer  
 As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains  
 So Men pass on; but States remain permanent for ever

The Spectres of the Dead howl round the parches of Los  
 In the terrible family feuds of Albion, dines & villages  
 To devour the Body of Albion, hungering & thirsting & starving  
 The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & gardens  
 And every Human Vegetated form in its inward recesses  
 Is a house of pleasantness & a garden of delight built by the  
 Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowland & in Cathedron  
 From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible  
 Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door;





The Four Zoas clouded rage: Urizen stood by Albion  
 With Ryntrah and Palamabron and Theophrastus and Bratton  
 These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh  
 And the Four Zoas are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona  
 In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous  
 And deadly stupor turn'd against each other loud & fierce  
 Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination  
 They became Spectres: & their Human Bodies were reposed  
 In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations

The Spectre, is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated  
 From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio  
 Of the Things of Memory. It thence frames Laws & Moralities  
 To destroy Imagination: The Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars

Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus: Let me  
 Comprehend wondrous things out of the Divine Law  
 I behold Babylon in the opening Streets of London, I behold  
 Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house  
 Thus I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps  
 I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present be-  
 fore me  
 To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high  
 Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains  
 They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision

The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen  
 I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords  
 Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline  
 And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination  
 By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions  
 How Hyle robb'd Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent  
 Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalem's Sons  
 Into the Vortex of his Wheels, therefore Hyle is called Gog  
 Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon  
 Babylon, the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones  
 In strong temptations of stolen beauty: I tell how Reuben slept  
 On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring  
 His awful beauty: with Mord's Virtue the fair deceiver, assuring  
 Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent  
 Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedrons Loams  
 How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan  
 Hence Albion was call'd the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.  
 Hence is my Theme, O Lord my Saviour open thou the Gates  
 And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters  
 Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he roll'd apart & took Root  
 In Bashan, terror-struck Albions Sons look toward Bashan  
 They have divided Simeon he also roll'd apart in blood  
 Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shynig Loams  
 Albions Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek  
 They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into forty eight Roots  
 Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah  
 He hath took Root in Hebron in the Land of Hland & Hyle  
 Dan: Naphtali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart  
 From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity

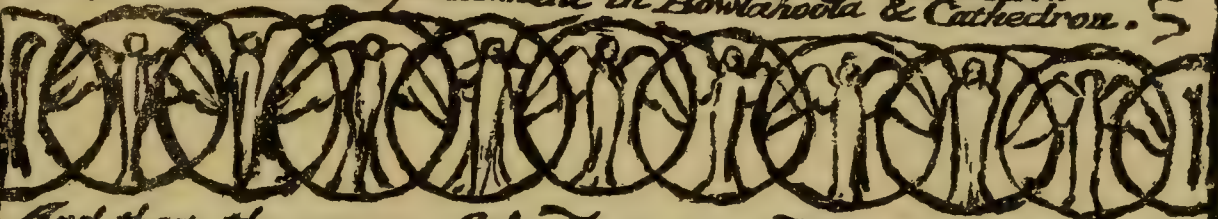
I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas  
 Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty  
 Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah the youthful form of Erin  
 The Wound I see in South Molton Street & Stratford place  
 Whence Joseph & Benjamin roll'd apart away from the Nations  
 In vain they roll'd apart: they are fix'd into the Land of Cabul







And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem  
 Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur  
 The Cup of Rahab in his hand; her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold  
 And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid & now reveal'd  
 Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space drawn out  
 In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore  
 For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually  
 That not one Moment of Time be lost & every revolution  
 Of Space he makes permanent in Bowdich's & Cathedral.



And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches  
 Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,  
 Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic,  
 Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cuman, the Second, Shem, Heber,  
 Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah; these are the Female Males;  
 A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.  
 Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,  
 Luther, these Seven are the Male Females; the Dragon forms  
 The Female hid within a Male; thus Rahab is reveal'd  
 Mystery Babylon the Great; the Abomination of Desolation  
 Religion hid in War; a Dragon red & hidden Harlot  
 But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell  
 Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy  
 Thus are the Heavens formed by Los within the Mundane Shell  
 And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle  
 To awake the Prisoners of Death; to bring Albion again  
 With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day  
 But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Al-













Devils are  
False Religions  
Saul Saul  
Why persecutest thou me

## To the Christians.

I give you the end of a golden string,  
Only wind it into a ball;  
It will lead you in at Heavens gate,  
Built in Jerusalem's wall.



We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment that cannot be redeemed every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly irredeemable & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of entanglement with incoherent roofs. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination & Imagination the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies & Performances? What are all the Gifts of the Gospel, are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in Spirit & in Truth and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives Eternally? What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit? Answer this to yourselves, & expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art & Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel: Is not this plain & manifest to the thought? Can you think at all, & not pronounce heartily! That to Labour in Knowledge is to Build up Jerusalem: and to Despise Knowledge, is to Despise Jerusalem & her Builders. And remember! He who despises & mocks a Mental Gift in another; calling it pride & selfishness & sin; mocks Jesus the giver of every Mental Gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite, as Sins, but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man, is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian as much as in him lies engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem.

I stood among my valleys of the south  
And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel  
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went  
From west to east against the current of  
Creation, and devoured all things in its loud  
Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth  
By it the Sun was rolled into an orb;  
By it the Moon faded into a globe.  
Travelling thro' the night; far from its dire  
And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up  
Into a little root a fathom long.  
And I asked a Watcher & a Holy One  
Its Name? he answered, It is the Wheel of Religion.  
I wept & said, Is this the law of Jesus  
This terrible devouring sword turning every way  
He answered; Jesus died because he strove  
Against the current of this Wheel: its Name  
Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death.

Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment;  
Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion.  
But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life  
Creating Nature from this fiery Law,  
By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin.  
Go therefore, cast out devils in Christs name  
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease  
Pity the evil for thou art not sent  
To smite with terror & with punishments  
Those that are sick, like to the Pharisees  
Crucifying & encompassing sea & land  
For proselytes to tyranny & wrath.  
But to the Publicans & Harlots go;  
Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse  
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace.  
For Hell is open to Heaven: thine eyes behold  
The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

England! awake! awake! awake!  
Jerusalem thy Sister calls!  
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death?  
And close her from thy ancient walls

Thy hills & valleys felt her Feet.  
Gently upon their bosoms move;  
Thy gates beheld sweet Lions ways;  
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:  
Our souls exult & London's towers,  
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell  
In England's green & pleasant bowers.







The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily  
Over the Lamb & over the Body: raving to devour  
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron  
Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall  
On the rocky Spectres: as the Potter breaks the potsherds;  
Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions  
Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms, in his Furnaces  
And on his Anvils: last they destroy the Feminine Affections  
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,  
Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair;  
Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,  
In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem.  
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God:  
They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold:  
They nam'd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth  
The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Eriuthan Benythan.  
Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne  
Of God and the Lamb to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God  
Drawing their Ulro Voodness round the Four-fold Humanity

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion  
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations level'd with the dust:

Her Twelve Gates thrown down; her children carried into captivity  
Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night  
Outside, unknown before in Babel, & the twelve gates were fill'd  
With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causeway, west  
In Erins Continent; and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates' banks  
Disorganiz'd: an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among  
Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wander'd weeping!  
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

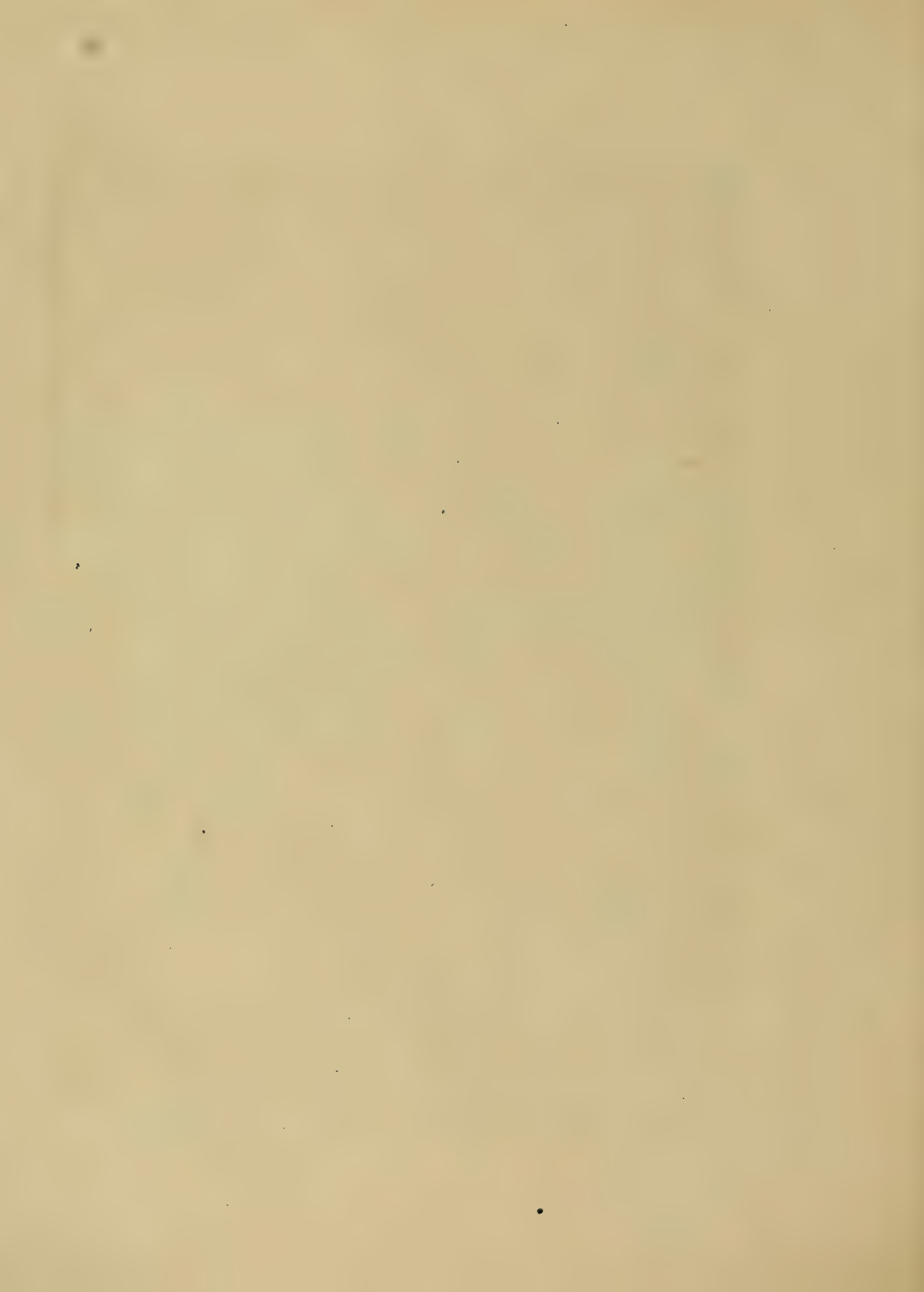
My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me  
The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children  
I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence;





My tents are fallen: my pillars are in ruins: my children dashed  
 Upon Egypt's iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria;  
 I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon;  
 Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew  
 Nor rain: no more the spring of the rock appears; but cold  
 Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil;  
 The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment;  
 The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell  
 Away from the Nations of the Earth, & from the Cities of the Nations;  
 I walk to Ephraim, I seek for Shiloh; I walk like a lost sheep  
 Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light  
 In vain: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.  
 Goshen hath followed Philistea: Gilead hath joined with Og!  
 They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:  
 How distant far from Albion, his hills & his valleys no more  
 Receive the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:  
 And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea:  
 The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds  
 No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.  
 The fifty-two Counties of England are hardend against me  
 As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out  
 London covered the whole Earth, England encompassed the Nations;  
 And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion:  
 My pillars reach'd from sea to sea: London beheld me come  
 From my east & from my west, he blessed me and gave  
 His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees  
 His aged parents sought me out in every city & village:  
 They discern'd my countenance with joy: they shew'd me to their sons  
 Saying, Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers  
 Levi and Judah & Issachar, Ephraim, Manasseh, Gad and Dan  
 Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:  
 They watch them in the night: and the Lamb of God appears among us  
 The river Severn stay'd his course at my command:  
 Thames pour'd his waters into my basins and baths:  
 Medway mingled with Kishon; Thames receiv'd the heavenly Jordan  
 Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down: to pour  
 Joy upon every mountain to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman  
 I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion  
 Italy saw me, in sublim'd astonishment: France was wholly mine:  
 As my garden & as my secret path: Spain was my heavenly couch:  
 I slept in his golden hills: the Lamb of God met me there  
 There we walk'd as in our secret chamber among our little ones  
 They look'd upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:  
 With holy raptures of adoration, rapid sublime in the Visions of God,  
 Germany, Poland & the North wood'd my footsteps they found  
 My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales  
 The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber  
 Turkey & Grecia saw my instruments of music, they arose  
 They seiz'd the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy  
 They sound'd thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard  
 The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God  
 Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar:  
 And thence America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more  
 Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoic'd  
 Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars' run, with blood:  
 My fires are corrupt: my incense is a cloudy pestilence  
 Of seven diseases: Once a continual cloud of salvation, rose  
 From all my myriads: once the Four-fold World rejoic'd among  
 The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:  
 But now I am clos'd out from them in the narrow passages  
 Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch & bitumen,  
 From Albion's Tomb afar and from the four-fold wanders of God  
 Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul:  
 There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, clos'd up  
 In narrow vales: I walk & count the bones of my beloveds  
 Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples  
 Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride  
 Tell me O Vala thy purposes: tell me wherefore thy shuttles  
 Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood  
 Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears  
 Thy Masculine, from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens  
 To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among  
 These cruel Druid Temples: O Vala! Humanity is far above  
 Sexual organization: & the Visions of the Night of Beulah  
 Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations  
 Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden  
 By the tears & smiles of Beulah's Daughters till the time of Sleep is past  
 Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion  
 In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light  
 Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.





Encompassed by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree  
I walk weeping in pangs of a Mothers' torment for her Children.  
I walk in affliction: I am a woman, and no living soul!  
A warm going to eternal torment: raised up in a night  
To an eternal night of pain. lost: lost: lost: for ever!

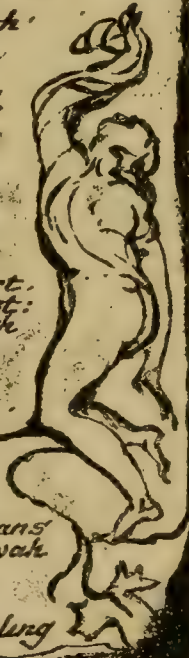
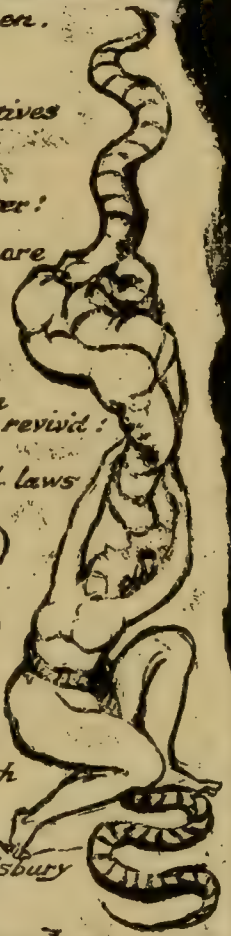
Beside her Vala howled upon the winds in pride of beauty  
Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors; among the Captives  
In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon  
And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem followed trembling  
Her children in captivity, listening to Valas lamentation  
In the thick cloud & darkness, & the voice went forth from  
The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter:  
In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames  
Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found  
Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion.  
In unreviving Death; my Love, my Luvah ordered me, in night  
To murder Albion, the King of Men, he fought in battles fierce  
He conquered Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father  
He slew them: he reversed them to life in my warm bosom  
He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in jealousy  
He opened before me, Luvah's hand and knife & Luvah gave  
The knife into his daughters hand: Such thing was never known  
Before in Albion's land, that one should die a death never to be revived:  
For in our battles we the slain men view with pity and love:  
We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles  
But I Vala, Luvah's daughter, keep his body embalm'd in moral laws  
With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction:  
Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah  
Pity me then O Lamb of God: O Jesus pity me,  
Come into Luvah's Tents and seek not to revive the Dead:

So sang she: and the Spindle turned furious as she sang:  
The Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep  
Were caught into the flax of her Distaff, & in her Cloud  
To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will  
A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory  
The Spindle turned in blood & fire; loud sound the trumpets  
Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains  
With Cymbel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song  
The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion  
Luvah saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath  
He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love  
Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth  
They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning  
Among the tribes of warriors: among the States of power:  
Against Jerusalem they rage thro' all the Nations of Europe  
Thro Italy & Grecia: to Lebanon & Persia & India  
The Serpent Temples thro the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury  
Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans  
And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab  
And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud  
Refused to take a definite form, she hovered over all the Earth  
Calling the definite sun, defacing every definite form:  
Invisible or Visible, stretched out in length or spread in breadth  
Over the Temples, drinking groans of Victims weeping in pity,  
And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalem's walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaws top: drawn by the love of beautiful  
Cymbel: his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him.  
And her delusive light beamed fierce above the Mountain;  
Sate; invisible; drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication:  
Drawing out fibre by fibre; returning to Albion's Tree  
At night: and in the morning to Skiddaw: she sent him over  
Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedral fibre by fibre:  
He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalem's Shade:  
To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.  
Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, ravid to the Moor  
For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguished heart.  
That apparent to all in Eternity glows like the Sun in the breast:  
She hid it in his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth  
In terrible convulsions pitying & gratified drunk with pity  
Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent  
According to his changes: she rolled his kidneys round  
Into two irregular forms; and looking on Albion's dread Tree  
She move two vessels of speed, beautiful as Skiddaw's snow:  
Giving them hints of self interest & selfish natural virtue:  
She hid them in his loins: raving he ran among the rocks:  
Compelled into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb.  
The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to  
His Law a form against the Lamb of God opposed to Mercy  
And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication  
Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans  
And dolorous sobs: the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah

O sister Cymbel said, Gwendolen, as thy long beaming light  
Mingled above the Mountain what shall we do to keep  
These awful forms in our state bands: distracted with trembling







I have mocked those who refused cruelty & I have admired  
 The cruel Warrior I have refused to give Love to Merlin the piteous  
 He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity  
 And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food  
 To the stern Warrior I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior  
 For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride  
 That Love may only be obtained in the passages of Death.  
 Let us look: let us examine: is the Cruel become an Infant  
 Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous  
 I have destroyd Wandering Reuben who strove to bend my Will  
 I have strip'd off Josephs beautiful integument for my Beloved  
 The Cruel one of Albion: to clothe him in gems of my Zone  
 I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become  
 A weeping Infant in ruind lovely Jerusalems Folding Cloud:



In Heaven Love begets Love: but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love:  
 And he who will not bend to Love must be subdued by Fear.





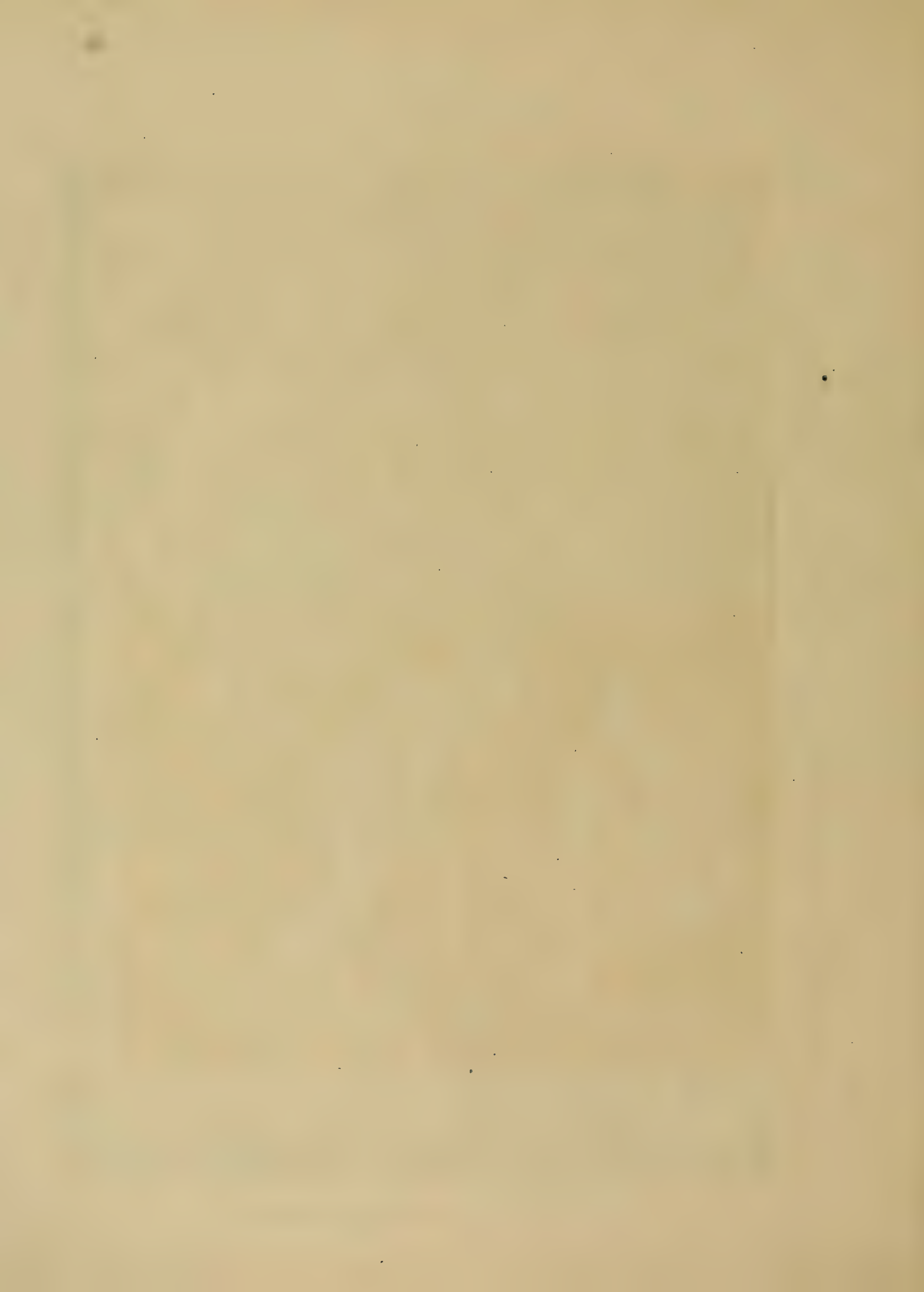
I have heard Jerusalem's groans; from Vala's cries & lamentations  
 Gather our eternal fate; Outcasts from life and love:  
 Unless we find a way to bind these awful forms to our  
 Embrace we shall perish, annihilate, discover'd our Delusions.  
 Look I have brought without delusion: Look! I have wept:  
 And given salt milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks  
 Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes  
 Of painted clay: the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant;  
 Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weeping threads.  
 The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades  
 On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft uniting with Rahab's cloud  
 While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning spate the spinning reel;  
 Or throwing the wheel shuttle; or drawing the cords with softest songs  
 Of golden cards at the Looms animate beneath their touches soft:  
 Upon the island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen  
 Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaw's top.  
 So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand:  
 To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.  
 And thus she closed her left hand and utter'd her Falshood;  
 Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her.  
 Upon her back behind her loins & thus utter'd her Deceit.  
 I heard Enytharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion  
 Be scatter'd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten;  
 Divide them into three; name them Amalek Canaan & Moab;  
 Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant;  
 And let the Looms of Enytharmon & the Furnaces of Los  
 Create Jerusalem & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek.  
 And Helle & Hesperia & Hindustan & China & Japan  
 But hide America for a Curse an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.  
 See Sisters Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden;  
 Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer:  
 Let us lead the stems of this Tree let us plant it before Jerusalem  
 To judge the friend of Sinners to death without the Veil;  
 To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark;  
 And the fury of Man exhaust in War, woman permanent remain  
 See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon  
 Look, Hyle is become an infant Love; look; behold! see him lie:  
 Upon my bosom look; here is the lovely wayward form  
 That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil;  
 By the fruit of Albion's Tree I have fed him with sweet milk  
 By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives:  
 Humanity the Great Delusion: is changed to War & Sacrifice;  
 I have nail'd his hands on Beth Rabbin & his hands on Heshbons Wall;  
 O that I could live in his sight; O that I could bind him to my arm.  
 So saying: She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tar to Dovedale  
 Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion  
 And Hyle a winding Worm beneath  
 Trembling & pitying she scream'd & fled upon the wind;  
 Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty:  
 The deserts tremble at his wrath: they shrink themselves in fear.  
 Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled; she envied;  
 The envy ran thro' Cathedrons Looms into the Heart  
 Of mild Jerusalem, to destroy the Lamp of God, Jerusalem  
 Languish'd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Lions Hill.  
 Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace  
 On London's Tower on the Thames; he drew Cambel in wrath.  
 Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast:  
 And with the blast of his Furnace upon Ashy Bullingsgate.  
 Beneath Albion's fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los;  
 Shew'd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate  
 The envy: loud she labour'd in the Furnace at Los.  
 To form the mighty form of Hand, according to her will  
 In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night  
 Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish  
 To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: She minded not  
 The raging flames, tho she return'd instead of beauty  
 Deformity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad  
 Her struggling torment in her iron arms; and like a chain.  
 Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love.  
 Gwendolen saw the Infant in her sister's arms; she howl'd  
 Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm  
 Repentant; and she also in the edaying wind of Los's Bellows  
 Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah  
 To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.  
 The Sisters saw; trembling ran thro' their Looms; softening mild  
 Towards London; then they saw the Furnaces open'd, & in tears  
 Began to give their souls away in the Furnaces of affliction.  
 Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice.  
 I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven.  
 And that I can, at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;  
 But pains of love draw me down to my loins which are  
 Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother!





Corruptibility appears upon thy limbs, and never more  
 Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant  
 Till thy awaking; yet alas! I shall forget Eternity:  
 Against the Patriarchal pomp and proudly labouring incensant  
 I shall become an Infant horror: Enion, Tharmas, friends  
 Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion, my brother!  
 Jerusalem, hangers in the desert; affection to her children!  
 The scorn and contempt, youthful girl, where shall she fly  
 Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wiles  
 Surrounded with masses of stone in orderd forms, determine then  
 A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames  
 Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druids knife:  
 O Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery!  
 O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother:  
 O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate!  
 I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives Amalek, trembles:  
 I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn:  
 They listen not to my cry, they repose among their warriors:  
 Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons:  
 On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north:  
 From Ireland's rocks to Scandinavia Persia and Tartary:  
 From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythraean  
 Pound ye London, enormous City: weeps thy River?  
 Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones O Land  
 Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmons' Chamber.  
 Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars  
 Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Ochoon!  
 Where hides my child, in Oxford, hidest thou with Antamon?  
 In graceful hidings of error: in merciful deceit  
 Hast thou the terrible destroy his defection, thou hidest her:  
 In chaste appearances for sweet deceptions of love & modesty  
 Intingled, interwoven, glistering to the sickening sight:  
 Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell:  
 Forming the Fluctuating Globe according to their will  
 According as they weave the little ambrosian nerves & veins  
 The Eye, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears  
 Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World  
 That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same  
 Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.  
 And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes  
 Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,  
 According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.  
 Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza:  
 Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart  
 As a beautiful Veil, so these Females shall fold & unfold  
 According to their will the outside surface of the Earth  
 An outside shadowy surface superadded to the real Surface:  
 Which is unchangeable for ever, & ever Amen: so be it!  
 Separate Albions Sons gently from their Emanations  
 Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames  
 Where the old Parent still retains his youth as I alas!  
 Return my youth eight thousand and four hundred years!  
 The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair:  
 The land is marked for desolation & unless we plant  
 The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom  
 Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points  
 Where Cities shall remain & where Villages for the rest:  
 It must lie in confusion till Albions time of awaking.  
 Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place:  
 Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity  
 The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive:  
 The Sons of Albion go forth: I follow from my Furnaces:  
 That they return no more: that a place be prepared on Euphrates  
 Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces  
 Eternal Death stands at the door. O God pity our labours.  
 So Los spoke to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation  
 Like a faint rainbow waded before him in the awful gloom  
 Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate:  
 Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play fast  
 And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north  
 To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation  
 Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedrals Dore  
 Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem, the Web of life  
 Down flowing into Enitharmons Vales glisters with salt affections.  
 While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza  
 Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain.  
 He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand  
 Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive  
 Alternate they watch in night: alternate labour in day  
 Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches  
 The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night.  
 With him went down the Dogs of Leutha, at his feet  
 They lap the water of the trembling Thames then follow swift  
 And thus he heard the voice of Albions daughters on Euphrates, Blake  
 Our Father Albions land: O it was a lovely land: & the Daughters of Beulah  
 Walked up and down in its green mountains: but Hand is Red  
 Away: & mighty Hyle: & after them Jerusalem is gone: Awake





Higgleades heights & Hampsteads, to Poplar Hackney & Bow:  
 to Islington & Fiddington & the Brook of Albion's River  
 We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple: from Lambeth  
 We began our Foundations: lovely Lambeth. O lovely Hills  
 Of Camberwell. We shall behold you no more in glory & pride  
 For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there  
 You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea  
 But here we build Babylon on Euphrates: compell'd to build  
 And to inhabit our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold  
 Of Jerusalem's Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Spears  
 I see London blind & age bent begging thro' the Streets  
 Of Babylon. led by a child his tears run down his beard  
 The voice of Wandering Reuben echoes from street to street  
 In all the Cities of the Nations Paris Madrid Amsterdam  
 The Corner of Broad Street weeps: Poland Street languishes  
 To Great Queen Street & Lincolns Inn all is distress & woe.

The night falls thick Mand comes from Albion in his strength  
 He combines into a Mighty one the Double Molech & Chemich  
 Marching thro' Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course  
 The Nations of India the Wild Tartar that never knew Man  
 Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away  
 But we woo him all the night in songs, O Los come forth O Los  
 Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue  
 Arise upon thy Wankes let us see thy Globe of fire  
 On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.  
 Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One  
 With Rahab as she turn'd the iron Spindle of destruction.  
 Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which  
 Gwendolen hid in her left hand. it grew & grew all it







Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm  
 They nam'd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon  
 Los smild with joy thinking on Emtharmon, & he brought  
 Reuben from his twelvelfold wanderings & led him into it  
 Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David  
 And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space Six Thousand Years  
 He call'd it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine  
 Emanations Create Space, the Masculine Create Time, & plant  
 The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listning to their lamentation  
 Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness  
 Among his Furnaces directing his laborious myriads watchful  
 Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth  
 As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers  
 And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent:  
 The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vata cease to mourn:  
 His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines  
 Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads  
 Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down  
 Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand  
 As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers  
 And thus is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his  
 Watch

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!  
 I see thy Gates of precious stones: thy Walls of gold & silver  
 Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man  
 Who stretch'd on Albion's rocks Reposes amidst his twenty-eight  
 Cities: where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion  
 Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye  
 The Seeds O Sisters in the bosom of Time & Spaces womb  
 To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion  
 Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom  
 To reign in pride & to oppress & to mix the Cup of Delusion  
 O thou that dwellest with Babylon: Come forth O lovely-one

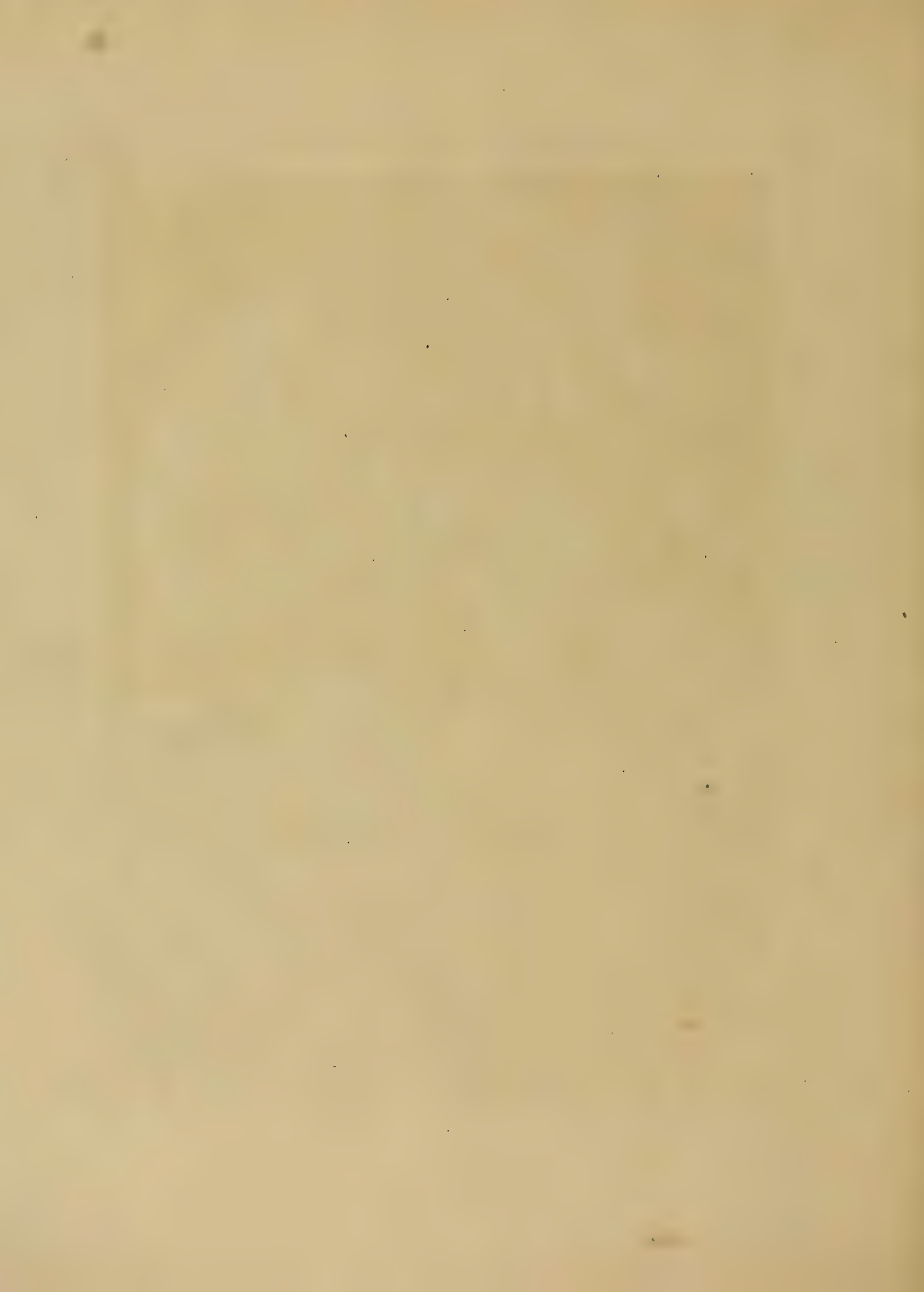


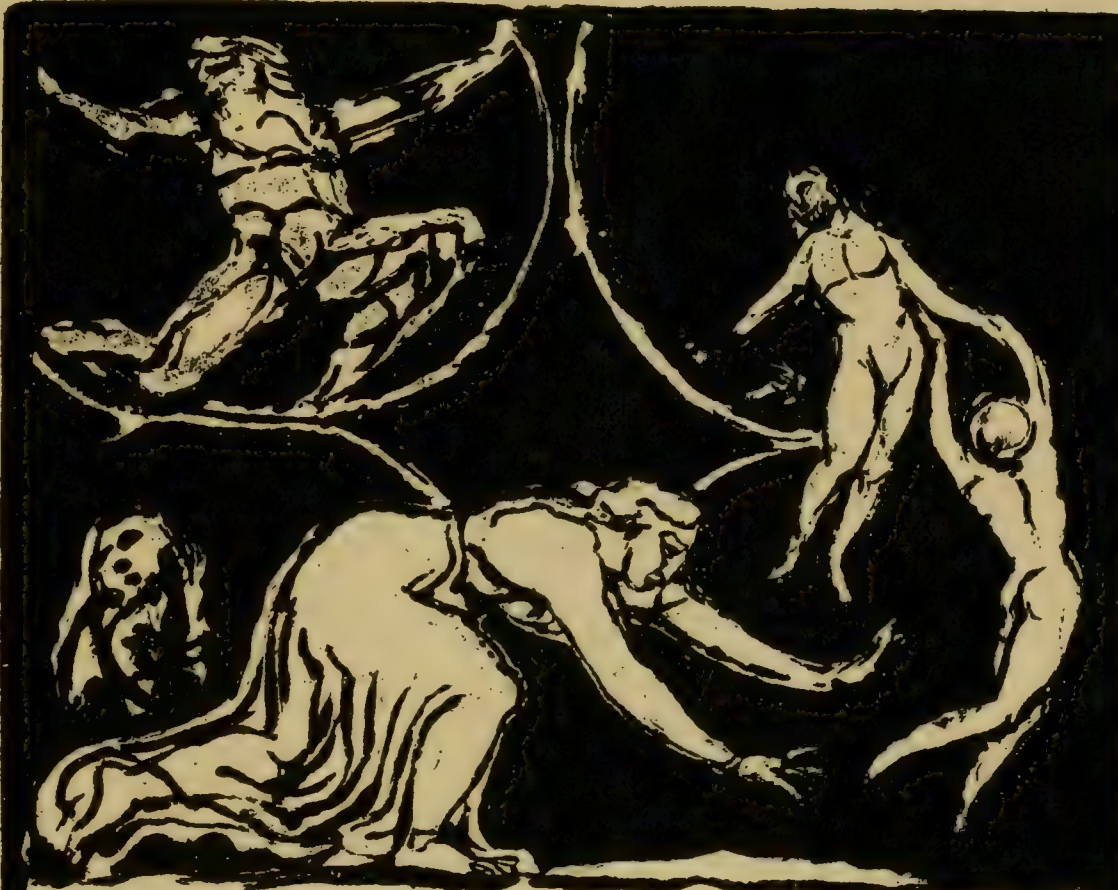




I see thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem Winged with Six Wings  
 In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper. lovely Three fold  
 In Head & Heart & Reins, three Unverses of love & beauty  
 Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord with Gates of pearl  
 Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down  
 Rubbed delicate & clothed with feathered gold & azure & purple  
 From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness:  
 Hence feathered with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire  
 Spreading into the azure wings which like a canopy  
 Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells  
 Above beloved Land: I see thy mountains & thy hills  
 And valleys & thy pleasant coasts Holiness to the Lord  
 I see the Spectres of thy Dead O Emanation of Albion.  
 Thy Bosom white translucent covered with immortal gems  
 A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty  
 Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection  
 Twelve fold, here all the Tribes of Israel I behold  
 Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life  
 I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven  
 Between thy Wings of gold & silver feathered immortal  
 Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Sun's tabernacle  
 Thy Reins covered with Wings translucent sometimes covering  
 And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness  
 Which like a robe covers: & like a Veil of Seraphim  
 In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity  
 Twelve fold I there behold Israel in her tents  
 A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night  
 Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek  
 There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate  
 Or forting sounds of love & harmony & on thy feet  
 Sandals of gold & pearl & Egypt & Assyria before me  
 The Isles of Javan, Philistia, Tyre and Lebanon  
 Thus Los sings upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace  
 He seizes his Hammer every hour flames surround him as  
 He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster  
 Around his head, the truck haul stones stand ready to obey  
 His Voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders  
 At his Furnaces: his Daughters at their Looms sing woes  
 His Emanation separates in bulky fibres agonizing  
 Among the golden Looms of Cathedron sending fibres of love  
 From Galganooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer  
 Nor can any consummate bliss without being regenerated  
 On Earth of those whose Emanations weave the loves  
 Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shulak, in immortal Galganooza  
 Concentrating in the majestic form of Eru in eternal tears  
 Viewing the Winding Worm on the Deserts of Great Tartary  
 Viewing Los in his shuddering, pouring balm on his sorrows  
 So dread is Los's fury, that none dare him to approach  
 Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction  
 And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him  
 Filling with Fibres from his loins which reddened with desire  
 Into a globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness  
 Of Albion's clouds, he fed it with his tears & bitter groans  
 Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the tamarous Shade  
 Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love  
 Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder all  
 She separated stood before him a lovely Female weeping  
 Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed  
 And healed after the separation: his pains he soon forgot:  
 Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief  
 Two Wills they had: Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.  
 Silent they wandered hand in hand like two Infants wandring  
 From Enon in the deserts, terrified at each others beauty  
 Envyng each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love.







Repelling weeping Enion blind & age-bent into the fourfold  
Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his Love

O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms  
Moving beside me till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth  
Of beauty & perfection my wild fibres shoot in veils  
Of blood thro' all my nervous limbs, soon overgrown in roots  
I shall be closed from thy sight, sieze therefore in thy hand  
The small fibres as they shoot around me draw out in pity  
And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them  
With pulsations, we will divide them into Sons & Daughters  
To live in thy Bosoms translucence as in an eternal morning

Enitharmon answerd. No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave  
Them; not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create  
A rapid Womb beneath my bosom lest I also be overwoven  
With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave  
Let Mans delight be Love; but Womans delight be Pride  
In Eden our Loves were the same here they are opposite  
I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albions Spectre  
Cast thou in Jerusalem's shadows thy Loves: silk of liquid  
Rubies Jacynth's Crystals: issuing from thy Furnaces, While  
Jerusalem divides thy care: while thou carest for Jerusalem  
Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala  
From her these Fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.  
You are Albions Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path





Los answerd sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces  
 I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round  
 When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter  
 Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight)  
 In mutual interchange, and first their Emanations meet  
 Surrounded by their Children, if they embrace & coningle  
 The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect  
 But if the Emanations mingle not; with storms & agitations  
 Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear  
 For Man cannot unite with Man, but by their Emanations  
 Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity  
 How then can I ever again be united vs Man with Man  
 While thou my Emanation refusest my Fibres of dominion.  
 When Souls mingle & join thro all the Fibres of Brotherhood  
 Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?  
 Enitharmon answerd: This is Womans World, nor need she any  
 Spectre to defend her from Man, I will Create secret places  
 And the masculine names of the places, Merlin & Arthur.  
 A triple female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave.  
 That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love  
 Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.  
 She spoke in scorn & jealousy alternate torments; and  
 So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore singing lulling  
 Cadences & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening  
 Fibres of Los; sending them over the Ocean eastward into  
 The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious  
 To thy own purposes; for when she began to weave  
 Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love  
 Flowd into the aching fibres of Los, yet contending against him  
 In pride sending his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy  
 In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters  
 Which stretchd abroad expanding east & west & north & south  
 Thro all the World of Erub & of Los & all their Children  
 A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn  
 Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified  
 At their contentions, he wiped his tears he washd his visage.  
 The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman  
 And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only shall enjoy them  
 For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious.  
 Continually building, continually destroying in Family Feuds  
 While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female  
 Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy.  
 You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life  
 Thus joyd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Loss Forge, eyeing  
 Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences  
 While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath the victim of their love  
 And hate: dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses  
 In Golgonooza & in Udan Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen  
 The blow of his Hammer is Justice, the swing of his Hammer Mercy  
 The force of Loss Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but  
 His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatterd his love on the wind  
 Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb  
 In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God, Loud howl  
 The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon  
 The Four Zoa's in all their faded majesty burst out in fury  
 And fire, Jerusalem took the Cup which Foamd in Vala's hand  
 Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day  
 Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.





No divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear  
 In cruelties of Rahab & Terzah permanent endure  
 A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form  
 A Wire-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaphroditic  
 Twelvefold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness  
 The Pharisaean, the Grammarian, the Presbyterian,  
 The Archiereus, the Jeruus, the Sadducean, double  
 Each withinside of the other, covering eastern heaven  
 This was the Covering Cherub revealed majestic image  
 Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accus'd  
 Cover'd with precious stones, a Human Dragon terrible  
 And bright, stretch'd over Europe & Asia gorgeous  
 In three nights he devour'd the rejected carse of death  
 His Head dark, deadly, in its Beak incloses a reflexion  
 Of Eden all perverted, Egypt & the Gihon many tongue'd  
 And many mouth'd, Ethiopia, Libya, the Sea of Rephaim,  
 Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns  
 Disorganiz'd: & there is Pharaoh in his iron Court:  
 And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron,  
 Outpoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn, awful streams  
 Twelve ridges of Stone from over all the Earth in tyrant pride  
 Frown over each River, stupendous Works of Albion's Druid Sons  
 And Albion's Forests of Oaks cover'd the Earth from Pole to Pole  
 His Bosom wide, reflects Phob & Annon on the River  
 Pison, since call'd Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful  
 The Rocks of Rabbah on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon  
 Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea, by Jordan & Gomorra  
 Above his Head, high arching Wings black full with Eyes  
 Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapula & Os Humeri.  
 There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods  
 Molech & Chemosh, & in his left breast is Philistea  
 In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victims Sacrifice  
 From Gaza to Damascus Tyre & Sidon & the Cities  
 Of Javan thro' the Isles of Greece & all Europe's Kings  
 Where Haddockel pursues his course among the rocks  
 Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night  
 But translucent their blackness as the dazzling of Gems  
 His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates, beautiful  
 And Rome in sweet Hesperia, there Israel scatter'd abroad  
 In martyrdoms & slavery I behold, ah vision of sorrow!  
 Inclosed by endless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron  
 Flashed in the Smiths Forge, but cold, the wind of their dread fury  
 But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem  
 Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle  
 Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe  
 There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea  
 Sihon & Og the Amakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gihborim  
 From Babylon to Rome & the Wings spread from Japan  
 Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death  
 To Ireland's farthest rocks, where Giants builded their Causeway  
 Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea overwhelm'd them all.  
 A Double Female now appear'd within the Tabernacle  
 Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot  
 Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one  
 Of dreadful power sitting upon Mareb pondering dire  
 And mighty preparations, murthering multitudes unnumberable  
 Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram  
 For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend  
 Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp  
 From the bottoms of the Graves, & Funeral it is of Beulah  
 In that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave  
 One with the Antichrist & are absorb'd in him





The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man. Ceasing to be His Emanations Life to Themselves assuming: And while they circumscribe his Brain. & while they circumscribe His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins: a Veil & Net Of Vents of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe. Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles But dark: opaque: tender to touch, & painful: & agonizing To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres Of tender affection, that no more the Masculine mingles With the Feminine, but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secrecy from the torment.

Bower & Conwenra stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River: loud the Mersey And the Rubble, thunder into the Irish sea, as the twelve Sons Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock Conwenra sat, above, with solemn cadences she drew Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom Hand had his Furnace on Highgates heights & it reached To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey Cammelling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah For the Male is a Furnace of beryll: the Female is a golden Loom

Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself Or to his Emanation, any of the Universal Characteristics Of David or of Eve, of the Woman, or of the Lord. Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi. Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic Blasphemy, by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil One And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration Come Lord Jesus take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bower & Skafeld appropriate The Divine Names: seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption Mingling with Luvah in One, they become One Great Satan

Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire They are red hot with cruelty: raging along the Banks of Thames And on Tyburns Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

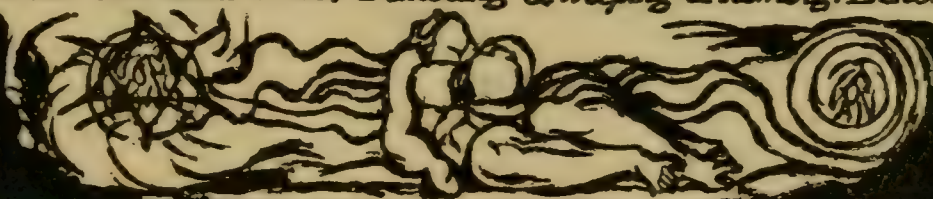
For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality He divides into Male & Female: & when the Male & Female, appropriate Individually, they become an Eternal Death. Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & Law: Your Slaves & Captives; you compel to worship a God of Mercy. These are the Demonstrations of Los & the blows of my mighty Hammer

So Los spoke, And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes Resting in a Circle in Malden or in Strathness or Dura, Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion Denying in private, mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public Collusion, calling themselves Deists, worshipping the Maternal Humanity: calling it Nature, and Natural Religion But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunders cry These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratified by Cruelty

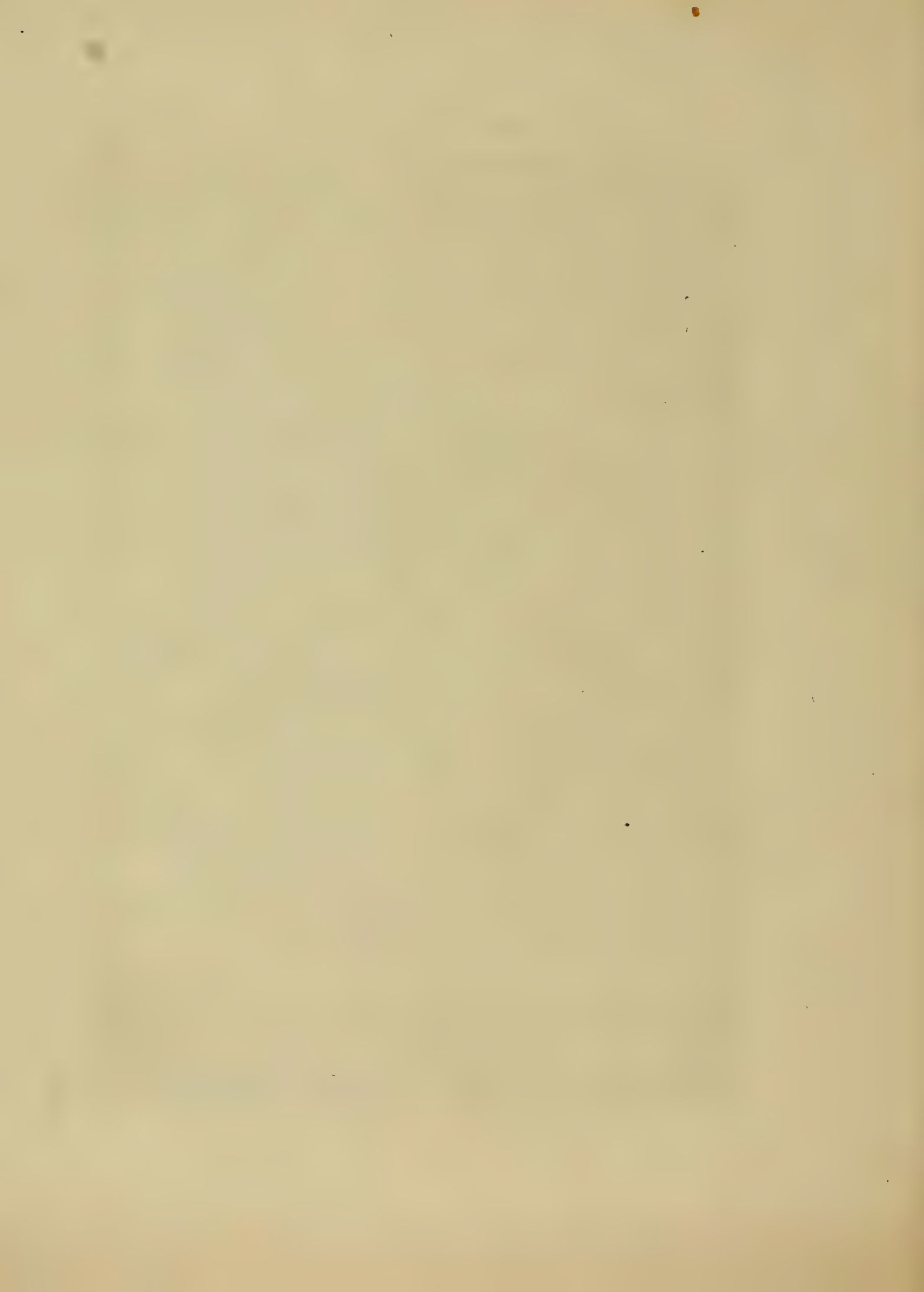




It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend:  
 The man who perverts you to injure him, deserves your vengeance:  
 He also will receive it: go Spectre; obey my most secret desire:  
 Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Friends of Righteousness:  
 Tell them to obey their Humanities, & not pretend Holiness:  
 When they are murderers: as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit  
 Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts  
 In other men: & loving the greatest men best, each according  
 To his Genius: which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other  
 God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity:  
 He who envies or calumniates: which is murder & cruelty.  
 Murders the Holy one: Go tell them this & overthrow their cup.  
 Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath:  
 Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration:  
 I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only  
 Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts:  
 By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.  
 He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children  
 One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the midst  
 Jesus will appear: so he who wishes to see a Vision, a perfect Whole  
 Must see it in its Minute Particulars: Organize! & not as thou  
 O Friend of Righteousness pretendest: thou is a Disorganized  
 And snowy cloud: brooder of tempests & destructive War.  
 You smile with pomp & ruse; you talk of benevolence & virtue:  
 I act with benevolence & virtue & get murdered time after time:  
 You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you  
 May take the aggregate: & you call the aggregate Moral Law:  
 And you call that Swell'd & bloated Form, a Minute Particular.  
 But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every  
 Particular is a Man: a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.  
 So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping:  
 The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens  
 Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will  
 Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down  
 Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration  
 Los reads the Stars of Union: the Spectre reads the Voids  
 Between the Stars: among the arches of Abiathar's tomb sublime  
 Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan  
 And Behemoth: the War by Sea enormous & the War  
 By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell.  
 To reach the heavenly arches: Los beheld undaunted, furious  
 His heavy Hammer: he swung it round & at one blow,  
 In unpeopled ruin driving down the pyramids of pride  
 Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye  
 And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows.  
 Of strict severity Self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.  
 Then he sent forth the Spectre all his pyramids were grains  
 Of sand & his pillars: dust on the fly's wing: & his Starry  
 Heavens: a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp  
 Thus Los altered his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason  
 He altered time after time, with dire pain & many tears  
 Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.  
 Terrified Los sat to behold trembling & weeping & howling  
 I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil: all that I care  
 Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go! put off Holiness  
 And put on Intellect: or my thunderous Hammer shall drive thee  
 To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice  
 So Los terrified cries; trembling & weeping & howling! Beholding







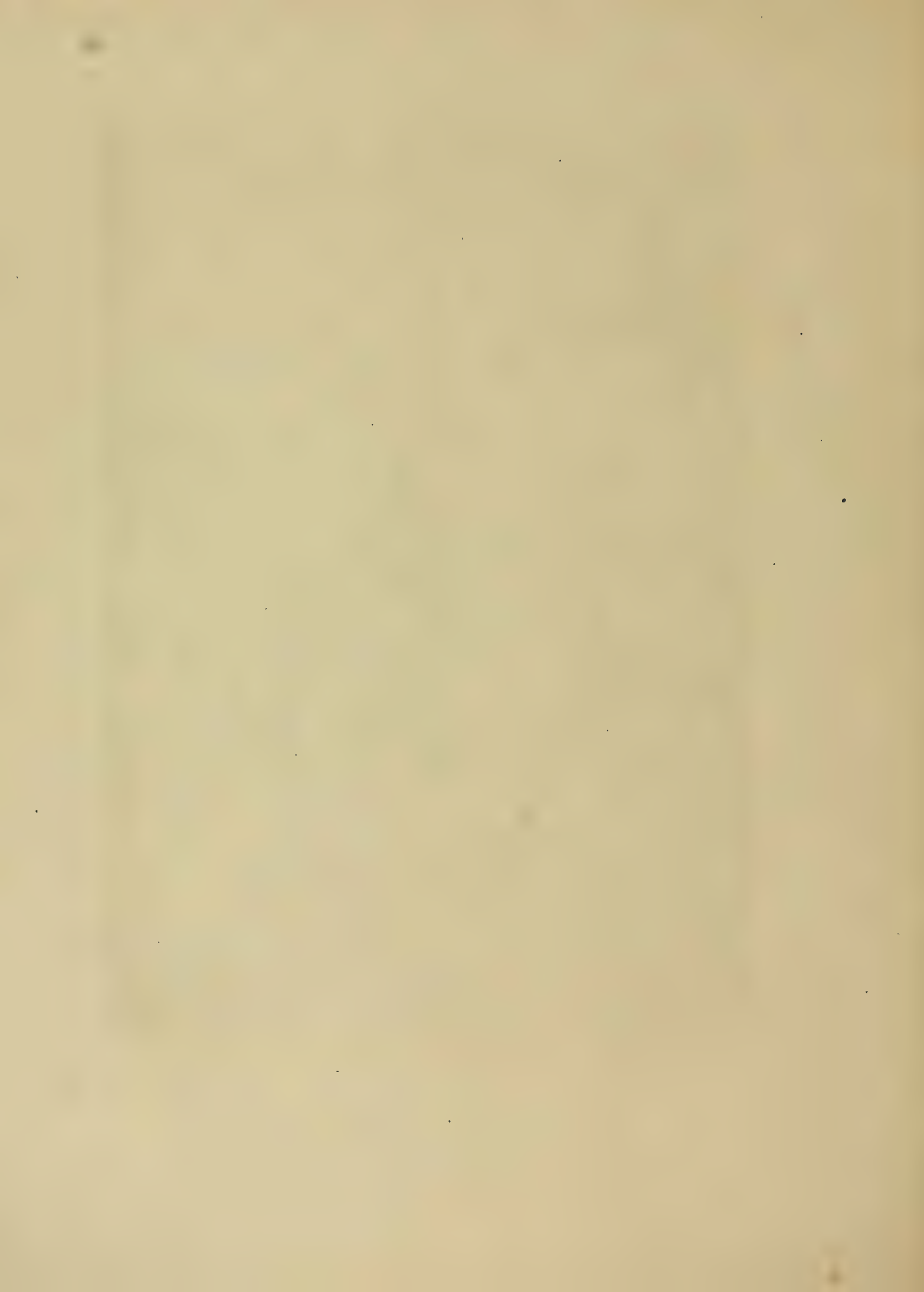
What do I see: The Briton Saxon Roman Norman amalgamating  
 In my Furnaces into One Nation the English: & taking Refuge  
 In the Looms of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive  
 Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, & sold into Egypt  
 Then scatterd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds:  
 This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion  
 So Los spoke. Enitharmon answerd in great terror in Lambeths Vale  
 The Poets Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more.  
 For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms  
 But when he wuches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew

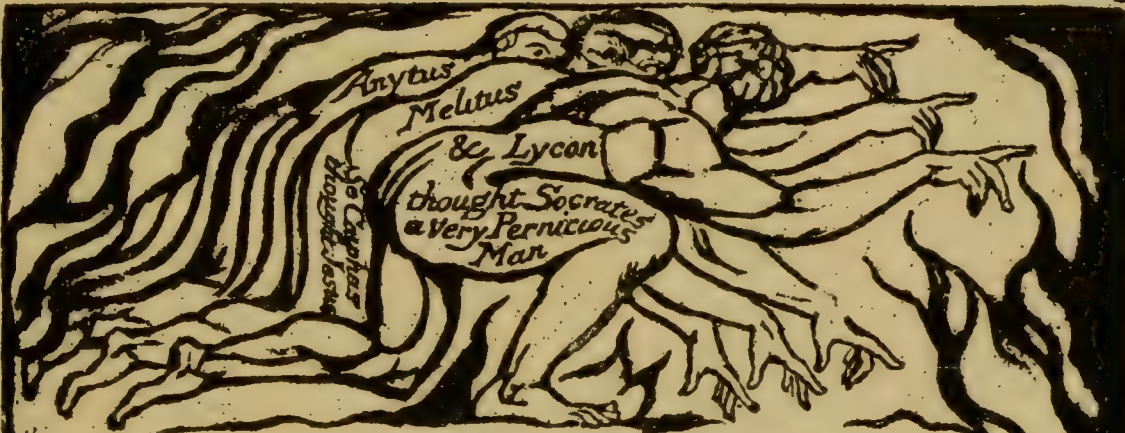


My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever  
 Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

Los answerd swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease  
 To be, when Albion arises from his dread repose O lovely Enitharmon:  
 When all their Crimes, their Punishments their Accusations of Sin:  
 All their Jealousies Revenges Murders, hidings of Cruelty in Deceit  
 Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time  
 In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness forevermore  
 And in the Vision & in the Prophecy that we may Foresee & Avoid  
 The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them  
 Displayd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh.  
 And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chaos of the Spectre  
 Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammen, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem  
 Where the Druids heard their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance  
 Of Sin, & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake  
 Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha  
 And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Breath & Height







Enitharmon heard. She raised her head like the mild Moon

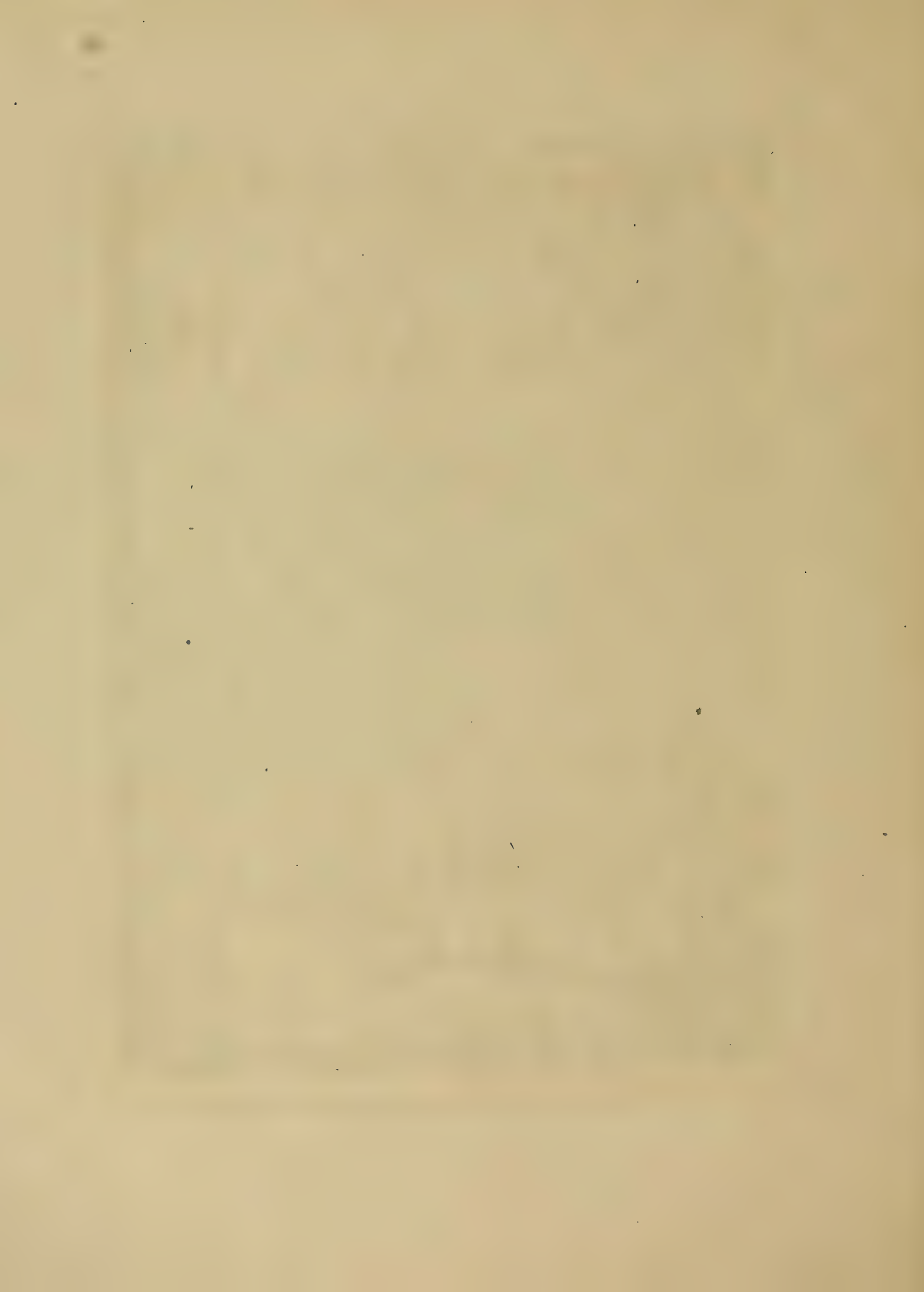
O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes  
Enitharmons name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love  
The Mothers love of obedience is forgotten & you seek a Love  
Of the pride of dominion that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria  
Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot  
Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love  
As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother  
Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day  
In that terrible Day of Rintrahs Plow & of Satans driving the Team  
Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley:  
Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent  
Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion  
Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon: O Levi: ye fled away  
How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley  
Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds Tents.

Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceast

Fear not my Sons this Waking Death, he is become One with me  
Behold him here: We shall not Die: we shall be united in Jesus.  
Will you suffer this Satan, this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not  
To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life, if Bacon, Newton, Locke  
Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels  
Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition. Worshipping the Deu's  
Of the Heathen. The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature  
Mystery Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot  
Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning  
Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor, the Graves thunder under their feet \*









Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him  
Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb  
Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him  
In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare long thunders roll

The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet blown incessant  
And wash incessant by the fur-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad  
Upon the white Rock. England in Tomable Shadow as deadly damps  
Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy  
Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning folding round  
His loins & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending  
Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons  
Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb a round  
Eye sitting in the Tomb to watch them unceasing night and day  
And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations

Over them the famish'd Eagle screams on busy Wings and around  
Them howls the Wolf of famine deep heaves the Ocean black thundering  
Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence

Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breath'd over Albion  
Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb  
And England who is Brittannia awoke from Death on Albion's bosom  
She awoke pale & cold she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion  
Opituous Sleep Opituous Dream: O God O God awake I have slain  
In Dreams of Chastity & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion: Ah!  
In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden  
I have slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid O England  
O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife  
The Eagle & the Wolf & Montey & Owl & the King & Priest were there









Her voice pierd Albions clay cold ear he moved upon the Rock  
 The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills Albion mov'd  
 Upon the Rock he open'd his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd  
 His stony members. he saw England Ah! shall the Dead live again  
 The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills Albion rose  
 In anger; the wrath of God breaking bright flaming on all sides around  
 His awful limbs; into the Heavens he walked clothed in flames  
 Loud thundring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars  
 Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful  
 Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro' the Four Elements on all sides  
 Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds  
 Struggling to rise above the Mountains, in his burning hand  
 He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold  
 Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll round the  
 Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows  
 Compelling Urizen to his Furrow; & Tharmas to his Sheepfold:  
 And Luvah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld, mighty labouring at  
 His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Las unwearied labouring & weeping  
 Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in songs  
 Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble  
 As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
 England who is Britannia enterd Albions bosom rejoicing  
 Rejoicing in his indignation! adoring his wrathful rebuke  
 She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles





As the Sun & Moon lead forward the  
Visions of Heaven & Earth  
England who is Britannia entered  
Albion's bosom rejoicing

Then Jesus appeared standing by  
Albion as the Good Shepherd  
By the lost Sheep that he hath  
found & Albion knew that it  
was the Lord the Universal Human  
ity & Albion saw his form  
A Man & they conversed as Man  
with Man in Ages of Eternity  
And the Divine Appearance was  
the likeness & similitude of Los  
Albion said, O Lord what can  
I do: my Selfhood cruel  
Marches against thee deceitful  
From Sinai & from Edom  
Into the Wilderness of Judah to  
meet thee in his pride  
I behold the Visions of my deadly  
Sleep of Six Thousand Years  
Dazling around thy skirts like  
a Serpent of precious Stones &  
Gold

I know it is my Self: O my Divine  
Creator & Redeemer

Jesus replied Fear not Albion  
unless I die thou canst not live  
But if I die I shall arise again  
& thou with me  
This is Friendship & Brotherhood  
without it Man is Not

So Jesus spoke: the Covering  
Cherub coming on in darkness  
Overshadowed them & Jesus  
said Thus do Men in Eternity  
One for another to put off by  
forgiveness: every sin

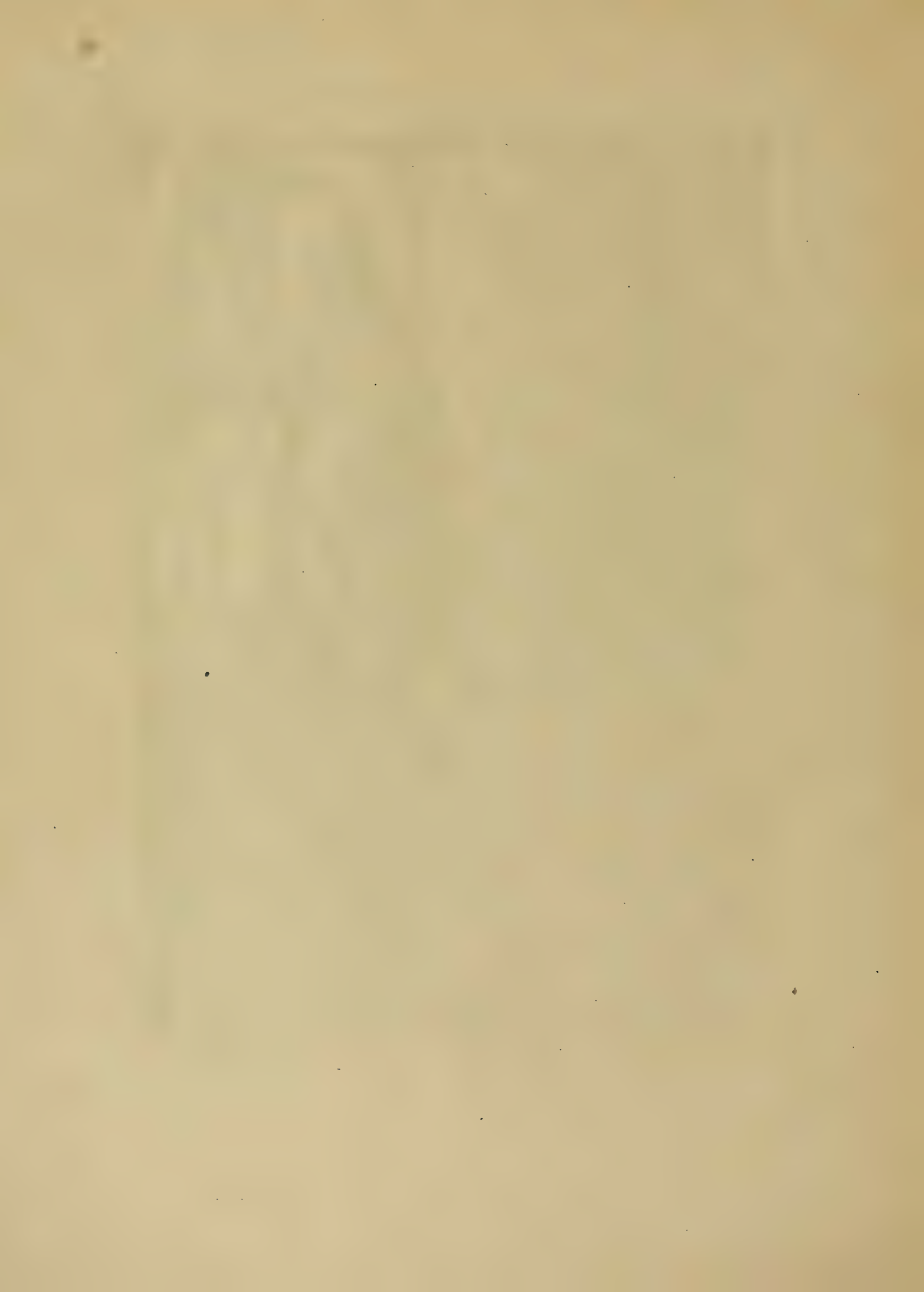
Albion replied. Cannot Man  
exist without Mysterious  
Offering of Self for Another is  
this Friendship & Brotherhood  
I see thee in the likeness and  
similitude of Los my Friend

Jesus said. Wouldest thou  
love one who never died  
For thee or ever die for one  
who had not died for thee  
And if God dieth not for  
Man & giveth not himself  
Eternally for Man. Man could not exist. for Man is Love:  
As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death  
In the Divine Image nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood

So saying the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder  
Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend  
Divine & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith  
And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour  
Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends: O my Cities & Counties  
Do you sleep: rouse up: rouse up. Eternal Death is abroad  
So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction.  
All was a Vision: all a Dream: the Furnaces became  
Fountains of Living Waters flowing from the Humanity Divine  
And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers: and All  
The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds waking from Sleep  
Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires  
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into  
Albion's Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds  
Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity





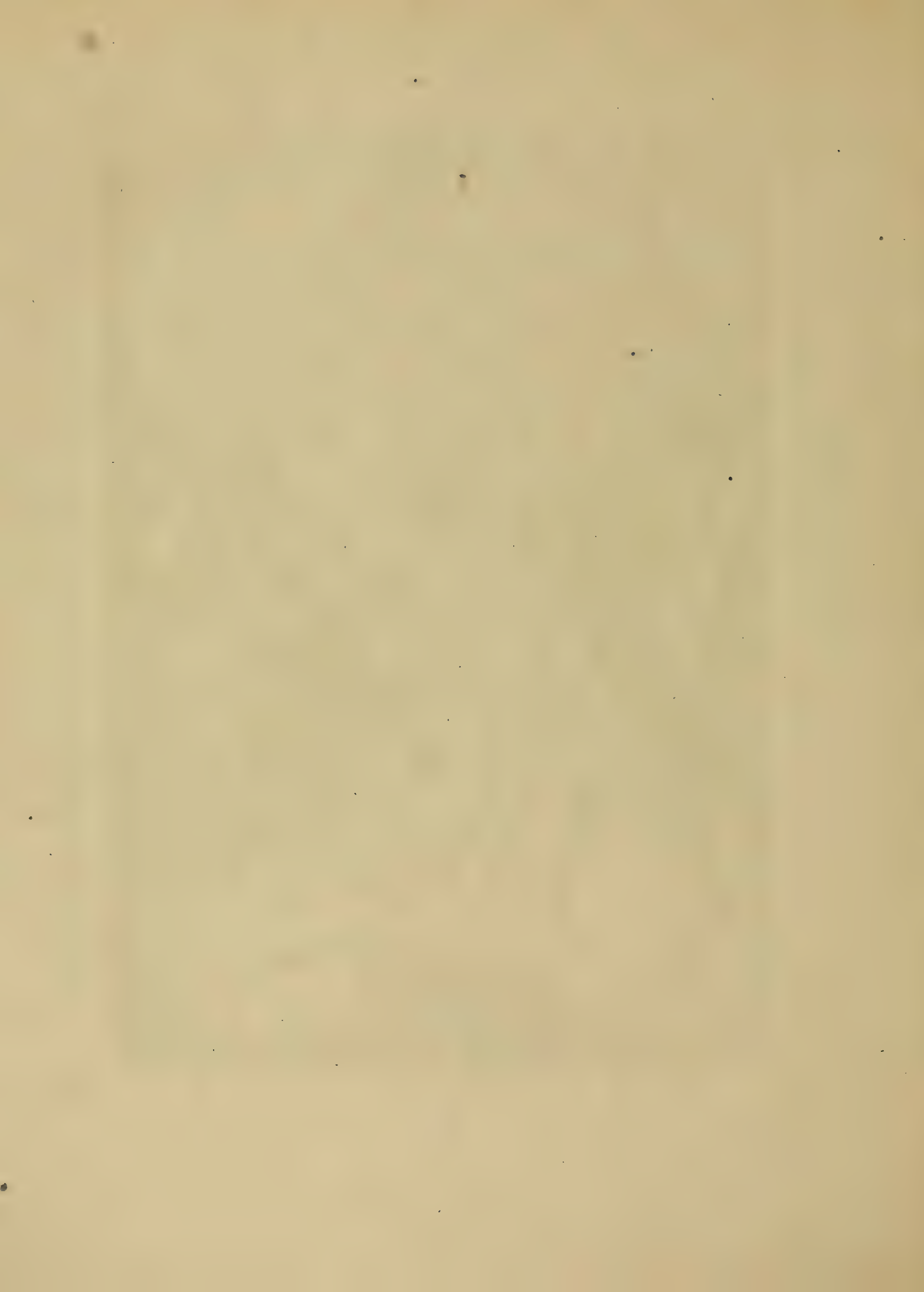


Awake Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion  
 Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time  
 For lo' the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day  
 Appears upon our Hills: Awake Jerusalem and come away

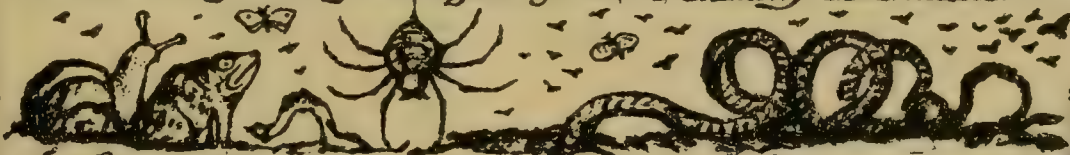
So spake the Vision of Albion & in him so spake in my hearing  
 The Universal Father Then Albion stretched his hand into Infratide  
 And took his Bow Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen  
 Laid his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of Carved Gold  
 Laveh his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining  
 Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought  
 Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering  
 And the Bow is a Male & Female & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love  
 Are the Children of his Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: Laying  
 Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love  
 And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves  
 And he clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state fourfold  
 In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities each with his Bow preaching







Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully  
 They drew fourfold the unreprouable String bending thro the wide Heavens  
 The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold  
 Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns  
 Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains brows:  
 The Druid Spectre was Annihilate loud thundring, rejoicing terrific vanishing  
 Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect  
 The unnumerable Chariots of the Almighty appeared in Heaven  
 And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer  
 A Sun of blood red wrath, surrounding heaven on all sides around  
 Glorious incomprehensible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Two-fold  
 And every Man stood Fourfold, each Four Faces had, One to the West  
 One toward the East One to the South One to the North, the Horses Fourfold  
 And the dim Chaos brightend beneath, above, around, Eyed as the Peacock  
 According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life  
 South stood the Nerves of the Eye, East in Rivers of bliss, the Nerves of the  
 Expansive Nostrils West, flowd the Parent Sense the Tongue, North stood  
 The labyrinthine Ear, Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious  
 Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating revealing the lineaments of Man  
 Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection  
 Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah rejoicing in Unity  
 In the Four Senses, in the Outline the Circumference & Form, for ever  
 In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation, it is the Covenant of Jehovah  
 The Four Living Creatures Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible  
 In beautiful Paradises expand These are the Four Rivers of Paradise  
 And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points  
 Of Heaven going forward forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity  
 And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright  
 Redounded from their tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions  
 In new Expanses, creating Exemplars of Memory and of Intellect  
 Creating Space, Creating Time according to the wonders Divine  
 Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense  
 Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age & the all tremendous unathomable Non Ends  
 Of Death was seen in regeneration, terrific or complacent varying  
 According to the subject of discourse & every Word & every Character  
 Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or  
 Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space  
 Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary & they walked  
 To & fro in Eternity as One Man reflecting each in each & clearly seen  
 And seeing according to fitness & order, And I heard Jehovah speak  
 Terrific from his Holy Place & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine  
 On Chariots of gold & jewels with Living Creatures starry & flaming  
 With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle, Dove, Fly, Worm,  
 And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array Humanize  
 In the Forgiveness of Sins according to thy Covenant Jehovah, They Cry  
 Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen  
 Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel  
 Of Albions Spectre the Patriarch Druid, where are all his Human Sacrifice  
 For Sin, in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin, beneath  
 The Oak Groves of Albion that covered the whole Earth beneath his Spectre  
 Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation  
 The Fruit of Albions Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Gog Magog Giant  
 Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectrous Oath  
 Such is the Cry from all the Earth from the Living Creatures of the Earth  
 And from the great City of Golgonoozu in the Shadowy Generation



And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures





All Human Forms identified even Tree Metal Earth & Stone. all  
Human Forms identified. living going forth & returning wearied  
Into the Planetary lives of Years Months Days & Hours repasing  
And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.  
And I heard the Name of their Emanations they are named Jerusalem

The End of The Song  
of Jerusalem



























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